

THE GULF OF YEARS

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FAITH, THE GREAT LEVER

Sir William Osler, one of the greatest medical authorities of modern times, addressing the Johns Hopkins Historical Club in January, 1901, said:

"After all, faith is the great lever of life. Without it, man can do nothing; with it, even with a fragment as a grain of mustard seed, all things are possible to him. Faith in us, faith in our drugs and methods, is the great stock-in-trade of the profession. In one pan of the balance put the pharmacopœias of the world, all the editions from Dioscorides to the last issue of the United States Dispensatory; heap them on the scales as did Euripides his books in the celebrated contest in the 'Frogs;' in the other put the simple faith with which from the days of the Pharaohs until now the children of men have swallowed the mixtures these works describe, and the bulky tomes will kick the beam. It is the *aurum potable*, the touchstone of success in medicine. As Galen says, confidence and hope do more good than physic—he cures most in whom most are confident. That strange compound of charlatan and philosopher, Paracelsus, encouraged his patients to 'have good faith, a strong imagination and they shall find the effects.' While we doctors often overlook or are ignorant of our own faith cures, we are just a wee bit too sensitive about those performed outside our ranks. We have never had, and cannot expect to have, a monopoly in this panacea, which is open to all, free as the sun, and which may make of every one in certain cases, as was the Lacedæmonian of Homer's day, a good physician out of Nature's grace. Faith in the gods or in the saints cures one, faith in little pills another, hypnotic suggestion a third, faith in a plain common doctor a fourth. In all ages the prayer of faith has healed the sick, and the mental attitude of the suppliant seems to be of more consequence than the powers to which the prayer is addressed. The cures in the temples of Æsculapius, the miracles of the saints, the remarkable cures of those noble men the Jesuit missionaries, in this country, the modern miracles of Lourdes and at St. Anne de Beaupré in Quebec, and the wonder-workings of the so-called Christian Scientists, are often genuine, and must be considered in discussing the foundations of therapeutics."

THE GULF OF YEARS

By

WATSON GRIFFIN, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.A.

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"There are more things in heaven and
earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in
your philosophy."—*Hamlet*.

The Gulf of Years

THE SCENE OF ACTION

This is a chronicle of the lives and thoughts of a little group of Canadians living in and about the village of Downmount; a chronicle of Canada, but not the Canada of the rushing rivers, the lumber camps or the hunting grounds. It will not describe the exciting lives of fishermen along the Atlantic coast and on the Pacific ocean, or the adventures of gold and silver seekers in the northland of Ontario and the far Yukon; it will not picture the grand scenery of British Columbia's mountains, the vast wheat lands of the western plains or the big grain elevators of the lake ports; all these aspects of life in a country as large as Europe, extending from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific, and from the United States boundary to the ends of the earth, have been made familiar to outsiders by moving picture exhibitions, tourist literature of the railways, immigration pamphlets and Canadian novels. The scene of action is in a district of the Canadian southland extending from Niagara Falls to the city of Hamilton in latitude N.43°18'20", about the same latitude as the Mediterranean port of Marseilles; but the exact latitude and longitude of Downmount the chronicler will not reveal.

If this chronicle had been written one thousand years ago Downmount Creek might have been called Downmount River; but peach orchards now flourish where water once flowed, and at certain seasons of the year anyone stepping carefully on the stones in the little stream that still runs along the centre of the old river bed can get across without wetting his feet. It may be more than one thousand years since water filled the old river bed; this chronicle is not a geological nor a hydrographical record and does not pretend to be exact in such matters, for to the geologist a million years "are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night."

Even in the days when Downmount Creek near its mouth was a river it was a very tiny stream near its source, being only the overflow from a spring in the forest, but receiving the drainage of the land through which it flowed, steadily increased in volume.

It was still a rivulet when it met the first obstruction in its course in the form of a hillock. If it had been a little stronger it would have swept over the hillock and continued on its way toward Lake Erie, but being only a tiny rivulet, it turned to avoid the hillock, and that is why when it reached its full strength it was flowing toward Lake Ontario and descended from the higher level in a waterfall, which, although insignificant compared with the great Niagara Falls, must have been a wonderful spectacle in those early days, judging from the present appearance of the rock which the water wore away as it fell over the escarpment.

Even in the year 1783, when Ebenezer Overland, United Empire Loyalist, crossing the United States border into Canada after the success of the American revolutionists, built a sawmill and a flour mill at the fall and called the little stream Downmount Creek, a considerable volume of water still fell over the escarpment; but the Overland mills have been ruins for many years, and this is a chronicle, not of the latter part of the eighteenth century, but of the first quarter of the twentieth century, when Lawrence Overland, great-great-grandson of Ebenezer Overland, living on his farm near the village of Downmount, exchanged opinions with his friend and nearest neighbour, Dr. Jackson Ruther, whose practice extended over a considerable part of the fertile farming country around Downmount as well as in the village itself.

Although Downmount village took its name from Downmount Creek, it is not located at the creek, which runs through the Overland farm, being carried under the Wellington road by a culvert at a point exactly half-way between the residence of Dr. Jackson Ruther on the village boundary line and the Overland residence. While the Wellington road runs through Downmount, that section of it within the village limits is known as Peninsula Street and is the business centre of the village, where the post office, the banks, the law offices and most of the mercantile houses are located. Dr. Ruther's house is at one end of Peninsula Street and the old Wurtelle residence at the other end. If a Downmounter wishes to remark that he walked from one end of the village to the other along Peninsula Street he usually says, "I walked from Ruther's to Wurtelle's." After the Wurtelle family moved to California their residence in Downmount was vacant until Mr. T. Kane Dore leased it for his business college, but the villagers continued to call it "Wurtelle's."

What is known as the Overland road, built by Ebenezer Overland, extends from the highland known as "the mountain" to Lake Ontario, crossing the Wellington road midway between Downmount Creek and Dr. Ruther's residence, but as it approaches the lake it turns toward Downmount Creek and runs close to it. In the old days, when the Overland mills were in operation, there was a wharf at the road's terminus, where the creek emptied into Lake Ontario, but that was broken up long ago and a considerable area of land in that vicinity has been washed away by the waves of the great lake. The section of the Overland road running up the "mountain side" is known as the upper road, while that between the Wellington road and the lake is called the lower road. While the Overland residence is nearly half a mile from the village of Downmount, the farm extends to the village boundary line, touching the property of Dr. Ruther. It is one of the few large farms of the district that has never been subdivided into small fruit farms. It is divided into three sections by Downmount Creek and the upper Overland road. There are two houses on the Overland farm, one of which is occupied by the farm manager, a very capable man, with a wife and five big boys, who work on the farm when not at school. The house occupied by the Overland family fronts toward the Wellington road, standing back from it about six hundred feet, with a wide gravel driveway, shaded by maple trees, leading up to the house. It is older and smaller than the house occupied by the farm manager, as the wife and daughters of Lawrence Overland frequently remind him. The farmhouse of Arthur Welcome is on the lower Overland road, near its junction with the Wellington road.

The village of Downmount must not be confused with Downmount Railway Station, which is on the hillside about half a mile from the business centre of the village, with which it is connected by the Endicott road, nor with Downmount Mills, where the knitting mill and sheet metal utensil works are located. At the beginning of the period covered by this chronicle there were only six houses at Downmount Mills, the employés of the two industries there nearly all living in the village of Downmount. The Mills road connecting Downmount Mills with the village meets Peninsula Street where it merges into the Wellington road opposite the old Wurtelle residence. The Davis road crosses Wellington road half a mile beyond the Mills road.

The Downmount village omnibus connects with trains at the

station and takes passengers to any part of the village or calls for them at their homes when they wish to catch trains, charging fifteen cents. A visitor to Downmount who was taken all over the village while passengers were being set down at their own doors, when he finally arrived at his destination remarked that the omnibus surely gave passengers the worth of their money, and he wondered how many miles it covered in the course of a year.

PART ONE

EXPERIMENTS IN CHARMING

CHAPTER I

TIMOTHY DELL OFFERS TO SELL DR. RUTHER A GREAT SECRET

Timothy Dell had made a discovery, and like many another with a possession unexpectedly acquired he did not know what to do with it. He felt sure that if he could keep it secret until he was a man he could make a fortune out of it, but he was only thirteen years old and he calculated that it would take eight years to make him legally a man. It would be hard to keep a secret for eight years, and even if he could keep it some one else might discover the same thing. Yet he did not know any one in Downmount township who would pay much for a secret without knowing what it was. As soon as he told what it was it would cease to be a secret, and would have no saleable value.

Timothy was a thoughtful boy or he would not have made this discovery, and he was thinking deeply as he walked home from school accompanied by his dog Czar. Czar did not go to school with Timothy, but he always walked with him to a certain point on the road where, standing under a large elm, Timothy gravely shook a paw which the dog extended, and then Czar, turning quickly, trotted home without even looking back. When Czar was a puppy Timothy had difficulty in teaching him that a dog could not go to school and that he must always turn back when he reached the great elm, but now he knew his lesson and always turned back of his own accord. At the same elm Czar always met Timothy returning from school. Timothy did not teach Czar to meet him after school. This was Czar's own idea, and the strange thing about it was that he always arrived at the right time. Timothy was sometimes late in getting there, but Czar never was. Timothy often wondered how Czar could tell the time. "He must have a watch in his head," said Timothy.

On this occasion Timothy was not thinking about Czar's watch, but about a discovery that Czar had helped him to make.

"You are in the secret, Czar," said Timothy, "and yet you have not the least idea what it is and never could understand it, although it was through you I made the discovery."

Timothy's reflections were interrupted by the sound of a horse and buggy coming along the road. He turned and saw Dr. Jackson Ruther.

"Would you like to ride, Timothy?" said Dr. Ruther.

"Can you take Czar too?"

"There is room for Czar, but I think he would rather race with my horse."

"He can beat your horse every time," said Timothy, "and he knows it. He would rather sit between you and me than run ahead of your horse and then wait for him to catch up. He is fonder of people than of horses or dogs. Isn't it queer, Dr. Ruther, that a dog likes a boy or a man better than another dog?"

"Very queer, Timothy," said Dr. Ruther. "Jump up, Czar, and Timothy will come with you."

As Dr. Ruther drove on with Timothy and Czar sitting on the seat beside him, the boy said:

"Would you like to buy a secret, Dr. Ruther? It is a great discovery and any doctor could make a fortune out of it."

"I am not buying secrets to-day, Timothy."

"If I were a man and a doctor I would pay five thousand dollars for it," said Timothy.

"Perhaps my valuation would not be so high as yours, Timothy."

"I would rather get five dollars for it now than five thousand dollars when I am a man. I tell you what, Dr. Ruther, I know you are square. You would rather die than cheat anyone. I'll tell you my secret first and if you don't think it's worth five dollars you needn't give me a cent for it, but you must not tell any one else if you don't buy it."

"Timothy, you show such confidence in me that I must show equal confidence in you. I shall pay you five dollars for your secret before you tell me anything about it."

He took five dollars from his pocket-book and gave it to Timothy.

"Did you ever charm away your warts, Dr. Ruther?" said Timothy.

"I never had any warts myself to charm away, Timothy, but I have charmed away many warts on the hands of boys and girls."

"Perhaps you know the secret already," said Timothy, "and I'll have to give you back your five dollars."

"Perhaps I do know it and perhaps I don't, but it makes no difference about the five dollars. You and I have made an agreement, Timothy, and we always stand by our agreements whether the bargain is good or bad. The five dollars belongs to you now and the secret will belong to me as soon as you can tell it."

"The charm is not the secret, Dr. Ruther. Granny Gershaw, the negress, told me the charm, but I discovered the secret myself. Granny Gershaw told me how to charm away warts by rubbing them with a piece of meat and burying the meat. She said the warts would be gone when the meat rotted. I am like you, I never had any warts. I wished I had them so I could charm them away. Tom Pepper's hands were covered with warts. I said to him:

"'I can charm away your warts, Tom.'

"'Bet you can't,' said Tom.

"'What'll you bet?' I asked.

"'I'll bet you ten marbles,' said Tom.

"I had a small piece of meat in my pocket carefully wrapped in paper. I took it out and rubbed his warts with it. Then Tom and I buried the meat under the old elm tree where Czar always meets me coming home from school. Czar was there and watched us bury the meat. That was the last school day and Tom was to start next day for Buffalo to visit his cousins. I told him the meat would rot while he was away and he would come back from Buffalo without any warts.

"'You'll get those ten marbles if I do, Timothy,' says Tom.

"Next afternoon I missed Czar. I hunted everywhere for him until I happened to think that he might have gone to the old elm tree to meet me coming home from school, not knowing the holidays were on although I had been with him in the morning. I hurried along the road to the tree. As soon as I saw the elm I noticed Czar was really there and I crept along softly to take him by surprise, but suddenly I noticed that Czar was scratching at the place where Tom and I had buried the meat the day before. I ran forward as fast as I could, but it was too late. Before I could reach him he had scratched out the meat and swallowed it. The piece was so small that he could gulp it down quickly. I was greatly disappointed. I did not know where Tom's cousins lived in Buffalo or I would have written to tell him all about it. The only thing to do was to wait for his return from Buffalo. A week before the holidays were over I got a letter from Tom. He said:

"'Those marbles are yours, Timothy. My warts are all gone.'

"I was astonished at first and thought a great deal before I discovered the secret of it."

"The secret was that Tom Pepper believed his warts would go and so they did go," said Dr. Ruther.

"That was the secret, Dr. Ruther. How did you find it out?"

"I made that same discovery many years ago, Timothy."

"But that is not the big part of the secret, Dr. Ruther. You can't make much money charming away warts. The secret is that you can charm away almost any disease."

"That is really a great discovery, Timothy, and if I had not made the same discovery some years ago I would gladly pay you five thousand dollars for it if I had that much money to pay for anything. Unfortunately, I have not even five hundred dollars. So you see the secret has not made me rich, Timothy."

"My mother says the reason you are not rich is because you give so much away. She says you would give away your head if you could take it off."

"It is a good thing my head is screwed on tight, Timothy. How did you discover that almost any disease could be charmed away?"

"It's queer how one person helps another without knowing a thing about it or intending to help, Dr. Ruther. 'Twas Czar that first started me on the road to this discovery by scratching up that meat and it was Nellie Pepper who helped me at the end of it, but neither Czar nor Nellie knows a thing about it and they wouldn't understand it if I told them."

"Timothy Dell, you are a boy after my own heart. You know how to think. How did Nellie Pepper lead you to the inner sanctuary of the secret?"

"Nellie Pepper had ringworm. She said to me: 'Tim, I wish you could charm away my ringworm same as you charmed away Tom's warts.'

"Like lightning the thought of what to say to her came into my mind without my even thinking about it, just as if it were shot into my head."

"Perhaps it was an inspiration, Timothy. What did you say to Nellie Pepper?"

"I said: 'I can charm away ringworm, Nellie, quicker than I charmed away warts.'

"Will I get you a piece of meat?" says Nellie.

"I don't need meat for ringworm, Nellie," said I. "Burying meat is only a charm for warts."

"What do you use to charm away ringworm, Tim?" says Nellie.

"I'll show you how," said I. "You have to close your eyes tight. Then I draw a circle on your forehead with my finger."

"Will the circle stay on my forehead," said Nellie. "If it will I'd rather keep the ringworm until it goes of its own accord."

"It won't stay. It won't show," said I. "It's just an imaginary circle. It means the earth is turning round. It turns round once in twenty-four hours. One circle is a day. I have to make the circle with my finger nine times. That means nine days. As the earth turns round your ringworm gradually goes. You may not notice it going, but it will go all the same, a little every day, and on the tenth day, if not before, it will be all gone."

"I made the circle on her forehead nine times with the middle finger of my right hand."

"Did the ringworm go, Timothy?"

"It did go, Dr. Ruther, and that's the way I learned that you could charm away any disease as easy as warts."

"Your discovery was that charming is just making people believe that the disease will go."

"That's just it, Dr. Ruther."

"Would you recommend drawing a circle on the forehead with one's finger in every case, Timothy?"

"I don't know, Dr. Ruther. It's a good way to make them believe, but perhaps you may think of a better way. The thought of it just came into my mind as sudden as a flash of lightning. Perhaps it was the name ringworm that suggested it. A ring is a circle you know. Do you think that secret is worth five dollars, Dr. Ruther?"

"It's worth five hundred thousand dollars, Timothy."

"But you said you made the same discovery years ago. Do you think I ought to give you back the five dollars?"

"Not one cent of it, Timothy. I've got more than my money's worth."

"If you think it's really fair and honest for me to keep it I will," said Timothy.

"Absolutely fair and honest, Timothy."

"You are not just giving it to me like mother says you'd give your head away?"

"Not a bit of giving, Timothy. I simply bought your secret and you gave me full value. Come and see me often, Timothy, and I'll tell you my secrets. We'll exchange secrets to our mutual advantage. Do you know, Timothy, that Jesus dis-

covered that secret of curing diseases by belief nearly two thousand years ago and called it faith. He taught the people that if they would believe or have faith they could be made healthy. You will remember how he used to say after performing a miracle, 'Your faith has made you whole,' and it is recorded in the gospel of St. Matthew that when he visited his own home district he could not do many mighty works because of the unbelief of the people. I have been endeavoring for several years to apply the law of faith in my own practice and have had marvellous success in a few cases, partial success in a considerable number of cases, but sometimes absolute failure. The reason for the failures I have not yet discovered. What perplexes me much more than the complete failures is the fact that sometimes in cases in which the cure seemed complete there were sudden relapses. I believe that all mental healing is based on one divine law and that Jesus understood that law, while I can only guess at the nature of it. I shall continue my experiments and perhaps I may know more about the law of faith healing some day than I do now. Possibly you may eventually get nearer to the truth than I shall, for I hope, Timothy, that you will some day become a great doctor."

"As great as you are?"

"Much greater, Timothy, for if you really wish to be a doctor I shall teach you all I know and you will add more to it. Medical knowledge is continually advancing. Each new generation of medical men knows more than the previous generation."

"That is just what I would like to be, a great doctor."

"You will never be a great doctor, Timothy, unless you make up your mind in the first place not to be a quack and stick to that resolution. Do you know what I mean by a quack?"

"I suppose you mean a fellow who sets up to be a doctor although he knows very little of what a doctor ought to know."

"That is precisely what I mean, Timothy. You must devote many years to hard study. You must learn all that the medical profession know about the wonderful mechanism of the human body; you must investigate the nature of the secretions in the various glands and their effect on health or disease; you must become an expert in analysis of the blood; you must study disease germs and the effect of inoculation with vaccines and serums; you must consider the best methods of preventing the transmission of disease germs by impure water or by such carriers as mosquitoes, flies and animals as well as human beings; you must make a study of medicinal plants and the effect of vari-

ous medicines; you must learn the value of different kinds of food; you must give attention to massage and other methods of curative manipulation; and while you are studying all these things you must endeavour to master the secret of mental therapeutics, that is the secret of what you would call 'charming' away diseases. Have I frightened you, Timothy?"

"No," said Timothy. "I want to learn all those things and I suppose by learning a little at a time and keeping steadily at it I may become a real doctor."

"That is the right spirit, Timothy. The next time you meet me ask me to tell you about what is often called the subjective or subconscious mind. I shall give you two points to think about in the meantime. First it is a great mistake to think that only one method of healing can be right. You have discovered that wonderful cures may be brought about by making people believe they will get well. I have told you that such cures are based on a divine law, but you should not assume, as some people do, that there is only one divine method. God has many ways of doing things and has provided many methods of maintaining and restoring health. Do not despise the wisdom of the medical men, who have for thousands of years been studying the effects of different kinds of food and various medicines. It is just as much in accordance with divine law to cure a man by means of the oil extracted from some plant, in which God has stored healing energy, as to cure him by mental suggestions, whether we call our mental therapeutics 'charming,' 'auto-suggestion,' 'Christian Science' or 'faith healing.' Every man has his own constitution and his own individual characteristics. The method that is most effective in one case may fail in another case. The second point to which I shall call your attention is that God never intended the law of faith to be a means of enabling any one to defy the other laws of health. All the faith in the world will not keep you alive if you stop your nostrils so that you cannot breathe, or if you refuse to eat, and a sensible thoughtful boy, such as you are, Timothy, will realize that it is important that the air you breathe shall be pure and the food you eat nourishing. There are many other laws of health which cannot be defied with impunity. I hope you will make a study of them in order that you may help others, and remember always that all the laws of health are divine."

CHAPTER II

THE CHILD WITH THE MENDED BACK

"What do the Overlands mean by saying that you mended little Nancy's back, Jackson?" said Mrs. Daniel Ruther to her son, Dr. Ruther, as they sat before an open fireplace one winter night in the year 1904.

"It was Nancy's own description of the operation and the family adopted it. You may remember that when I visited Cousin Minnie in Davenport, Iowa, two years ago at her urgent request to discuss certain family affairs, I happened to meet there B. J. Palmer, who told me of a discovery that interested me. He said his father, D. D. Palmer, had about seven years before accidentally adjusted a displaced or subluxated vertebra. The effect was so beneficial as to suggest to him that possibly many ills of the body were due to the displacement or subluxation of one or more of the spinal vertebrae. He began a series of experiments extending over several years, the results of which convinced him that he was right. Afterward B. J. Palmer made a study of the spine and the nerves and endeavoured to formulate a scientific theory based on his father's discovery.

As you know, the brain and the spinal cord are the centre of the nervous system. The spine is a flexible column consisting of a number of vertebrae that interlock, forming a canal through which the spinal cord passes. The theory of chiropractic is that if a vertebra of the spinal column, as a result of a fall or from some other cause, gets out of place or subluxated so that it crowds a nerve as it issues from the spinal cord, the compression of the nerve may so interfere with the functioning that any organ of the body with which that nerve connects may become diseased.

"Now I have never been disposed to stuff my ears or put bandages over my eyes to avoid hearing about or seeing some new theory for the cure of illness. I am ready to consider suggestions wherever they come from, always bearing in mind that both the originator of any new theory and his followers are likely to go to extremes. A method of treatment may be of value under certain circumstances and conditions without being a cure-all. This was the way I viewed B. J. Palmer's theory at the time I met him. Later on he made his discoveries public and there seems likely to develop a new profession to which the name of chiropractic has been given, a name derived from the Greek and

meaning 'doing with the hand.' That is, the chiropractor claims to be able to cure diseases of nearly every kind by adjusting with his hand the subluxated vertebrae of the spine, thus removing strain from the nerves and allowing them to perform their function of maintaining health. While the chiropractors claim too much, I think there is a measure of truth in the theory. The natural tendency of the body is toward health, or rather there are certain forces within the human body which are always working for the maintenance of health. When the nerves are free from undue strain these forces can work more successfully. That much I believe, but there is danger of carrying the theory to extremes in supposing that if the vertebrae of the spine are kept in proper position nothing else is necessary to the maintenance of health. That is one danger of chiropractic and another danger is that the profession may fall into the hands of inexperienced and uneducated men and women unless steps are taken to regulate them as fully as ordinary medical practitioners are regulated. I fear that the country will be overrun with quacks unless there is restrictive legislation.

"So much for B. J. Palmer's theory. Now as to my application of it to the cure of Nancy's illness. A few days after returning from Davenport I was passing the Overland farm when Lawrence Overland came running down the driveway. He called:

"'Dr. Ruther, I want to speak to you.'

"I stopped in front of the gate and waited for him. He was quite out of breath with running when he reached the gate.

"'I was afraid you would go by without hearing me,' he said. 'I want you to come up at once to see my little Nancy. She has been ill for some months and is getting worse. I am afraid she will die.'

"'I thought Dr. Martin was attending her,' said I.

"'Confound your doctor's etiquette,' he said. 'I don't care if Dr. Martin has been attending her. He does not do her any good. You would rather let that precious child die than step into Dr. Martin's pasture. If you knew Nancy as I do, if you knew the loveliness of her, body and soul, you would not care a fig for Dr. Martin. You would come in and cure her.'

"'I may not be able to benefit her any more than Dr. Martin. We doctors are very fallible. At best we can only help Nature a little in her constant effort to restore health,' I said.

"'Come in, Jackson Ruther, and save my child, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, or I never shall forgive you,' he said.

"I told him I would go in to see her but would not take any fee. I asked him first to tell me all he knew about her illness and the cause of it.

"'I don't know what caused it,' he said. 'She always seemed to be a healthy child until about a year ago.'

"Remembering my conversation with B. J. Palmer a few days before I asked him if she ever had a fall.

"'She did have a fall,' he replied. 'She climbed up on top of our woodshed and fell off it, but I don't think that had anything to do with it. She said herself that she was not badly hurt and when Dr. Martin called next day to see my wife I made him examine Nancy all over. He said there was nothing wrong with her.'

"I went in to see the child. You know I always find it easy to make friendship with little children and I soon felt that I had won the heart of Nancy. Her father's characterization of her as lovely, body and soul, seemed to me an accurate description of her as I sat beside the couch where she was lying and looked into her violet eyes. She seemed like a little angel just ready to fly away. After a little while I told her that I was going to try to cure her and asked her to let me look at her back. Just as I suspected several of the vertebrae were badly subluxated. I said to Nancy: 'Will you mind if I hurt you a great deal if I cure you?'

"She said, 'Dr. Ruther, I shall not mind. I know it will be kind hurting. I shall hold my mouth tight shut so that I cannot cry.'

"As I adjusted the vertebrae she lay perfectly motionless without a sound. When I had finished she said:

"'Dr. Ruther, it did not hurt so very much. I expected that it would hurt more.'

"The child has a way of emphasizing certain words. If I were writing down what she says I would have to put some of the words in capital letters to convey the force she gives to them in talking.

"I did not depend altogether upon chiropractic. I cared more about curing Nancy than I did about testing the theory of chiropractic. While I went every day to adjust the subluxated vertebrae I also made her take a good tonic and I did everything in my power to make her believe that she would quickly recover. You know that I have great belief in the power of the mysterious intelligence which we call the subconscious mind to control the functions of the body and restore health if it can be

made to *believe*. I think this is the great law by which Jesus accomplished his miracles. The adjustment of the vertebrae of the spinal column to their normal positions, removing the strain on the nerves, may have made it easier for the subconscious mind to perform its functions. The tonic also served as a stimulant, but I did not give her the tonic very long. I attached more importance to the effect of suggestion in rousing faith in recovery than to either chiropractic adjustment or medicine. I told her every day that she would gradually get better and soon be quite well. 'In ten days you will be well enough to go for a drive with me.' I said. On the tenth day she did go driving with me and after that I took her for a drive every day after treatment. It took twenty-four adjustments to get all the vertebrae to remain in perfectly normal position, but long after the treatment of her back was no longer necessary I took her driving with me. I got into the way of taking her driving with me when I went to call on patients. I continued after she was completely well. As you know I still take her driving with me almost every Saturday afternoon.

"I wish you could hear her talk, Mother. You would get the impression that she is older than she actually is, much older than she looks. She has spent a great deal of time with her grandmother, who is, as you know, a highly-educated woman and talks well. Her father, although a farmer, originally thought of being a lawyer and matriculated at Toronto University, while her mother had a good High-school education, but I think her grandmother has had more influence over her than any one else. She often uses with understanding phrases which she has caught from her grandmother much in the same way that a child catches the meaning of words without analyzing them. As an illustration of what I mean, I heard her use the other day the phrase 'On the stage of life.' She used it quite correctly, although I don't suppose she could have analyzed it. In the same way every child constantly uses single words which have a history. The child does not know the etymology of a word, but it catches the meaning of it from its parents and uses it correctly. The language used by children depends to a very great extent upon their environment. Nancy has never gone to school until recently. Her grandmother has been her teacher, and has taken great pains with her education. I feel toward Nancy Overland much as Sir Walter Scott must have felt about little Marjorie Fleming when he borrowed her from her mother."

"I trust she will not end as Marjorie Fleming did," said

Mrs. Ruth. "Marjorie was allowed to read altogether too much. I hope that neither you nor Nancy's grandmother are encouraging her to be too learned. How old is she now?"

"Eleven years old, a little older than Marjorie Fleming was at the time of her death. Mother, she is perfectly healthy and her mind is not being forced or abnormally developed. She is just a dear, bright little child with a heart full of love and good will and an intelligent, observant mind with an element of originality and piquancy that would make her interesting even if her face were not so pretty as it is. The other day just after the snowstorm as I was passing the ravine a little beyond the school house, I saw Nancy sliding down the hill sitting on her school bag. Her long hair was flying in the wind and her face was glowing with health. She waved her hand to me."

"Jackson, to-morrow is Saturday. Bring that child to me in the afternoon," said Mrs. Ruth. "I want to know her. Although I have called on her mother frequently I have never seen this child since she was five or six years old except in church."

"I shall bring her to-morrow, Mother."

Next morning it was snowing and drifting. Later in the day the storm became quite wild. Mrs. Ruth, looking out of the window about two o'clock in the afternoon, remarked to herself: "I should have told Jackson this morning not to bring that child to me this wild day. I hope he will have sense enough to postpone her visit to me."

Half an hour afterward she heard her son at the door and opened it for him. He had no overcoat on, but carried it in his arms like a bundle with something inside. Opening his bundle as he stepped into the house he let Nancy down from the overcoat.

"Why, Jackson, you have brought me a fairy," said Mrs. Ruth as she bent to kiss the child.

"Go to the fire and warm yourself," said the child. "Mrs. Ruth, I did not wish to deprive him of his coat, but he insisted and when I struggled to prevent him he held both my hands with one of his hands and put me inside his overcoat with his other hand. He is a willful and forceful man."

Dr. Ruth advanced to the open fireplace and held out both hands. A little shiver ran through him.

"Mrs. Ruth, he is shivering with cold," said Nancy. "Will you let me make some ginger tea for him?"

"Come with me to the kitchen, my dear child," said the mother, "and you can help me to make ginger tea for him."

Jackson, sit close to the fire until we bring you some hot ginger tea."

"Mother, I am all right. That little shiver meant nothing," said the doctor. "I must go immediately. I have another patient to see this afternoon."

"You must not go until we give you the ginger tea," said his mother. "The water is boiling. It will only take a minute."

Nancy still had on her hat and jacket. Mrs. Ruther took them off before going to the kitchen. In a few minutes they were back. Nancy carried the ginger tea. She stood before the fire watching him as he drank it.

"Miss Nancy," he said, "I am your obedient servant."

"You were a very masterful servant when we were out in the storm," said Nancy.

"Nancy, I had to protect you from the cold wind."

"I was as warm as toast. My jacket is warm, my mitts are warm and I could have protected my face with my hair. See!"

She put her hands behind her head, separated her long flowing hair into two parts and bringing one over each shoulder covered her cheeks and then crossed the separated tresses over her mouth and chin. She looked at Dr. Ruther for a moment through her hair and then released it. The hair fell about her shoulders in waves of brown and gold, covering her arms and her hands almost to her fingertips.

CHAPTER III

NANCY OVERLAND PRETENDING

When Dr. Ruther had gone his mother said to the child: "We were both so occupied getting Jackson ginger tea that we hardly noticed each other. Will you give me another kiss?"

Nancy raised her face for the kiss.

"I have longed to meet you, Mrs. Ruther," she said, "because you are his mother and because I have often admired your face and loved it when I saw you in church."

"I want you to come and see me often," said Mrs. Ruther. "I never had a daughter of my own. I wish you belonged to me. Do you think your mother would give you to me?"

"I do not think she could spare me. She says I am a great help to her and I think she would be lonely without me. My

father needs me also. He was very sorrowful when I was dying, but Dr. Ruther saved my life by mending my back and Father's heart was filled with gladness when he knew he could keep me. But I shall love to come often to see you and we two can talk about your son. Mrs. Ruther, everyone else calls him 'Doctor' but you call him 'Jackson.' "

"Yes, I named him Jackson in honour of my father who was a good and noble man. My own name was Laura Jackson before I married. I gave up my own family name in getting married, but it lived again in my son. I called him Jackson when he was a baby in arms. I called him Jackson when he was big enough to play about—a brave little boy who never cried when he got hurt."

"I knew he was that kind of a boy," said Nancy, "a boy who would not cry."

"I called him Jackson when he became big and manly. When he went to college he wrote me long letters every week signing himself Jackson. Why should I call him Doctor now? It is my son Jackson I care for, not his profession, although I am proud that he is a successful physician and skillful surgeon."

"I think I understand how you feel," said Nancy. "I have often felt myself that I should like to call him Jackson because it is his personal name. I know it is proper for me to call him Dr. Ruther. If he were not a doctor he could not have saved my life. When he first took me driving with him it was because he was interested in me as a patient, but when he takes me driving now it is because he is interested in me as a person. Do you think there would be any harm in my calling him Jackson when I am talking to you alone if I call him Dr. Ruther to everyone else? It could be a secret between you and me."

"Do you mean to keep it a secret from Jackson as well as from others?"

"Yes. I would not wish him to know."

"Why do you wish to keep it a secret from Jackson?"

"I cannot tell. I do not know. Sometimes I do not understand myself. I only know that I would like to call him Jackson in talking to you alone, but I would not like him to know. It is not because I am afraid of him. I am not. If you think it would be wrong for you and me to have the secret between us I shall always call him Dr. Ruther."

"I cannot see that there would be any harm in our having this secret and I think I should rather like it," said Mrs. Ruther.

"I can think of him so much better as a boy when I call him

Jackson. I shall come often to see you and you will tell me all about him when he was a boy. Then I can pretend that I have known him all his life. Have you a picture of Jackson when he was a boy?"

Mrs. Ruther, opening a drawer under a bookshelf, brought forth a photograph.

"That was taken seventeen years ago when he was just your age," said Mrs. Ruther. "He was sitting in that chair by the window. It was his eleventh birthday."

"I shall pretend that I was nine years old at that time and that we played together," said Nancy.

She looked earnestly at the photograph for a few minutes. Then turning her face toward the chair by the window she looked just as steadily at it. She repeated this several times, first looking at the picture and then at the chair.

"Why do you look first at the photograph and then at the chair by the window?" asked Mrs. Ruther.

"I am committing his face to memory," said Nancy, "and I am trying to imagine him sitting in that chair by the window."

"Can you really see his picture when you look away?"

"Yes. I can see it in imagination. I can see him like a real boy. I shall have great times pretending that we played together."

"Here is another photograph of him which was taken in the garden one bright day in June. You will see that he is standing by a large currant bush looking at a bird's nest. The sun was shining then, but the day before that photograph was taken the sky was still clouded after a heavy rain and everything was dripping wet. As Jackson was walking in the garden after the rain he noticed a little bird fly out of that bush and looking into the bush found the bird's nest with one small egg in it. He was familiar with hens' eggs, but had never seen a little bird's egg before. He put his hand into the nest and took out the egg intending to look at it and return it to the nest before the mother bird came back, but the egg broke in his fingers, and the poor little mother bird, coming back, began to cry because her egg was gone. Her mate soon came and they both chirped loudly. Jackson felt very badly about it. He felt as if he had murdered a little baby bird because I had told him that little birds developed in the eggs which birds laid in their nests and grew until they burst through the shells. He said to me: 'Mother, do you think the little birds will ever forget?' I told him I thought

they would forget in time and that the mother bird would lay more eggs and have little baby birds."

Mrs. Ruthier noticed that tears were rolling down Nancy's cheeks. She took out her handkerchief and wiped them away.

"I was pretending," said Nancy, "that I was playing with Jackson in the garden when he broke the birds' egg and I was crying because I was sorry for the poor little birds. Jackson did not cry because he was a boy who never cried, but I knew his heart was full of sorrow."

"You little actress," said Mrs. Ruthier. "Come out to the kitchen and pretend that you are eating fried cakes with Jackson. I am going to make some hot ones for his supper. He was very fond of fried cakes when he was a boy and still likes them."

Mrs. Ruthier rolled the dough and Nancy cut it into strips and dropped them into the boiling fat.

There was a ring at the telephone and Mrs. Ruthier, responding, heard her son's voice:

"Mother," he said, "I have unexpectedly received a telephone call from Dr. Milton Murray in Hamilton. He wants me to go there to perform a delicate operation which he thinks no one else can do as well. I cannot get back to-night. Will you keep Nancy to-night and telephone Mrs. Overland about it so that she will not be anxious?"

When Mrs. Ruthier and Nancy were taking tea together that evening Nancy said:

"Do you know the nicest game of pretend in the world?"

"No. Is it the one you are playing, pretending that you were alive long ago when Jackson was a boy?"

"No," said Nancy. "That is fine, but it is my own game. I suppose it is a selfish game because no one is really in it but me, but the finest game of pretend in the world is everybody's game and it is the most unselfish game of pretend. We play it only once a year and it carries great joy with it. Grown-up people play it as well as children. Can you not guess what it is?"

"Nancy, I am afraid I am not much good at guessing. I have not the faintest idea. Tell me what is the greatest game of pretend in the world which everybody plays once a year."

"Mrs. Ruthier, it is Santa Claus. When I first learned that there was really no Santa Claus I was very sorrowful, but then it occurred to me that it was just a game of pretend. Is it not the most delightful game of pretend in all the world?"

"It is indeed, Nancy," said Mrs. Ruthier.

When it was bedtime, Mrs. Ruther gave Nancy a nightgown which she had made for her son when he was a boy.

"It is a boy's nightgown, but you will not mind wearing it to-night," she said. "It is many, many years since I laid it away."

"You can sleep in Jackson's bed as he is away to-night. I would rather have you there than send you upstairs to bed, as you will be near me. We have only two bedrooms on this floor."

Mrs. Ruther awakened rather late next morning. She felt unusually tired and not very well.

"Jackson will probably not get home before afternoon," she said. "If that child were not here I should stay in bed all the morning, but I must get breakfast for her. She must already be very hungry and tired of waiting for me. I know she is up for I can hear her moving about. I wonder what she is doing. I hope she is not getting into any mischief."

She dressed as quickly as possible and hurried to the kitchen. Passing through the dining-room on the way she was surprised to see the breakfast table set. As she opened the kitchen door she met Nancy, who said: "I have breakfast all ready. I hope you will like it. I often get breakfast for Mother."

Mrs. Ruther had thought Nancy very inquisitive and somewhat rude the night before when she asked what they would have for breakfast. Now she understood the reason for Nancy's questions. She was able to tell Nancy without flattery that she could not have cooked a better breakfast herself.

"I wish Jackson were here to eat with us and see what a good cook you are!" she said.

"What time do you think Dr. Ruther will get back?" said Nancy.

"Why, Nancy! I thought you were going to call him Jackson in talking to me alone. I think he will get back about noon or a little later."

"Mrs. Ruther, you will think me very changeable. I have decided not to pretend that I played with him when he was a boy, and I think it will be better not to call him Jackson. If I call him Jackson I shall find it a great temptation to pretend that I used to play with him. I lay awake in the night thinking about it. Suddenly the thought came to me that if I continued to pretend that I was alive when he was a boy and that I played with him I should soon hardly know how much of me was real and how much imagination. It would go on for years and I would become a *great deception*. When Dr. Ruther took me out

driving he would not know that a LIVING LIE was sitting beside him. Mrs. Ruth, I was full of the pleasure of pretending that I played with him long ago. It was hard to give it up, but I should never be really happy if I deceived him."

Mrs. Ruth could not see why it was necessary for Nancy to deceive her son in order to have this pleasure. Why could she not pretend that she played with Jackson long before she was born and tell him about it? He would be pleased with the idea, she was sure. She was about to say this to Nancy but changed her mind. Perhaps after all it would be better for the child to drop the idea completely. Who could tell what complications might arise.

"I think you have decided rightly," she said. "It is better to be a real live girl of the present time than an imaginary girl of long ago."

CHAPTER IV

JANVERSON LEARNS HOW THE WORLD REGARDS A MAN WHO IS OUT

When residents of Downmount had visitors from a distance they always showed them the Janverson mansion. This house was not quite so large as the one known as Wurtelle's, but it was more modern, more artistic, more costly, and the grounds would have been worth looking at even if there had been no house, for Janverson had an English gardener who took as much pride in making the acre of land in front of the house look lovely as he did in raising fine fruits and vegetables in the three acres of garden in the background.

The Janverson family would never have thought of living in Downmount but for the fact that Janverson was offered the property at less than half the cost of constructing the house immediately after it was built. The present chronicler never learned how or why Janverson secured the place at such a reduction, but it would not profit the readers of this narrative to know if he could tell them.

Janverson had been in the employ of Evelden, Weatherman & Quarters, Limited, manufacturers of sheet metal products in Hamilton, for thirty-five years, and had lived in Downmount for fifteen years. From Downmount to Hamilton is a long distance to travel every morning, but Janverson had never been known to be late in reaching his office. He rode into the city in

the morning and home again in the evening on horseback, and he was as proud of his fast horse as he was of his fine house. He believed that the long ride to and fro every day was one of the reasons why he had never been absent from the office on account of illness, and advised all his friends to practise horse-back riding for the good of their health. In his fifty-eighth year Janverson was usually taken to be not more than forty-five. It occasionally happened that he was obliged to stay in Hamilton overnight when his presence in the office was necessary in the evening. He never went to church and often brought home work that occupied him all day Sunday, but more commonly worked in his garden or read books, newspapers, trade journals and *The Literary Digest*. He gave little attention to current fiction, but often re-read the novels of Dickens, Scott and Bulwer Lytton. The people of Downmount were well acquainted with Janverson's family but they saw little of Janverson himself.

Janverson had entered the service of Evelden, Weatherman & Quarters, Limited, in his twenty-third year as book-keeper. Afterward he had become purchasing agent and sales manager. For twenty-five years he had been in everything but name general manager; he was called their chief clerk. John Evelden, the President, was nominally general manager until the time of his death, when his son Edgar, who had learned the details of the business under Janverson's guidance, succeeded his father as president and general manager. Weatherman and Quarters had been dead for many years. Janverson's salary, commencing at fifteen dollars per week had been increased gradually until it reached eighty dollars weekly. A week before John Evelden's death he had said to Janverson:

"I have been thinking that perhaps we have not done as much for you as we should have done considering that the development of the business for many years has been due chiefly to your judgment in purchasing materials and your success in managing the sales department. At the next meeting of our directors, I shall propose that you be appointed vice-president and general manager with a salary of six thousand dollars. I shall make over to you some of my stock. I may not live very long and I wish to do this act of justice before I die."

When Janverson repeated to Edgar Evelden what his father had said and asked for an increase of salary the request was refused. He handed in his resignation, not believing it would be accepted, but it was accepted.

A month before he had declined an offer of a position with a

salary of six thousand dollars made by a Toronto firm in a different line of business. The day after leaving Evelden, Weatherman & Quarters he called on this Toronto firm as he knew the position had not been filled. The President said:

"We have reconsidered our plans. If we decide later on that we can offer you a position we shall write you. How long were you with Evelden, Weatherman & Quarters? A long time, I know!"

"Thirty-five years."

"A long time indeed! You have grown old in their service. Rather rough to turn you adrift in your old age, I must say."

"I am not old," said Janverson hotly, "and they didn't turn me adrift. I resigned."

He felt that there was a decided change of attitude due to the fact that he was "out" instead of "in."

He watched the advertising columns of the Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal newspapers in the hope that some suitable position might be advertised. Most of the advertisements asked for young men. He applied without success for several important positions for which he considered himself qualified. He called on a number of business men whom he knew in Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal. They promised to let him know if they learned of any suitable opening, but he did not hear from them afterward. He began to apply for less important positions. When he had been out of employment a year he saw an advertisement for a book-keeper at a weekly salary of eighteen dollars. He applied personally to the manager of the business, who said:

"Mr. Janverson, I am sorry, but you are too old for us. There is no doubt about your experience and ability, but we have decided definitely not to engage a man more than thirty-five years of age as an outside limit."

As time went on he became completely discouraged. He continued to apply for positions, but had no hope of favourable replies. He had found that his long and successful experience scored against him, because it showed that he must be nearly sixty years old, and the fact that he was "out" instead of "in" was regarded unfavourably. It was a humiliation to apply to Evelden, Weatherman & Quarters, offering to accept any salary they might fix, but he finally did so. They told him they had no vacancies. His work had been divided among three new men, the oldest of whom was thirty-three years old. From one of his old staff he learned that the joint salaries of the three men amounted

to twice as much as his salary had been, but none of the three received as much as he had been paid.

There was a mortgage on his house, but to raise money to maintain his family he placed a second mortgage on it. He tried to sell the property, but could not find a buyer. A real estate agent whom he called on said: "There are very few people who can afford to live in such a big and costly house. Those who can afford it don't wish to live in Downmount." The largest amount he was offered for the property was not enough to cover the two mortgages.

Fortunately the sales of fruit and vegetables from the garden were a little more than sufficient to pay the gardener's wages, while the Janverson family had all the fruit and vegetables they required for their own use.

He had applied twice for employment at Dingwall's Sheet Metal Utensil Works at Downmount Mills, and on the second occasion, Mr. Jasper Dingwall, the proprietor, told him that as he wished to retire he had been negotiating for the sale of the business and had been asked to give a financial statement. He engaged Janverson to prepare it. Janverson was glad to get even temporary employment, and it gave him an opportunity to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the business. The plant was not large but the machinery was almost new and in perfect working order. The foreman understood his work and was both faithful to his employer and popular with the workmen. Mistakes had been made from time to time in the purchase of materials, especially during the previous year, but nevertheless the business showed good profits in every year excepting the last, when there had been a considerable loss. Dingwall would not tell him with whom he had been negotiating, but afterward said the deal had fallen through. Janverson had hoped that in case the sale was made the purchaser would give him employment. It was one more disappointment, as he said to his wife, to whom he had confided his hopes.

When Janverson had been out of employment for two years his money was gone and interest on both mortgages was long overdue. He had received notice that unless he paid the interest the mortgages would be foreclosed. He had sold his horse.

The discouragement had aged him more than ten years of hard work would have done. His hair was scarcely touched with grey when he resigned his position with Evelden, Weatherman & Quarters, but now it was quite grey and when he shaved before

a mirror he noticed that wrinkles were beginning to show in his face. He could no longer deny that he was growing old.

What hurt his feelings more than anything else was the fact that his wife and daughters had lost confidence in his business ability and business judgment. They were not less kind and loving. They pitied him, but they were no longer proud of him as they used to be and he noticed constantly that they did not respect his judgment as they formerly did.

Janverson was standing one day at his gate, hesitating on the question of whether it was worth while to walk to the post office to see if there was any reply to his application for a minor position in a Hamilton business house, which had been advertised in *The Spectator* and *The Herald*, when a man passing in a motor car suddenly stopped, jumped out and came toward him. It was Stephen Camden, a wealthy Hamiltonian, whom he had known slightly for a number of years.

"Why, Janverson," he said, "I haven't seen you for an age. Retired, I have heard. Well, I don't wonder that you are taking a rest after making your pile of gold. You certainly worked hard in making it. So this is your mansion. I have heard of it. I wish I could afford one like it, although my business wouldn't permit me to live so far from Hamilton. I'll tell you what, Janverson, I would like to get your advice as to how to invest a little money I have coming to me in about a month, thirty thousand dollars more or less. I am in a hurry now, but call and see me the next time you come to Hamilton. Good-bye."

It was pleasant to Janverson to think that there was one man who still had confidence in his judgment, but he knew that if Camden understood his real position he would be the last man in the world to ask his advice. He believed that Camden had supposed him to be a large stockholder in Evelden, Weatherman & Quarters, Limited. As he watched Camden departing it suddenly occurred to him that if he could get an option on Dingwall's Sheet Metal Utensil Works he might persuade Camden to invest.

That afternoon he saw Dingwall and asked for six weeks' option. He had realized that the fact that he had twice applied to Mr. Dingwall for employment would make it more difficult for him to get an option, and this proved to be the case. Mr. Dingwall stated his price and asked if Janverson had money to purchase. He said he had not, but believed he could get friends to invest.

"Bring them to me and I'll negotiate with them and give you a commission if I sell," said Dingwall.

But this was not what Janverson wanted. He did not believe he could come to a satisfactory arrangement with Camden and other capitalists whom he had in mind unless he held an actual option.

Janverson was a good talker, but he could not succeed in getting Dingwall to give him for the nominal consideration of one dollar a **six weeks'** option to purchase at the price fixed by Dingwall.

"If you like to put up \$125 as a forfeit I'll give you the option you ask for, but not for one dollar," said Dingwall at last. "The amount is nothing to me, but I want something to show that you really mean to be active and have some confidence in your own ability to succeed. If you have not enough confidence in yourself to risk one hundred and twenty-five dollars I won't take the risk of **six weeks'** delay."

Dingwall was firm, and Janverson finally abandoned hope, but said he would give his decision next morning. As he walked away it occurred to him that the reason why Dingwall had demanded one hundred and twenty-five dollars was that this was the exact amount he had been paid for preparing the statement which Dingwall had used in the negotiations that failed. It seemed so ridiculous that he burst into laughter, but it was bitter laughter, and did not relieve his depression.

"Dingwall has no belief that unlucky Janverson could put through a deal," he said to himself, "but he would like to get back what he paid me for a statement that he thinks was of no use to him. However, I must not judge him too harshly. He has had a heavy loss during the past year and he probably thinks the owner of the finest house in Downmount could easily raise one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

As is well known to anyone who has visited Downmount Mills, the works of the Sheet Metal Utensils are located beside the railway just beyond the Downmount Knitting Mills, which are exactly half a mile from the Downmount station. As Janverson left the works he walked along the railway track toward the Davis road instead of toward the railway station. He did not wish to meet anyone until he could control his emotions, for he felt that his disappointment would be revealed in his face. He had not gone far before coming to a pile of old sleepers. New sleepers had been laid recently and the old ones had not yet been carried away. He sat down on this pile and rested his head in both hands. In all his efforts to get employment he had never felt so completely discouraged as he did at this moment. If he

had been successful in getting the option he would have walked away rapidly without any thought of being tired; but having failed, he felt tired and worn out, so tired, so discouraged that his feelings completely overcame him; his nerves gave way, and he sobbed there in that lonely spot like a hysterical woman. He would have been ashamed indeed if his wife and daughters had seen him then.

CHAPTER V

NANCY WALKS ON A RAIL

"Nancy, I did something after school yesterday that you can't do," said Susie Reynolds.

"What did you do, Susie?"

"I walked all the way from the Downmount station to the knitting mill on the railway without getting off the rail once."

"You mean you walked on the railway sleepers," said Nancy, "That's easy."

"No; I don't mean on the sleepers. I mean I walked on one of the rails and never got off once in all that distance. You know it's half a mile."

"That's like tight-rope walking, Susie, but if the rail had been hung in the air like a tight rope instead of being fastened to the sleepers, you would have got dizzy. I believe I could walk as far as you did. Let's try it to-day after school. You take one rail and I'll take the other. We'll see who goes the farther."

"I can't this afternoon, Nancy. Mother wants me. She said I must come straight home from school as fast as I could walk. And I can't to-morrow; but I will on Saturday afternoon."

When school was out Nancy decided that she would go alone and practise walking on a rail. "Susie has practised it, and I should try it before we walk the rails together," she said to herself.

Whether a child who deliberately does what she knows her parents would forbid if she asked permission is as guilty as a child who does what her parents have actually forbidden is a question that the writer of this chronicle will not discuss. Nancy knew perfectly that if she had asked permission to walk on the railway, whether on the rails or on the sleepers, her father, mother and grandmother would have objected. "How frightened they would be if they could see me now," she said as she walked quite rapidly on one rail. However, she felt quite sure that they would

have been needlessly alarmed as she believed she knew that there was no danger, for in the first place no trains ever passed through Downmount at that hour of the day, and in the second place her hearing was acute and she would know a train was coming long before it reached her. So she reasoned as she walked on the rail and she had not the slightest doubt that her own judgment was better than that of her father, mother, and grandmother. She did not intend to conceal the exploit from her parents. She would tell them all about it, but not until after she had outwalked Susie.

She kept steadily on, never slipping off the rail. She finished the first half mile opposite the knitting mills and continued with a smile of triumph past Dingwall's Sheet Metal Utensil Works. Perhaps she would have reached the Davis road, one mile from the railway station, without a misstep, but for the fact that she suddenly heard a man sobbing, and was so startled that she slipped off the rail, and turning toward the pile of old sleepers saw Janverson sitting there bent forward with his hands over his eyes. She forgot all about rail walking and approached him with a heart full of pity. She stood silently beside him for a moment and then somewhat timidly placed her hand on his shoulder in a caressing way. Janverson looked up in startled amazement. He had not noticed the child walking on the rail when he sat down and had thought that no one was near. The loneliness of the spot, the child's lovely face full of pity, her long flowing hair and white dress all combined to give him in his nervous state an impression of unreality, and for a moment he thought that perhaps all his misfortunes were but an evil dream ending in a sweet vision. Although he had lived in Downmount for fifteen years he had never seen this child before.

Nancy sat down beside him and placed her small right hand on his left hand which had dropped from his eyes to his knee. He looked into her dark violet eyes, so full of sympathy, and said:

"You will never tell anyone that you saw me crying?"

"I will not," said Nancy. "Never in the world."

He brought his right hand over and placed it on her hand where it rested in his left hand. Thus the child's hand was enclosed in his hands during all the time they sat there together, and some influence from it seemed to him to tranquilize his soul.

"Tell me all about it," she said.

He did tell her all about it, talking to the sympathetic child more freely than he had talked to anyone for a long time. As he watched her face while he talked to her there came to his mind

a phrase used in Bulwer Lytton's novel "What Will He Do With It," in reference to the face of the child Sophy, "that nameless refinement in expression—that arch yet tender elegance in the simple, watchful attitude." He had read this the night before, and it seemed to him that it aptly described the listening face of the child who sat beside him with her small hand enclosed in his hands.

Nancy did not understand everything he said, but she did understand that he had been very unfortunate, that he had no money, could not get employment and that his family were in danger of being turned into the street and having nothing to eat, and that all these troubles which had made him cry might be remedied if he had \$125.

"Have you tried praying for the \$125?" said Nancy.

"No," he said, but he did not tell her that he had not made a prayer for twenty years.

"My grandma says that if you pray for a thing in the right way you'll get it if it's good for you to get it. She says it is not sufficient to believe that you will get it. You must believe that if you do not get it that is for the best. She says it isn't real belief if you pray for a thing, thinking that if you get it you will believe. You must believe whether you get it or not. You must believe that God knows what is best for you. Once my grandpa had \$433.37 to pay and he did not know where he was going to get the money. The time slipped away fast and he could not raise the money. There was only one day left. He prayed that in some way the money might come to him next morning. Ten o'clock next morning came and his prayer had not been answered, but at half past ten a man who had owed him money for ten years called and paid him \$383. He had never expected to get that money. It was a rainy day and the man was all splattered with mud. Before noon grandpa sold some pigs for \$43.37 and grandma sold some butter and eggs for seven dollars. So grandpa had exactly enough money to pay his debt.* Let us pray for that one hundred and twenty-five dollars now. Grandma says it is not necessary to pray out loud. Let us pray for it in our hearts."

She closed her eyes and they sat there silently. The man did not pray, but he thought reverently about the prayer in the heart of the child as he watched her face until she opened her

*The author of this chronicle can vouch for the fact that the incident related by Nancy was an actual occurrence, but he does not attempt to explain it.

eyes and said, "If you don't get it that will mean that it wouldn't be good for you and you must 'grin and bear it,' but I think it will be good for you, so I feel sure you will get it. If I come here to-morrow after school will you tell me whether you get it or not?"

"I shall be here," said Janverson as he released her imprisoned hand.

How little he could have imagined such a meeting and such a conversation three years before!

A hand-car went by on the railway at a rapid rate. There were three men on it.

"I never thought of a hand-car coming," said Nancy. "I wonder if I should have noticed it in time or if those men would have noticed me. Perhaps I should have been killed if I had not seen you and sat down beside you."

CHAPTER VI

NANCY SELLS HER HAIR

On the way home Nancy called on Susie Reynolds to tell her how far she had walked on the rail, but she did not explain why she had not walked farther. It was quite late when she got home, but she disarmed criticism by saying, "I just came from Susie Reynolds', Mother." She knew that her mother approved of Susie Reynolds as a companion. If Nancy had told her mother that she was with Susie all the time after leaving school it would have been a lie and Nancy thought it a horrible thing to tell a lie. Yet she gave her mother the same impression that the lie would have given. Was there any moral difference? Perhaps there is a subtle distinction as regards the effect on character. However this may be, it is certain that from the standpoint of tactics this form of deception does not entangle the deceiver as a lie does, for it leaves a way clear for frank and truthful explanation later on, whereas one lie almost of necessity leads to other lies.

Mrs. Overland might have asked Nancy some questions, but looking out of the window she noticed that a peddler from whom she had occasionally bought little articles was coming up the drive toward the house. She wanted a screwdriver, and if she could get it from him it would save a trip to the hardware store in Downmount. She went to the door and admitted him. Nancy

went up to her own room to take off her hat and returned in a few moments. The peddler had no screwdriver, but he had insisted upon bringing in a number of articles which he thought Mrs. Overland might buy. As Nancy entered the room Mrs. Overland was saying, "I don't want any of those things."

The peddler, looking up, saw Nancy.

"What wonderful hair for a child!" he exclaimed. "Any grown woman might be proud of it. I'll give you everything I have brought in to show you for her hair."

"I have told you that I don't want a single thing you have there," said Mrs. Overland.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars cash for her hair. I'll cut it off neatly and prettily. I was a barber for ten years before I became a peddler.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Overland. "We are in no need of money and even if we were I wouldn't sell my child's hair."

"I'll give you fifty dollars. I'll tell you why I want it. I have a cousin who is an actress. Now, you may think it queer that a peddler is cousin to a popular actress, but I'm telling you the solemn truth and I know she will pay me well for such a head of hair. That's why I can afford to pay you fifty dollars for it."

"I have told you that I shall not sell my child's hair at any price, so there is no use wasting your own time and mine talking about it."

"See here, ma'm. I'll give you seventy-five dollars, and I won't make much money on it at that. Long, heavy hair like that is not healthy for a child anyhow. The energy that should go into her body goes into her hair. Any doctor or barber can tell you that."

"If our own doctor tells us to cut off her hair for the sake of her health we shall cut it off, but we won't sell it," said Mrs. Overland. "But she doesn't look as if the hair had made her ill. Look at her complexion."

"I've been looking at it, and if I could buy her complexion as well as her hair I'd give five hundred dollars."

"How ridiculous! You might as well ask me to sell the child herself."

"Well, now," said the peddler. "I won't ask you to sell her, but what would you say to letting her travel with me, and go even shares in the weekly receipts after deducting expenses? I've got a hair grower and a complexion renewer, and if I had her with me we could do a rushing business. We'd travel in the American cities instead of in the country places. Wouldn't we

draw crowds! You would make ten times as much as you'll ever make out of this farm, although they tell me farms are worth their weight in gold in this Niagara peninsula."

"Go at once or I shall call my husband to make you go," said Mrs. Overland. "Nancy, I am sure the biscuits in the oven must be burning. Go and take them out."

When Nancy came back the peddler had gone. That night she lay awake in bed thinking of his offer for her hair.

"He might have paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for it if Mother had not sent him away," she said to herself. "He was raising his bid every minute. I wish I could see him to-morrow. It's not Mother's hair. It's mine and I have a right to sell my own hair. If he would pay me one hundred and twenty-five dollars it would be an answer to my prayer."

Next morning she started for school at an earlier hour than usual. She had not gone far when she met the peddler in his cart. He stopped his horse and greeted her.

"Don't you want to ride with me?" he said.

"You are going the wrong way," said Nancy.

"Never mind. I'll turn about and go your way."

He turned his horse and Nancy accepted his invitation.

"I might sell my hair if I got enough for it," she said as she sat beside him, "but you would have to pay me twice as much as you offered Mother."

"I see that you are a sensible girl," said the peddler.

They had just arrived at the Overland road and he turned into the upper road saying,

"We'll go up this road toward the mountain. There are too many people on the main road. There are some bushes farther up this road. We can go behind them while I cut off your hair."

When they reached the bushes he offered to help Nancy from the cart, but she refused his help and jumped down. She was as anxious to escape observation as he was and made no objection to going behind the bushes. The thought came to him that in this lonely spot he had the child at his mercy and could force her to reduce the price, but he was not a bad-hearted man and there arose in his memory the face of a little sister who died at the age of eleven. She, too, had fair hair that fell about her shoulders—not nearly so long nor of such a wonderful colour as Nancy's hair, but lovely in his memory of her, and he remembered her sweet face as it lay cold and still in the coffin. He put away the thought of doing injustice to the child. Besides he reasoned that if he even waited to bargain with her someone

might come along and he might lose the opportunity of getting the hair, which he felt quite sure he could sell to his cousin, the actress, for five hundred dollars.

He counted out the money in five-dollar bills, which he handed to her.

"Thirty of 'em," he said. "Thirty times five makes one hundred and fifty dollars. That's what you said—twice what I offered your mother. You see I am square. I give you the money before I cut your hair."

He brought out a pair of shears and cut the hair quite close to her head, evenly and neatly as any barber could have done it.

"I wasn't a barber for ten years for nothing," he said in admiration of his own work. "Why, you look prettier than ever, Miss. You do that."

"Will you tell me what time it is?" said Nancy.

"It is ten minutes to nine o'clock."

"I'll be late for school. I won't go. I should hate to go into school late looking like this. The whole school would stare at me. Let me go with you as far as the railway track."

"Right you are," said the peddler.

He helped her up to the cart again.

"You look younger without your hair; you had a woman's hair with a child's face," he said as he looked at her admiringly. "How old might you be now?"

"I was twelve years old on my birthday last Saturday."

Suddenly it occurred to him that it might be possible to persuade the child to travel with him, helping him to sell his hair restorer and his complexion renewer. He could point out to her the pleasures of travel and sight-seeing. Again and again the thought recurred to him as he drove up the lonely road with the child sitting beside him, but he did not harbour it. With the temptation came a memory of an old saying in reference to evil thoughts which he had heard his mother quote when he was a boy to the effect that if you cannot prevent evil birds from alighting on your head you can prevent them building nests in your hair. So he drove away this evil thought whenever it came to him and chatted pleasantly with the child.

At the railway track they parted, shaking hands like old friends. She believed that God had sent him in answer to her prayer, but she did not tell him so. As he drove away he turned his head to look at her standing beside the railway track. She waved her hand to him.

"The very look of her face makes me think good thoughts,"

he said to himself, "and there was no harm in buying her hair although her mother wouldn't sell it. I paid her a big price for it and it will grow again. In the meantime her health will be all the better for it."

Nancy walked along the railway track past the Downmount railway station, past the knitting mills, past the Dingwall works and came to the pile of ties. Janverson sat there as on the day before. She had not expected to find him because the time fixed for their meeting was after school. He had awakened in the morning with the impression that he must have dreamed about the child, and had walked over to look at the scene of his dream.

"Our prayer is answered," said Nancy. "God sent a peddler and he bought my hair. I have the money in my school bag. There is one hundred and fifty dollars. I suppose God thought you would need more than one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

She took the money from her school bag and handed it to him. He held it in his hand for a moment, looking at it in a dazed way. Then he said:

"My dear child, I can't take it. I won't take it from you. It was a downright shame to sell your lovely hair."

"You'll have to take it," she said. "God gave me the hair and he sent a peddler to buy it in answer to our prayer. Good-bye. I am going."

She turned and fled as he held out his hand with the money in it. Janverson watched her as she climbed over the fence and ran down the hill, which sloped gently to a pasture field. Passing through this she climbed another fence and was soon lost to sight in a field of ripening grain. He stood there with his eyes on her as long as she was in sight. Then he turned slowly, walked to the Dingwall Sheet Metal Utensil Works and laid one hundred and twenty-five dollars on Dingwall's desk as he sat down beside him.

"All right," said Dingwall. "I'll keep my word. Write out the option."

Nancy reached home as her mother was setting the table for the noonday meal. Mrs. Overland stared at the child in amazement.

"Mother, I didn't go to school, and I sold my hair to the peddler."

"You wicked child!" said Mrs. Overland.

"I am not wicked," said Nancy. "It was an answer to a prayer. I got one hundred and fifty dollars for it and gave the money to a poor man who needed it."

"Who was the poor man?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before, but he needed the money badly. I met him on the railway yesterday after school. He told me how terribly he needed the money and I prayed that he would get it. Then the peddler came and I knew it was an answer to my prayer."

"Perhaps the child is right," said Grandma Overland.

When Lawrence Overland came in to dinner, Mrs. Overland told him all about it and he questioned Nancy severely. He said finally:

"I would not have sold your hair for five hundred dollars, and this man to whom you gave the money was no doubt a confederate of the peddler."

"Instead of scolding me you should be thankful I am not killed," said Nancy.

"Mercy me!" said Mrs. Overland. "Did the peddler threaten to kill you, my precious child?"

"No. The peddler was very good to me, but if I hadn't seen that poor man sitting on a pile of railway sleepers I might have been run over by the hand-car."

She proceeded to tell in detail how she had out-distanced Susie Reynolds walking on a rail and only got off when she saw the poor man on the pile of sleepers, and how the hand-car had rushed by while she was talking to him; but she did not mention the fact that the man was crying. She concluded her story with the remark:

"On Saturday afternoon Susie and I are going to walk the rails together. She will take one rail and I'll take the other. I'm pretty sure I can walk farther than she can without getting off."

"You are not going to do anything of the kind," said her father. "If this is the way you are going to act we'll never let you off the farm alone."

"I promised Susie, and you wouldn't wish your daughter to break her word," said Nancy.

"Never mind your promise to Susie," said Mrs. Overland. "It is as dangerous for her as it is for you, and I am going over to Mrs. Reynolds this evening to tell her all about it."

"If you tell anyone that I sold my hair I'll run away," said Nancy. "I couldn't bear to have everyone looking at me and saying, 'There's the girl that sold her hair to a peddler.'"

"We won't tell anyone but Dr. Ruther, Nancy," said her father. "We don't want to advertise that we grow annual crops

of hair for sale the same as we grow wool. You won't tell anyone but Dr. Ruther, will you, Mother?"

Lawrence Overland always called his wife "Mother." He called his own mother "Grandma."

"I won't tell anyone—not a soul," said Mrs. Overland.

"Come and give me a kiss, Nancy, and let me see how much you weigh without your hair," said Mr. Overland.

Nancy ran to him, threw herself into his arms and clasping him about the neck kissed him.

"I'm so light I can fly," she said.

The writer of this chronicle does not aver that the peddler's offer came in answer to Nancy's prayer. He has grave doubts about it; but Janverson has no doubts. The exact details of the arrangement he made with Camden and others by which a company known as Downmount Sheet Metal Utensils Limited, was organized and Dingwall's works purchased, are not a necessary part of this chronicle, but those who invested never had reason to regret the confidence they had placed in Janverson. Three years afterward Evelden, Weatherman & Quarters proposed amalgamation on favourable terms, but Janverson declined their offer. He soon found Nancy, and offered to repay her the one hundred and fifty dollars or transfer to her ten shares of stock in his company. Acting on her father's advice she took the shares.

In these days of bobbed hair it is difficult to realize Nancy's sacrifice. The author of this chronicle well remembers the grief of another child when a mischievous boy cut off her long hair while she slept.

CHAPTER VII

THE HUMAN FACE A THOUGHT OF GOD

Lawrence Overland told Dr. Ruther the story of Nancy's sale of her hair. On the following Saturday afternoon Dr. Ruther called to ask her to go for a drive with him. He made no comment on the change in her appearance until Nancy sitting beside him in the buggy said:

"How do you like me without my hair? I felt a bit sorry after it was cut because I remembered that you used to like to see it flying in the wind."

He looked at her critically before replying.

"You look very nice. Fortunately you could not sell your eyes or your complexion. However, I like you much better with

your hair at its natural length and shall be glad when it grows long again. I did like to see it flying in the wind."

"Dr. Ruther, I am jealous of my hair and my complexion," said Nancy. "I used to be pleased to think you admired them. I felt as if they were part of me, but now my hair is gone and yet I am the same Nancy. You still think I look rather nice because I have my eyes and my complexion, but if I lost my complexion as well as my hair you would not care a pin for me."

Her face was very serious. As Dr. Ruther looked at her he thought that if there was nothing left of Nancy but her eyes he would rather look at them than at anything else in the world.

"Nancy," he said, "I care just as much for you without your hair as with it. I did like to look at it and shall have pleasure in looking at it when it grows long again, but it makes no difference in my friendship for you."

"I wish I could really believe it is me you care for. You see you know my hair will grow again. How would it be if I were to become bald? I wish I could get smallpox and be pockmarked just long enough to see whether it is me you care for or merely my complexion."

"Nancy, do you remember what I told you about the flowers being thoughts of God?"

"Yes, Dr. Ruther. You said that a violet was just a lovely little thought of God, that all the flowers were thoughts of God. You told me that before there was ever a flower on earth God pictured each one of them in His mind. The leaves on the trees with their varied shapes, the grass and the dandelions that grow in the grass were all thoughts of God. You said that if we remembered this always we would have intense delight in looking at the infinite variety of Nature."

"Nancy, a human face is as truly a thought of God as a flower is and when a human face has the beauty of a flower with intelligence and loving individuality added I think any man who sees it comes as near to looking into Heaven as is possible on earth. A girl or a woman with such a face has a special mission for God on earth, a mission to make men think of God and Heaven, of goodness and purity, so that when they come into her presence it will be impossible for them to have an evil thought. You have such a face, Nancy."

"Dr. Ruther, do you think God will be very angry with me if I fail?"

"He would not be angry. He would only be sorry. Nancy, do you think I should be angry?"

"No. You would have tears in your heart, but you would not be angry. Dr. Ruthen, if I failed, if I committed a great sin I think I should rather tell you than anyone else in the world."

"My dear little friend, I am glad indeed that you think of me in that way, that you know I have so much sympathy for you that I could not be angry with you, but remember that my sympathy is like a little drop of water in the great ocean of God's love."

"Dr. Ruthen, I might drown in the ocean, but I could drink the little drop of water. It is hard for me to think of God as being as friendly to me as you are."

"Nancy, that is why God gives missions on earth to human beings like you and me. We are just little drops of water out of the great ocean, small enough to be helpful to people who would be afraid of drowning in the ocean."

"Dr. Ruthen, if I am a thought of God why am I not perfect?"

"A human being has a thought and sends it out by word of mouth or in some other way. How often it happens that as the thought passes on from one person to another it becomes changed and perverted. So a thought of God may be changed."

"Yes, but I don't see why God could not prevent it being changed."

"If God had so invented man that he could not do wrong we should be mere good-action machines, but he made man in His own image, that is a being having powers of independent action, able to do right or wrong."

"Can God Himself do wrong? If He never does wrong how can anyone made in His image do wrong?"

"Nancy, that is a reasonable question and seems at first thought to completely knock out what I have just said. My mind is not big enough to fully understand. Perhaps no man's mind is big enough to understand, but dimly there comes to me a suggestion of an explanation. It is that God's heart is so full of love that sin cannot enter and that whenever the heart of a man or a woman or a little girl is full of love sin cannot exist in it. I believe there are times when our hearts are so full of love that sin would be impossible at the moment. Nancy, I believe there is a full explanation of your question in the mind of God. My mind stretches out for the thought and sees it only dimly. What I do see I find difficult to explain to you clearly."

"Dr. Ruthen, I should like to ask you one more question. Suppose I really lost my hair and my complexion; suppose I

should get smallpox, although I have been vaccinated, what would you think then about my looks and my mission? What would you say to a girl with a sallow, sickly complexion? How would you comfort her and make her feel that she has a mission on earth?"

"Nancy, I should say in the first place that we have two bodies, the earthly or material body and the spiritual body which we take with us to Heaven after death. I believe that the material body is merely an outer garment for the ethereal or spiritual body and that the material face, while taking the same shape as the spiritual face which it covers, is not so lovely as the spiritual face. I believe that the spiritual face is much more plastic and is influenced more quickly by love and beautiful thoughts so that the spiritual face grows lovely if the character grows lovely and sometimes its loveliness even shines through the plainness of a material face. In Heaven the face will quickly grow in beauty if the soul is beautiful, and even on earth a plain face will in course of years be refined and glorified by a lovely life."

As Dr. Ruther ceased speaking a commonplace looking little bird flew into a tree by the roadside and began to sing such a cheerful song of happiness that all the air was full of gladness. The song seemed to become a part of the day, voicing the beauty and the perfection of Nature. Dr. Ruther stopped his horse as he said:

"Do you notice that little song sparrow? It is not half so beautiful as some of the birds we have seen this afternoon; but did you ever hear anything more joyous than its song? If a girl with plain features, a sallow complexion and scanty, lustreless hair could by her cheerfulness and unselfish thought for others create the same atmosphere of contentment as the song of that plain, grey-brown bird we should think as little about her complexion and her hair as we do about the plumage of the song sparrow. One would soon become weary of looking at a girl or a woman who is simply pretty without other fine qualities, whereas a girl who although not pretty is vivacious, intelligent, cheerful and kindly never becomes wearisome. Some of the most attractive and charming women in the world are not pretty. Whether a girl is pretty or plain she only corresponds with God's thought of her when she is at her best, when she is making the most of the qualities and talents God has given her."

"Dr. Ruther, I think I understand now what is meant by

saying 'Let your light so shine before men as to glorify God.' I used to think glorifying God meant singing His praises but now I see that it means I must shine before men so as not to disgrace God, whose thought I am. I shall try all my life to keep myself as God intended me to be. I shall try not to spoil His thought."

More commonly the conversations between the man and the child were about flowers and trees, birds and animals and all the little things of outdoor life which they noticed in their drives. Sometimes they talked about his patients. Usually she waited in his buggy when he went into the house of a patient, but occasionally he took her in with him and thus she learned to help him bandage wounds and soon became a most capable assistant. As a result of this intimate intercourse and the conversations on many subjects there developed a psychic cord connecting the souls of the two, the breaking of which years afterwards when Nancy was no longer a child tore the hearts of both.

Some of the readers of this chronicle may think that if Jackson Ruther had been a doctor of divinity instead of a doctor of medicine the conversation recorded in this chapter would seem more natural. It is a strange fact of human nature that most of us have two codes of morals, one for clergymen, the other for laymen. Many people would be shocked if they heard a clergyman talking and acting in the same way as they commonly act and talk themselves, and if a layman talks "like a clergyman" they think he is rather queer. Dr. Ruther seldom talked in this way, but he had always a deep conviction that all the phenomena of life had their origin in the mind of a great Designer, whom he sometimes called God and sometimes the Mind and Soul of the Universe.

CHAPTER VIII

SUSIE REYNOLDS ASKS DR. RUTHER TO MAKE HER PRETTY

Dr. Jackson Ruther sat in his office making out accounts. This was the most uncongenial of all his duties, and it was with a feeling of relief that he laid down his pen when his mother rapped at the door and entered, leading by the hand a little girl apparently about eleven years old.

"Jackson, this little girl wants to see you," said Mrs. Ruther. "She will not tell me what she wants, so I shall leave her with you."

The child carried a large basket of apples which she set down on the floor near the door. She looked timidly at Dr. Ruther and when Mrs. Ruther left the room said:

"I am Susie Reynolds. Nancy said I was to come to you."

"I am glad you have come to see me, Susie," he said. "I am sure we shall soon be friends. Sit down on this chair and let us have a talk."

"Nancy said you would make me pretty. Can you make me as pretty as Nancy?"

As Dr. Ruther looked at the child he thought that his pet Nancy had been parading her own beauty and for the moment he felt rather hard-hearted toward Nancy and full of sympathy for Susie.

"Does Nancy talk to you very much about her own pretty face?" he asked.

"She never mentioned it to me but I can't help comparing her face and her hair with mine. When I talk to her about it she tries to make me think I am all right. She says I look nice and attractive to her eyes, but I am envious of her looks, so she told me to come to you for my eyes, my hair, and my complexion."

"Take off your hat, my dear, and let me look at your hair. Take off your spectacles too. I want to look at your eyes."

She took off both her hat and her spectacles.

"What a pity to have to hide such pretty eyes with spectacles," he said. "We shall soon get rid of the ugly things."

"Are my eyes really pretty? Nancy said they were. It was Mr. Luke, the druggist, who told Mother I should wear spectacles. I don't like them. They hurt my eyes."

"Your eyes are really pretty. I shall have to examine them before I can tell you whether we can throw away the spectacles

at once, but I am sure you won't need them very long. Does your mother know you have come to me?"

"Mother knows. She said I might come, but Aunt Susan does not know. Aunt Susan says it is wicked and vain for me to wish to be pretty. Do you think it is?"

"Not a bit wicked. It is right to be just as pretty as you can make yourself. Yet as I have said to Nancy Overland a girl who is not pretty may have other qualities that make her more attractive, more likeable, more loveable than mere prettiness. Next to a kindly, happy, sympathetic, cheerful disposition that shows in the face the most important requisite of good looks is good health. All I can do for you is to help you to improve your health."

"Mother sent you a basket of apples. She says I must never expect to get something for nothing, but if we can pay you with apples from our own trees and eggs from our own hens she will let me come."

Susie looked toward the basket of apples by the door.

"Those are splendid apples, but tell your mother that she must not send me too many of them, because you are coming to me not as a doctor but as a friend. I cannot make you pretty, but believe that I can teach you how to make yourself pretty if you will come and see me twice a week. Now let me examine your eyes."

After careful examination and testing of her eyes and of the spectacles he said, "You will need to wear spectacles for a little while, but these spectacles are not right. Let me have them and I shall change them for you. It will do you no harm to go without them for a few days and the next time you come I shall give you another pair more suitable to your eyes. In two months your eyes will be strong and well. You will not need spectacles then and everyone will see how pretty your eyes are. Each time you come to me I shall give you a lesson to learn and your eyes will grow strong and well. When shall we have the first lesson?"

"Could we begin now?"

"Yes. Did you ever burn your hand, Susie?"

"Yes. I burnt it on the stove."

"Very badly?"

"Not very badly because I jerked my hand away as soon as I felt it."

"Were you looking at it?"

"No. I was standing close to the stove and my hand touched it accidentally."

"Although you did not see it, the moment your hand touched the stove a message of warning was flashed and you jerked your hand away. Did you ever cut your hand?"

"Yes. More than once."

"Did you notice how quickly the cut healed so that it was soon all right again?"

"Yes."

"A little boy broke his arm. His mother brought him to me to set the broken bone. I set the two broken parts of the bone together and bound them up so they would stay together. What happened?"

"I suppose they grew together and the little boy's arm got well."

"That is exactly what happened. Now you see I did not make the broken pieces grow together. What do you suppose really mended the bone by making the pieces grow together? What do you suppose healed your hand when it was cut? What is it that makes you jerk your hand away instantly when it touches something burning hot?"

"I don't know what it is. Tell me, Dr. Ruther."

"I can't tell you. I don't know, but I think there is some intelligence within you at work trying to keep your body healthy and it is much more powerful than I am. Just so that we can talk about it and talk to it let us give it a name. Did you ever hear the story of Ariel?"

"Yes. Nancy told me all about Ariel and its master Prospero."

"Do you remember that Ariel could do wonderful things, more wonderful than anything Prospero could do, and yet it had to obey Prospero and do what it was told to do?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Let us call this mysterious inner health-controlling intelligence your Health Ariel. It has wonderful powers and yet it is your servant as Ariel was Prospero's servant and must obey you as Ariel obeyed Prospero. Do you think Health Ariel would be a good name?"

"Yes. Very good."

"We are agreed on that name, then. Your Health Ariel has very great power over your body, but while it knows without being told that it can do some things such as jerking your hand away when it touches something burning hot, healing a wound,

mending a broken bone and changing the food you eat into blood and flesh, there are other things that it can do, but will not do because it doesn't believe that it can do them. Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I have two brothers and two sisters."

"Do you remember when they learned to walk?"

"Not Emma. She is older than I am, but I remember the others. I taught Minnie to walk myself."

"You had to make her believe she could walk before she would walk."

"Oh, yes, but Mother thinks she believed much more quickly than Tommie. It was hard to make Tommie believe he could walk, but in the end he learned and now he can walk as well as anyone."

"Can you swim?"

"Yes. I learned to swim this summer. My cousin Bessie is two years older than I am. She tried to learn the same time as I did. She has been trying every summer for three years and hasn't learned to swim yet."

"Why is that? Are not her legs and arms as strong as yours?"

"Stronger than mine. You know she is two years older."

"Can you move your arms and legs more easily and quickly than she can?"

"Oh, no."

"You don't know of any reason why she did not learn to swim so quickly as you?"

"Because she does not believe that she can swim. If she would only believe she would swim as well as I can."

"That is it. That is the secret. Many people grow up without learning to swim simply because they never believe they can swim."

"Last Sunday our Sunday School teacher gave us a missionary paper with a picture of tiny black children in the South Sea Islands swimming. It said they were taught to swim as soon as they could walk and were as much at home in the water as on the land. I suppose if I had been taught to believe I could swim when I was a baby I might have learned then."

"Susie, we are getting on together wonderfully. I see you understand that you can't do anything unless you believe you can do it. Now there are some things that your Health Ariel doesn't believe it can do and we shall have to teach it to believe. You will have to talk to your Health Ariel telling it what you

want it to do and make it believe that it can do it. Do you know anything about the telephone, Susie?"

"My older sister, Emma, works in the telephone office in Hamilton. She lives in Hamilton with our aunt. She is five years older than I am. There was one sister between us, but she died before I was born. My sister took me once to the Bell Telephone central office in Hamilton."

"I am very glad you told me that. Did she show you the inner working of the telephone operating room and how they received calls and answered them?"

"Yes. It is wonderful. They know by little flashes of light where the call comes from and it is strange how quickly they hear a call even from a distant part of the city. The flash of light seems to come the very instant anyone calls."

"Susie, there are in your brain a great number of little cells that receive sights, sounds and other sensations from all parts of the body. These brain cells are connected with every part of the body by a system of nerves which serve the same purpose as the telephone wires, but the cells in the brain receive sights and touches as well as sounds through nerves. Thus when you burn your hand the pain is flashed to the central office. Just as the telephone wires extend from the central Bell office in Hamilton to all parts of the city, so the nerves extend from the brain and spinal cord to every part of the body. Every tiny particle of the skin of your face is connected with the brain by nerves. There is a similar connection with your scalp and the roots of your hair. It is through the brain cells and the nerves that we may expect your Health Ariel to work in improving your eyesight, your hair and your complexion. It will flash orders along the nerves. Will you try to make your Health Ariel believe that it can do what you want it to do, Susie?"

"If you will tell me how, Dr. Ruther."

"I am going to give you a little bottle in which I have boracic acid dissolved in water. Bathe your eyes with this night and morning. When the bottle is empty ask me for more. Each time after bathing your eyes stroke the eyelids gently with your fingers and say to your Health Ariel, 'You can make my eyes well. You will make them well. The boracic acid will help you to make them well.'"

"Can you remember to say that to your Health Ariel night and morning as you stroke your eyelids after bathing them with boracic acid?"

"I shall remember."

"Your Health Ariel will learn to do it and we shall throw away the ugly spectacles in two months. I am going to do it for you the first time."

He bathed her eyes with the water, stroked the eyelids gently, and as he did so said, "Health Ariel, make Susie's eyes well. I know you can do it if you will try, and I know you are going to do it. The boracic acid will help you to make them well. Every minute, every second, night and day, while she is asleep and when she is awake her eyes will keep getting stronger and more healthy. In two months she will be able to throw her spectacles away."

As Susie put on her hat he said: "Come to me again a week from this day. In the meantime I shall have a talk with your mother. Before we say good-bye, Susie, I wish to make it plain that we are just using this name Health Ariel as a convenient way of describing a part of yourself, which we don't understand and know very little about. We only know that this mysterious inner self has wonderful powers over the health of the body when it can be made to believe."

It is not within the scope of this narrative to describe in detail all the conversations and exercises during a period of seven years in which Dr. Ruther and Susie Reynolds carried on experiments based on the idea that faith healing or curative suggestion could be used advantageously in combination with ordinary medical methods. He occasionally gave Susie a prescription for a tonic or some other medicine to be filled by a local druggist, but during the whole period of seven years the total quantity of medicine was very small. He tried to develop every part of her body by gentle exercises. He examined her spine frequently to see that the vertebrae were in position and adjusted them when they got out of place. He massaged her back frequently to strengthen the nerves in the vicinity of the spine. He encouraged her to take olive oil regularly and occasionally prescribed other simple remedies.

Always in his treatment he gave first place to the theory that the mysterious inner intelligence which he had taught Susie to call the Health Ariel had wonderful powers over every part of the body and could work miracles when made to believe in its own powers. As to the exact nature of this health-giving power he formed no conclusion, and in fact Susie believed in its wonder-working power more implicitly than he did. To him it was a great experiment in the use of curative suggestion combined with ordinary medical methods. She was absolutely convinced of the

reality of the Health Ariel. Whatever the causes were, Susie at the age of eighteen had a vigorous body, strong eyes, and a clear, healthy complexion, with an abounding faith in the power of the "Health Ariel" and the infallibility of Dr. Jackson Ruther. Her hair never became particularly long and abundant, but it did improve in vigour and in colour.

Nancy Overland heard all about these experiments from Susie Reynolds and daily practised most of the exercises herself. In her heart Nancy was inclined to feel somewhat jealous of the constant attention which Susie received from Dr. Ruther, but when such thoughts arose she would repress them and her sympathy for Susie overcame any selfish feelings. However, she said to herself, "He is more interested in Susie as a patient, but he is more interested in me as a person."

Nancy applied Dr. Ruther's theory in a way that he had never dreamed of. About a year after the experiments recorded in this chapter began Nancy received an invitation to visit her Aunt Priscilla, a sister of her father, whose husband, Mr. James Ferguson, was a wealthy manufacturer in Montreal. When Nancy left home she expected to remain only six weeks, but her aunt was so determined to keep her that she remained six months. Her cousin Lucy, about a year older than herself, was taking music lessons from a young Englishman who had achieved considerable success in training voices before leaving London. He only remained in Montreal a year and then moved to New York, but Nancy had the good fortune to be in Montreal during about half the time he was there and her aunt arranged that she should take lessons twice a week with her cousin. This was Aunt Priscilla's birthday present to Nancy and she began taking the lessons on her thirteenth birthday. The music master was much impressed with the pure quality of her voice and especially by the interest she took in improving it. Nancy thought that if Susie's "Health Ariel" could strengthen her eyesight, improve her complexion and make her hair grow her own "Ariel" should be able to improve her vocal organs. She persistently urged this mysterious health power to make her throat and mouth perfectly healthy, help her to breathe properly and assist her with all the exercises set by the music master. She had forty-eight lessons altogether while she remained in Montreal and as the music master knew that she was going back to her father's farm and might never have an opportunity to take lessons again he devoted the last eight lessons of the course largely to instructions for the training of her voice during the next five years on the farm. Nancy took

pains to carry out his instructions after returning to her home and in doing so constantly made suggestions to her "Health Ariel" that the throat and mouth must be kept in healthy condition. There came a time long afterwards when Nancy felt that all this course of training was a preparation for the singing of one song written, as it seemed to her, almost on the threshold of Heaven.

Dr. Ruthier never used the fanciful name "Ariel" in talking to anyone else but Susie and Nancy about what is usually called the subconscious or subjective mind. The two girls used it in talking to each other and to Dr. Ruthier long after they were grown up, although they would sometimes say "my health fairy" instead of "my Ariel."

CHAPTER IX

JACK RUTHIER COMES TO DOWNMOUNT

The day following Nancy's return home after six months' stay in Montreal a villager made a remark to Dr. Ruthier which made him feel that if the Saturday afternoon drives were resumed there might be talk in Downmount that would be unpleasant for Nancy. She wondered why he never asked her to go driving any more, but said nothing about it. He continued to call frequently at the Overland home, being a special favorite of Grandma Overland, and he often had talks with Nancy as well as arguments with Lawrence Overland.

When Nancy was a little over fourteen years of age she learned that Jack Ruthier, nephew of Dr. Ruthier, was coming to live with his uncle and grandmother while attending the Downmount High School to prepare for matriculation in law. Remembering her childish wish that she had been alive when Dr. Ruthier was a boy, she looked forward to the coming of his nephew, thinking that she might find in him such a companion as Dr. Ruthier would have been at the same age; but Jack Ruthier during his stay in Downmount paid very little attention to Nancy Overland. He was five years her senior and regarded himself as a young man while he thought of her as a child.

One of the students at the Downmount High School was Millie Mornington, a pretty, vivacious girl, two years younger than Jack Ruthier. Nancy admired Millie very much and one day when Jack, overtaking Nancy as she was coming home from

school, walked some distance with her, she told him that she thought Millie Mornington was the nicest girl in Downmount. In a burst of confidence Jack said:

"Nancy, I think about her all the time. Her face and her voice keep coming up in my memory. I think of her even while I am studying. I can't get her out of my mind."

Nancy looked at him with interest. She had read in novels about people falling in love. She felt that she was seeing it now for the first time in real life.

"Jack," she said, "you had better propose to her at once or some one else may get her. She's so pretty and so nice, and is the best dancer in Downmount. It's a pity you are not a little older; and you can't dance a step."

"Jack did not propose to Millie, but he walked home from school with her nearly every day and took lessons in dancing in preparation for the annual conversazione of the Downmount High School held just before the school closed for the Christmas holidays. He was rewarded for his pains when Millie danced with him three times at the conversazione and whispered in his ear that he danced better than any other boy in Downmount. That same winter Jack Ruther and Millie Mornington won the prize for a couple skating together in the match at the Downmount rink.

When Jack left Downmount for Toronto after matriculation in law he had not proposed to Millie, but he had the assurance in his heart that whenever he was ready to propose she would accept him. If he had not felt quite so sure the result might have been different. He corresponded with her while pursuing his law studies in Toronto, but he was not a master of the art of letter writing, and his letters seemed to her perfunctory.

When George Townley, chief clerk in Grafton, Maine & Company's general store, received an offer of a better position in Buffalo, he asked Millie to go with him as his wife. She accepted him and Jack Ruther was invited to the wedding. He received the invitation on his twenty-second birthday. He went to Downmount the day before the wedding, reproached her violently for coquetry and faithlessness, and finally caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"If you feel that way, Jack, why did you not tell me so before?" said Millie. "How could I know?"

"It is not too late to break off your marriage," said Jack. "You love me best. I can see that you are sorry."

"I am indeed sorry for you, Jack, but I am almost a married

woman now. I could not break off the marriage. Perhaps it would have been different if you had spoken three months ago as you do now, but you did not speak and he did. You had known me for three years; he had known me for three months; he was determined that I should marry him and I did not think you would care. And now, Jack, I am getting fond of him. It would be most unfair to desert him on the wedding day, but I shall always be your friend and I am sure George will too."

"I don't want his pity," said Jack as he left the house. He did not stay for the wedding.

For nearly a year life seemed worthless to Jack Ruther, but in time he recovered and all his interest in the world about him returned.

CHAPTER X

A BUNDLE OF BAD HABITS

"What seems to be the trouble with you?" said Dr. Jackson Ruther to David Harrison, who after living on a farm for sixty years had moved to the village of Downmount.

"I don't know. I am something like that old one-horse shay that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote about. I am going to pieces all at once."

"The shay lasted one hundred years and you are only sixty; you ought to be good for forty years more. Tell me what you feel like."

Mr. Harrison described all his pains and weaknesses in detail.

"Mr. Harrison, the trouble with you is that you are a bundle of bad habits," said Dr. Ruther.

"Why, Dr. Ruther," said Mrs. Harrison, who sat beside her husband, "David has not a single bad habit—not one. I have lived with him for thirty-eight years and if he had any bad habits I would know."

"You said last night, Annie, that I had a bad habit of forgetting to turn off the electric light, although you had spoken to me about it at least a hundred times," said Mr. Harrison.

"Dr. Ruther doesn't mean that kind of bad habit," said his wife. "Please explain what you mean, Dr. Ruther."

"When I say he is a bundle of bad habits I mean that judging from what he has told me most of the organs of his body have got into the bad habit of functioning imperfectly. He exercised certain muscles on the farm and perhaps often overworked them.

but there are many muscles throughout his body—some of them very tiny—that were never brought into play by farm work. Perhaps too much energy was directed into certain channels and not enough into others. I shall give him a series of easy exercises that will gradually bring most of the unused muscles of his body into action. If he will take these exercises every day with faith as an accompaniment I believe his health will be completely restored within six months.”

“Dr. Ruther, what do you mean by taking the exercises with faith as an accompaniment?” said Mrs. Harrison.

“Take your New Testament and read all the references to faith made by Jesus during the period of his earthly mission. You will find that all His miraculous cures depended almost absolutely on the faith of those who were healed. Where there was lack of faith He could do little or nothing. When there was great faith the results were marvellous. The conception many of the modern Christian churches seem to have of the miracles of Jesus is that He had the power to act independently of the laws of nature and that He endowed His disciples with that power, but that it died when they died. My study of the life of Jesus has led me to believe that He never acted contrary to or independently of the laws of nature. His healing power was due to a thorough understanding of nature’s most important law. Jesus knew that every human being has an inner self, a silent but active partner, that controls all those internal activities of the body not directed by the conscious mind of man. He knew that this inner self of every man, woman, and child has wonderful powers over the health of the body, but that the exercise of those powers depends absolutely on faith. Scientific men of the present day are just beginning to learn a little about the wonderful health-giving power of this inner self of man. They call it by such names as the unconscious mind, the subconscious mind, the subjective mind, the subliminal mind. Did you ever hear of the subconscious or subjective mind, Mrs. Harrison?”

“David was reading aloud to me about it the other day, but I can’t say that I understand it.”

“If you really did understand it, Mrs. Harrison, you would know more than anyone else knows, unless I am greatly mistaken.”

“The article I read to my wife about the subconscious mind said that health or disease is purely a matter of imagination. Do you believe that, Dr. Ruther?”

“I don’t believe anything of the kind,” said Dr. Ruther.

"People do often imagine themselves ill, but there is a great deal of real disease. Sometimes it is hereditary; sometimes it results from disease germs carried to a human being by insects such as the mosquito or the fly; sometimes there is contagion from other human beings; often it results from drinking impure water, breathing impure air or exposing oneself to draughts; it may be the result of over-work, lack of sleep, neglect of the teeth, imperfect mastication of food, indulgence in liquor or narcotics, or even lack of exercise. When the body becomes diseased the so-called subjective or subconscious mind usually accepts the diseased condition as a matter of course—something that can't be helped. The object of auto-suggestion is to rouse into activity the latent curative powers of the subconscious mind, which are truly marvellous.

"The theory that health or disease is a matter of imagination, encourages people foolishly to defy the laws of health. It has also the effect of making people neglect sanitary and curative measures that the experience of the medical profession has shown to be effective in fighting disease. The so-called subconscious or subjective mind has no control over eating, drinking or any of the other purely voluntary activities of the body. These are under control of the conscious mind. I know you are interested in politics, Mr. Harrison, and so you will understand what I mean when I say that while the so-called subjective or subconscious mind is the Minister of Internal Affairs of the body, the objective or conscious mind is the Minister of External Affairs. The conscious mind must not neglect its duties and expect the subconscious mind to set matters right."

"That article I was reading said a man's subconscious mind can be made to effect wonderful cures by hypnotizing him and telling him he is well or will quickly get well, but I would not like to take the risk of being hypnotized. I warn you, Dr. Ruther, that if you think of hypnotizing me I won't agree to it."

"I don't wish to hypnotize you or anyone else," said Dr. Ruther, "but you can put your health-operating intelligence to work restoring your health without hypnotism. The Yogis of British India, a body of highly educated mystics and psychic investigators, had been studying this mysterious intelligence and utilizing its health-restoring powers for many years before the western scientific investigators thought of the existence of the subconscious mind. The Yogis have had wonderful success in mental healing and we may learn a great deal from them without accepting all their conclusions as necessarily correct. They

have found that by frequently reiterating an affirmation that any organ of the body is functioning healthily or will function healthily this subconscious intelligence can be made to believe and when belief is fully aroused health is usually restored. They call such health affirmations mantrams. For instance, if you asked a Yogi how to cure yourself he would probably tell you to repeat persistently every day some phrase indicating that you are steadily progressing toward health and that all the organs of your body will function perfectly. The exact words are not essential provided that they convey the idea of continually improving health, but I shall give you a note-book in which I have written a health-suggesting phrase which I should like you to memorize thoroughly so that you can say it rapidly, and this phrase should be repeated a number of times every night immediately after going to bed and every morning before getting up. In order to ensure regularity it would be well to repeat it ten times on each occasion. Say it from time to time during the day. It is not necessary to speak in a loud tone; a whisper only loud enough for yourself to hear will do."

Dr. Ruther took from his pocket a note-book and handed it to David Harrison, who read aloud to his wife the following phrase:

"Every hour of every day, while asleep and when awake, I am increasing my energy and continually improving in health, vigour, strength, and power in every organ and every part of my body."

"Dr. Ruther, is that the phrase which the Yogis repeat?" said David Harrison.

"The exact wording is my own," said Dr. Ruther, "but it is merely an imitation and expansion of a Yogi health-suggesting phrase. I have only a smattering of the Yogi philosophy, but I have had more or less belief in the reality of faith healing ever since I was a boy, and since I began to practise medicine have made a number of successful experiments, hoping to discover the nature of the law which Jesus applied in His miraculous cures."

"The note-book you have given me has nothing in it excepting this health-suggesting phrase or mantram on the first page," said David Harrison. "Why not tear out that page and give it to me? You could then keep your note-book, which is a good one."

"If you would not mind taking the trouble I should like you to fill that note-book with copies of the mantram, making one copy of it every day until the book is full."

"Dr. Ruther, I can remember it without doing that. Why, I can repeat it now. Listen to me."

He repeated the health-suggesting phrase word for word without a mistake.

"You have a good memory," said Dr. Ruther, "but I had a peculiar reason for asking you to copy that mantram. I shall tell you a curious fact. The brain has separate cells for spoken words and written words, every word whether spoken or written having its own proper place. This is now well known to every studious medical man. There are many cases on record of injuries to the brain that destroyed the power of the cells devoted to spoken words, while leaving the written word cells intact and *vice versa*. If you would like to read a book that tells all about this in a popular way I shall lend you 'Brain and Personality,' by Dr. William Hanna Thomson, one of the most eminent physicians of New York City. I shall cite one of the many cases mentioned by Dr. Thomson. He was sent for by an old patient, a highly educated woman, who told him that everything in a book or newspaper was illegible to her. She had sent an advertisement for a waitress to a newspaper, and when the girls came she could not read their references. She then took up the newspaper and found that she could not read a word in it. She could see everything around the room as well as ever, and so also with her crochet work. She then opened the Bible, but could not read a word. Dr. Thomson found that she had no other disorder of vision. She heard every word that came to her ears, and she could speak as fluently as ever, but no word could reach her consciousness through her eyes. All that had happened to her was that a little region of the brain had become plugged, with the result of totally disorganizing the brain cells where words received by the eye were registered. I had in my own practice an almost exactly similar case. A girl of seventeen in the highest form of our High School had diphtheria, and when she was sufficiently recovered to sit up in bed she found that she could not read a word although she could see everything else distinctly. She quickly recovered and has never had a recurrence of the trouble. Another case cited by Dr. Thomson was a hospital patient who, although able to hear all other sounds, lost the power of hearing words, yet he could read and write as well as ever. Now it occurred to me that as there is one place in the brain for words and phrases received through the eyes and another for those received through the ears, the inner consciousness that looks after the internal functioning of your body might get

health suggestions from the two sources if we send them to the brain through both the eyes and the ears."

"You said I was to take exercises, Dr. Ruther," said David Harrison. "The article I read about the subconscious mind said nothing about exercises. Would it not do just as well to repeat that health-suggesting phrase without the exercises?"

"I don't think the health suggestions alone would be so effective," said Dr. Ruther. "Imperfect functioning of many parts of the body has developed into fixed habits. To change these bad habits quickly the combination of exercises and health suggestions is necessary. However, while taking the exercises you had better repeat a shorter phrase than I have written down. As you make the movements of the body which I shall suggest from time to time as exercises, simply say over and over again in a low tone: 'I am getting well; I am getting well.' Make the syllables of this phrase chime with the rhythm of your movements."

"Well, I agree to follow your advice, Dr. Ruther," said David Harrison.

"During the first three weeks, which will be a preparatory period, I should like you to take no food whatever but milk," said Dr. Ruther. "Drink plenty of fresh, pure milk. I don't intend to keep you permanently on an exclusively milk diet, but a few weeks of it will help to get your system into a clean, healthy condition. During that preparatory period I shall give you exercises in full breathing, which will enable you to draw in energy from the air and will also exercise a number of internal organs. Afterwards I shall give you a variety of simple, gentle exercises that will not tire you, but will put into action many tiny muscles throughout the body that you have not used for a long time."

Mr. Harrison at the end of six months said that he felt twenty years younger. He told Dr. Ruther that he had arrived at the conclusion that the use of all medicines should be prohibited by law.

"I don't agree with you at all," said Dr. Ruther. "I believe God has stored healing energy in certain medicinal plants. Medicines are often beneficial and I shall continue to prescribe medicines in certain cases."

"Does a drug actually go to the right spot, the part that is ill, Dr. Ruther?"

"We know definitely that certain drugs do have an affinity for certain parts of the body and I think the experience of the

medical profession extending over hundreds of years proves that medicines often accomplish what the physician aims at."

"What makes a medicine go to a particular spot?"

"I don't know. Possibly the subconscious intelligence which controls the internal activities of the body, and seems to have wonderful clairvoyant powers, sends it there."

Many years afterwards when Emile Coué was lecturing in Canada and the United States on the restoration of health by auto-suggestion, Mr. Harrison said to Dr. Ruther:

"This Couéism that everyone is talking about now is nothing but an adaptation of the Yogi system of mind cure you taught me many years ago, and you said then that the Yogis had been practising it for many years before you tried it."

PART TWO

THE HEART OF DR. RUTHER

CHAPTER I

THE TRAGEDY OF A HALLOWE'EN JOKE

"What did you mean, Mother, when you said last night that you wondered whether Mr. Martin Tuppin had ever seen Dorothy Welcome?" said Nancy Overland one evening some years after the events recorded in the first part of this chronicle.

"Why, she is getting to be the very image of Stella Kay," said Mrs. Overland.

"There is a difference," said Mr. Overland, "but the resemblance was certainly very striking last night. As she sat on the front seat with the lantern in her hand, lighting her face while there was black night all around, it seemed to me that we had gone back seventeen years and I almost expected to see again Stella Kay's white face as she lay dead in the arms of Martin Tuppin that sad night."

"Do tell me all about it," said Nancy, "I have never heard the story."

"It all came of building those zig-zag rail fences," said Mrs. Overland.

"You mean from taking them down," said Mr. Overland.

"Now, Father," said Mrs. Overland to her husband, "you know you have often said that those zig-zag fences were a waste of both wood and land."

"Perfectly true, my dear, although at the time those fences were built both wood and land were cheap. However, what I pointed out a moment ago was that it was taking down snake fences and not building them that caused Stella Kay's death. I mean the original building of the fence had nothing to do with the tragedy. It was taking rails away from their place in the fence and putting them across the road that did the mischief."

"They could never have been taken down if they had not been built in the first place," said Mrs. Overland. "Besides, that

barrier was remarkably like a fence if it wasn't one. You called it a barrier at the time, but I called it a fence."

"Perhaps you are right, Mother," said her husband. "Go on with your story. Nancy is waiting."

"It was Hallowe'en just seventeen years ago next October, a year before your brother Willie died, and we had all been invited to a party at the Greenings at Worthing's Corners. I said at first I could not go, for you were only a little more than three years old, Nancy, and Willie one year old, but your grandmother said she would just love to take care of the baby and that you were always good, so your father and I went. We were a merry party when we started, but it was a sad coming home. We had our horses but Martin Tuppin was driving and Star sat beside him."

"Who was Star?" said Nancy.

"Why Stella Kay, of course. We often called her Star. Martin Tuppin gave her the nickname when he was a boy studying Latin. You know stella is the Latin for star. She was the sweetest girl I ever knew. She was not engaged to Martin, but we all expected that would soon come about, and we married ones were anxious to help it along, but we could not help teasing Martin about the great house he was building, pretending that we thought it was for some fine lady he met in England although we knew perfectly well that he had no one but Stella Kay in mind."

"He was an Englishman, then," said Nancy.

"No. He was born in Canada, but his father and mother were English, and he was only fifteen when they both died. Then his rich grandfather in England sent for him and he remained there until his grandfather died, leaving him all his money. Even when he was a young boy he had a great fancy for little Star and he never forgot her. I think he came back to Canada chiefly to see her. Anyhow he fell in love with her as soon as he saw her after returning to Canada. People got married earlier in those days than they do now and although Stella was only eighteen and Martin twenty-three we expected they would marry as soon as his big house was finished. It was on his father's old place on the brow of the mountain and he was very enthusiastic about the view. He had planned the new house in such a way that his father's old house formed part of the structure and fitted in wonderfully. Stella lived with her sister Clara from the time she married Arthur Welcome and we drove around to the Welcome farm for her. I can see Martin Tuppin's

handsome, bright young face as he looked when he helped the lovely girl to the seat beside him."

Mrs. Overland paused in her story and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Don't cry, Mother," said Mr. Overland. "It happened such a long time ago."

"I can't help crying," sobbed Mrs. Overland, "and if I don't have my crying out now I shall never be able to finish the story."

"Cry as much as you please, Mother dear," said Nancy, sitting on the arm of her mother's chair.

Mrs. Overland soon resumed. "What a goose I am," she said, "after all these years. But I could not have told you about what happened if I had not had a good cry first."

"Were Dorothy's parents with the party?" asked Nancy.

"No. Clara Welcome was not very well and Arthur stayed at home with her. Dorothy was born that night, but not until after Clara and Arthur heard the news of Stella's death. Do you know that Dorothy's first name is Stella—Stella Dorothy Welcome? They gave her the name in remembrance of her aunt. There were just six of us in the party. Martin, Stella and I sat in the front seat, while your father, Susan Dean and Tom Dean sat behind. We had to sit close but Martin did not mind that. How Stella was the one to be killed I can't imagine, as she sat between Martin and me and neither of us was hurt more than a few bruises."

"You said it all came because of rail fences," said Nancy.

"Yes. In going to Worthing's Corners we took the Overland road up the mountain. You know there are two steep hills on that road with an almost level stretch between them. There had been a big wind all day and when, after reaching the top of the first hill, we saw a rail lying across the road, we all thought it had been blown off the fence by the wind, for there was a rail fence on each side of the Overland road; but we soon came to another rail and then another. We counted sixteen rails lying on the road, not close together, but scattered at regular intervals along the level stretch of road. It was just at the foot of the second hill that we found the last rail. Martin drove very carefully over them when he couldn't conveniently drive around them. As I said before, we thought in the first place they were blown off the fences by the wind, but when we had passed six of them Tom Dean said, 'It's queer at what regular distances the wind has distributed those rails,' but your father said, 'It was no

wind that played us such a trick. It's a Hallowe'en joke. I wish I could catch the joker.'

"However, after the sixteen rails were passed we had no further trouble until we were on the home journey after a jolly evening at the Greenings'. Stella Kay had a lantern on her knees which she asked your father to light just before we started on the home trip. Your father lighted it and he was the last to get in."

"That is why I remember so clearly what she looked like with the lantern light on her face and black night all around," said Mr. Overland. "That is why Dorothy Welcome reminded me of her last night. The night had become intensely dark and the lantern did not help much. A lantern throws a light for a few feet around, but makes everything look blacker beyond. Go on with your story, Mother. I must not interrupt you."

"You could tell it better," said Mrs. Overland.

"Not a bit," said her husband. "I couldn't tell it half so well, but I may join in sometimes."

"Your father told Martin to keep a sharp watch out for the rails as they might cause trouble on a dark night. He said he wished he knew the fool who put them there. If he were given a free ride on a rail he wouldn't want to monkey with rail fences any more. Martin said he noticed particularly that the last rail was at the foot of the second hill going up and that would mean the first hill returning home. We all agreed that he was right, but we did not know what had happened while we were at the party."

"What had happened?" said Nancy.

"What had happened!" exclaimed Mr. Overland rising to his feet excitedly. "That damned scoundrel had carefully collected all the rails that we rode over on the way to the party and built a barrier with them across the road half-way between the two hills."

Nancy looked with amazement at her father. She had never before heard him use such language. He was a religious man, a regular attendant at church and unquestionably sincere in his religion. His usually good-humoured face now seemed distorted with rage. She realized that both her parents were living over again that night of long ago.

"I always thought if your father had been driving the accident would not have happened," said Mrs. Overland. "He always knew how to manage horses, but when I said so to him the next day he was quite fierce with me. He said, 'Don't you say that to anyone else. Don't you even think of it. If Martin

Tuppin got it into his head that it was the fault of his driving it would kill him. I'm afraid he'll go crazy anyhow.'"

"It was very nice of Father to say that," interrupted Nancy. "He was always a splendid driver."

"It *was* nice of your father, Nancy," said her mother. "There is nothing mean in his nature even if he won't build us a new house."

"I shall never tease him again about the house," said Nancy. "We can get along all right with this one."

"Nonsense," said her father. "It was not the fault of Martin's driving. No man can tell how horses will act under any given circumstances. I don't believe I could have prevented the accident if I had held the reins."

"Well, I have my own opinion," said Mrs. Overland. "But let me go on with the story. Where was I?"

"Father said the scoundrel had collected all the rails you rode over on the way to the party and constructed with them a barrier across the road half-way between the two hills," said Nancy.

"Yes," said her mother. "It was a fence across the road just like an ordinary zig-zag rail fence only at each side of the road the rails touched the ground just as they do when some of the rails are let down to allow cattle to pass into a field. The corner of the fence was right in the centre of the road, and there it was just as high as an ordinary rail fence. Martin Tuppin went carefully down the first hill and watched for the rail at the foot of it, but when he found that the rails that were scattered along the road when we went up were no longer there he let the horses go and they were running quite fast when we came near the fence. Stella was holding the lantern carefully and thought it was helping Martin to drive, but everything was black a few feet in front of us and we did not see the fence until we were almost upon it. Then Martin tried to stop the horses, but they became unmanageable, turned sharply and all in a minute—no one ever knew how—we were upset. As soon as they had done the mischief the horses came to a standstill and were quiet. We got to our feet, half laughing, but Martin cried, 'Where is Star?' The lantern had fallen to the ground, but still remained lighted. Martin picked it up and held it forward. Then we saw Stella Kay lying white and still in the centre of the road right in the corner of the rail fence with her head against one of the rails. Martin caught her in his arms and we all gathered around. She was dead. We carried her home and it was an awful shock to

Clara. Dorothy was born a few hours afterwards and for weeks we thought Clara would never recover. Arthur Welcome had a dreadfully anxious time of it and to this day he does not like anyone to speak of that night when Stella Kay was killed and Dorothy born. That is all there is to tell."

"But how about Mr. Tuppin? What effect did it have upon him?"

"It had a dreadful effect upon him. It almost drove him crazy. Some people thought he was crazy. He stopped building operations on his big house, shut himself up in the old section of it and would see no one."

"Did you try to comfort him?"

"We tried to get him to come to see us. We often invited him to spend the evenings with us, but he would never come and after a while we ceased to ask him. There was one queer thing that made it look as if he really were crazy. The big house was almost completed, but one portion of the roof had not been shingled. A large quantity of shingles had been delivered the day before the accident. He carried all these shingles into the house and piled them in one of the big rooms. Wasn't that a crazy thing to do?"

"Perhaps he just did it to keep himself from going crazy," said Nancy. "I can imagine that he felt just as if his head would burst from thinking about it and that he thought the labour of carrying in the shingles might relieve the tension a little."

"I think Nancy's guess is right," said Mr. Overland. "In later years he became very studious. He reads a great deal. I don't think he is at all insane. After all these years the bitter sorrow must have passed away. His grief must have exhausted itself and I fancy his seclusion now is due to long habit."

"But what about the scoundrel—the murderer—who did it? Did you discover who it was?" asked Nancy.

"We at once suspected Jim Orphan," said her father. "He was almost as much infatuated with Stella Kay as Martin was, but Stella had refused his proposal and would have nothing to do with him. He was very determined and although Stella did not like him there is no telling what might have happened if Martin had not come home when he did, for girls are queer. A persistent lover often wins even when he is disliked at first. We thought Jim Orphan was the only person in the neighbourhood who could possibly have any grudge against Martin, Stella Kay or any of the rest of us. Besides he had been heard to make

mean remarks about the party at Greenings that very morning. Tom Dean suggested that we tar and feather him and a party of thirty-two young men gathered for the purpose, but Dr. Ruther prevented the carrying out of their plan."

"Dr. Ruther prevented it!" exclaimed Nancy. "I should not have believed he could be so hateful if anyone else had told me. There must have been some good reason for it."

"Of course he was not a doctor then, but he was studying medicine at Toronto University and was spending a day with his mother. I was not with the party as you and Willie were taken down with measles, but I heard all about it afterward. The boys decided to go further with the punishment than first proposed. They determined in addition to tar and feathering him to make him ride on every one of those sixteen rails with which he built the barrier or fence across the road. There were two men for each rail and they made quite a procession as they walked along the road with Tom Dean and Walter Crane in the lead."

"To ride him on sixteen rails was a cruel punishment," said Nancy, "yet I would not like him to escape punishment."

"When Jackson Ruther met them," continued Mr. Overland, "he said: 'Where are you going, boys?' Tom told him. 'Well, it won't do,' he said. 'It can't go on.' 'Why can't it go on?' said Tom. Jackson said: 'Because this is Canada and we are in the British Empire. There is no lynch law in Canada. This is a land of law and order.'"

"'We don't want law. We want justice,' said Tom.

"'Is it justice,' said Jackson, 'to condemn a man and punish him without a fair trial? I say it is gross injustice.'"

"'March on, boys,' said Tom. 'Jackson Ruther thinks because he is a half-fledged doctor that he can lord it over all of us farmers.'"

"'Halt,' cried Jackson, standing up in his buggy, and the boys all stood still.

"'Are you Canadians, boys?' he said.

"All the others said 'Yes,' but Tom said nothing, for he was angry at Jackson's interference.

"'Then stand by Canadian law and order and don't punish a man until you prove him guilty. If he is guilty he should be sent to prison for life for manslaughter. If he is innocent he should not be punished for some one else's crime.'"

"'That is so,' said one of the boys, and in a moment Tom knew that none of them would follow him."

"You call them boys," said Nancy. "Were they not grown-up?"

"They were all grown up, but we called them boys in those days. They are far away from boyhood now. Jackson then said: 'My suggestion is that you throw away the rails and the tar, but form a cordon around his house to watch him. Don't molest him, but if he goes anywhere let one of your party follow him and never lose sight of him. In the meantime let Dean get out a warrant for his arrest and we will have the whole matter thoroughly investigated at the coroner's inquest.'

"Tom began to see that there was sense in what Jackson Ruther said. They carried out his suggestion, but it turned out that our suspicions had fallen on the wrong man. Mother, hunt up that letter from Dan Warson."

"Bring the packet of old letters from the small drawer on the left-hand side of my bureau, Nancy," said Mrs. Overland.

Nancy brought the letters and Mrs. Overland selected one that read as follows:

"Downmount, Nov. 3, 1895.

"Dear Overland,

"Take off your watch on Jim Orphan. He is not the guilty man. I am not mean enough to let an innocent man be punished for my foolery. I put the rails on the road and built the barrier, but truly I did not intend to do any harm. It was only a Hallowe'en joke. I thought you would be driving and my intention was simply to give you a little trouble for the fun of hearing what you would say afterwards. I never dreamed of anyone being hurt. As I can't bear to look my old friends in the face after what has happened I am off for the United States and will be gone when this reaches you.

"Yours truly,

"Dan Warson."

"So it was not done by such a scoundrel as you thought, after all, Father," said Nancy.

"Well, perhaps I should have called him a fool instead of a scoundrel, but really, Nancy, when your mother told the story I seemed to be going back to the very night it happened when I thought it was done maliciously, and although it seems too strange for belief I think I actually forgot for a moment what followed, but after all I don't know that there is such a great

difference between that kind of a fool and a scoundrel. It is the same sort of a fool who points a gun at some one assuming that it isn't loaded. The gun goes off and kills. The fool is amazed. Probably most of the men whom we call scoundrels, the criminals who fill our jails, would act very differently if they would take the trouble to think beforehand what the consequences of their actions might be. But they won't take the trouble to think or if they do think they look only at the side which favours the action which they wish to take. No man should be allowed to escape punishment because he says, 'I did not think.' He ought to get some additional punishment for not thinking."

"Father," said Nancy, "did it ever occur to you that you and Martin Tuppin and Tom Dean should have stopped on the way to the Greening party and removed all those rails from the road to prevent anyone driving along the road after you being hurt? If you had done that Stella Kay would not have been killed."

"Nancy, you make me feel guilty. I never thought of that before. I suppose we were all to blame for not thinking."

"Lawrence," said Mrs. Overland, "do you remember how old Jackson Ruther was at that time?"

"He was twenty years old," said Mr. Overland. "I was thirty."

"That makes him thirty-seven now, seventeen years older than Nancy," said Mrs. Overland reflectively. "He might be taken for thirty instead of thirty-seven. Sometimes I almost feel as if he were a young man although he is only ten years younger than you are, Lawrence."

"He is an old bachelor and has never had the cares of matrimonial life as I have," said Mr. Overland. "I might look as young as he does if I had never married."

"Dr. Ruther has had the cares of matrimonial life without the pleasures," said Mrs. Overland. "His mother told me that ever since his older brother John died the doctor has supported his widow and four children—Jack and his three sisters. I suppose Jack is supporting himself now, as he passed his final law examinations some time ago and must be practising law now. It is quite a long time since he paid a visit to his grandmother and uncle, but Mrs. Ruther says he is coming soon."

"And Dr. Ruther was right after all, Father, when he wouldn't let them tar and feather Jim Orphan and ride him on the rails," said Nancy. "I felt sure that there must be an explanation."

"You said you could not have believed he would be so hateful, Nancy," said her father with a smile.

At this moment there was a knock at the door and Nancy, opening it, admitted Dr. Ruthier.

CHAPTER II

A KISS EMBARRASSES DR. RUTHIER

"Speak of the devil and he will surely appear," said Mr. Overland as Dr. Ruthier entered.

"I won't believe that you were speaking evil of me," said Dr. Ruthier, smiling.

"I was not, but Nancy said she would not have believed you could be so hateful," said Mr. Overland.

"A lie that is all a lie may be fought with outright, but a lie that is half the truth is not so easy to fight," quoted Nancy.

"So you call your poor old father a liar, Nancy," said Mr. Overland.

"Oh, Father, I did not mean that. I beg your pardon. It was only a quotation. I merely meant to say it was a half-truth and Dr. Ruthier knows that you are always in fun. Dr. Ruthier, I did say that I could not have believed you would be so hateful, but if you had heard all I said you would not have felt that your little friend was entirely deserting you. It was when I thought you were opposed to the well-deserved punishment of the man who killed Stella Kay. Mother and Father have been telling me all about it and now I think that what you did was just splendid."

"Well, never mind, Nancy," said Mr. Overland. "Dr. Ruthier and I will both forgive you. Sit down, Jackson, I want to talk to you. What is your opinion about Christian Science?"

"I believe in the cures, but I don't believe in the theories."

"You think the Christian Scientists actually do cure illness?"

"I have not the slightest doubt about it. They have accomplished some wonderful cures."

"By their fruits ye shall know them.' If you believe in their cures why don't you believe in their theories?"

"I believe that at the little Roman Catholic shrine of St. Anne near Quebec City there have been miracles as wonderful as any wrought by the Christian Scientists and almost as wonderful as the miracles of Jesus. I think there is sufficient proof to justify belief in both the miracles of Christian Science and the

miracles of the Roman Catholic Church. There are instances also of remarkable faith cures in Protestant churches of nearly every denomination. I believe these miracles are worked in accordance with the same great law of faith that Jesus used in working his miracles. The Christian Scientists do not understand the law. I think it is probable that Jesus did understand it. Certainly Jesus did not make silly statements to the effect that there is no matter, no evil and no disease such as have been made by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and her Christian Scientist followers."

"Excuse me, Dr. Ruther," said Nancy. "I must go to the kitchen to make my bread, but I shall leave the kitchen door open so that I can hear you and Father talking; I am very much interested in the subject."

"Do you think Mrs. Eddy was a fakir?" said Mr. Overland as Nancy left the room.

"No. I think she was always sincere."

"How do you account for the fact that the Christian Scientists have been more successful than any of the other miracle workers?"

"I attribute it largely to excellent organization and to advertising. I believe Mrs. Eddy had some remarkably shrewd business men associated with her from the first and the success of the movement has been due to a considerable extent to their organizing ability. Yet the organization was founded on actual results. There were really marvellous cures on which to base their propaganda."

"The *Downmount Gleaner* says in every issue, 'If you have a good thing advertise it.' You think that's what made Christian Science a money maker. By the way, I have heard it said it's just a huge scheme for making money. What do you think of that?"

"Undoubtedly Mrs. Eddy made a large fortune through Christian Science, but probably the greater part of it was used to extend the influence of her church. I don't believe that her chief object was money making. In any large church there are a few who are influenced by mercenary motives and no doubt this is true of the Christian Science Church, but I think Mrs. Eddy herself really believed she had made a great discovery for the benefit of mankind. I think, too, that in spite of her theories being wrong the results accomplished have set a great many people thinking and brought about genuine investigation that will have valuable results. Perhaps such a propaganda as the

Christian Scientists have conducted was necessary for a shaking-up in an age steeped in materialism."

"What is your explanation of it all, Jackson?"

"I have a theory about the law of Faith which it would take some time to expound. I shall try to explain it to you some day when I have more time, but whether my theory is right or wrong I do not know. I was just passing and called for a moment to see how you all are. Is Grandma Overland well?"

"Yes. She was rather tired and went to bed early, but she is very well."

As Dr. Ruther arose to go Mr. Overland said:

"Well, if you must go, doctor, good-night. Go into the kitchen and say good-night to Nancy. She is not a very great enemy of you after all."

As Dr. Ruther entered the kitchen Nancy greeted him with a fascinating smile, showing her white teeth.

Now that I have mentioned Nancy's white teeth a young friend who has been reading this narrative and waiting for me to write the chapters asks me to tell what Nancy looked like. My friend, I want you to love Nancy for her character and not for her looks. Mrs. Overland had a habit of quoting to her children an old adage to the effect that "handsome is as handsome does," and I can assure you that there was very seldom reason to find fault with anything that Nancy did. The child Nancy wished that she might become marked by smallpox to test Dr. Ruther's love for her. You can suppose if you please that she got her wish and that her white teeth and her hair were her only personal attractions apart from her goodness. But no, my friend, if you paint such a picture of Nancy no one will recognize it and I shall not allow you to do injustice even to so unimportant a part of dear Nancy as her "looks." It is true that Nancy may sometime lose her teeth; her complexion may become sallow and even her features may be altered by accident, and if these changes in her appearance take place she will still be Nancy, true and loving and worthy of being loved, but these changes have not come about yet.

Paint me, then, a picture of a young woman, slender but not very tall, with well-shaped head, pretty forehead, regular features, violet eyes, and abundance of golden-brown hair which when brought over her shoulders and allowed to go free fell to her knees. In the picture you are painting you will have the hair done up in the fashion of that day, but be careful not to conceal the forehead. Her complexion you will find difficult to

paint. It was certainly not pock-marked and was very clear. Her admirers sometimes called it transparent but that was not the correct word. The only description I can give you of the delicate colouring is that it conveyed to the mind an impression of radiant health and purity. As you will have to paint the dress of this young woman do not suppose because she was a country girl that her dress was dowdy. She lived in one of the older districts of Canada, a district settled nearly one hundred and thirty years before by United Empire Loyalists. The soil was rich, the climate favourable to the production of the choicest fruits and vegetables, and nearly all the farmers of the neighbourhood were prosperous, while some of them were rich. They lived well and dressed well, made frequent visits to the cities of Toronto and Hamilton and their friends and relatives in those cities had no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. Nancy made her own dresses, but she took a fashion magazine, was careful to note how city girls dressed and had taste enough to adapt styles to suit her own person. So Nancy was daintily although inexpensively dressed that summer evening, but the dress was almost covered by a large white apron and the sleeves were rolled up to the elbow while she stood at the table making bread. Her hands were small and prettily shaped, but somewhat hardened by housework. There is nothing more beautiful in nature than a woman's arm excepting a woman's face. Nancy's arms were small but plump and the colouring of them was like . . . I have just finished reading a popular American novel, the heroine of which is described as having an arm and hand "white as driven snow." A Canadian poet of some reputation at home and abroad describes a beautiful woman with a neck and bosom white as snow and even Annie Laurie's brow was "like the snowdrift." But the colouring of Nancy's arms did not bear the slightest resemblance to snow. It could be compared to nothing else on land or sea except the colour of some other lovely woman's arms. And now that you have painted the picture it does not look like Nancy after all, because be you never so great an artist you cannot show the changing expressions of her mobile face. But you have, perhaps, some conception of the Nancy full of youth and hope and health and beauty who was kneading dough when Dr. Ruther entered the kitchen.

Look into the kitchen with me. It will be a look into the past, but for the moment it will be present to us. And lest you should be too much engrossed with Nancy remember that there are two in the kitchen and take a snapshot of Dr. Ruther,

a man about five feet nine inches in height, of well-knit figure and military bearing, a head rather long than round, with forehead high and broad and abundance of brown hair slightly sprinkled with grey hairs so evenly distributed as to be hardly noticeable. His clean-shaven face is strong, and usually grave, but little children love it and when he talks about anything that interests him it sometimes becomes vivacious. His complexion is fresh and healthy.

And do you notice that Mr. Overland has followed the doctor and stands in the doorway looking into the kitchen? Six feet tall and built in proportion, neither stout nor slim, a large head, handsome features, long brown side whiskers beginning to turn grey, and a smile that reminds you a little of Nancy.

"I can't shake hands you see, Doctor Ruther," says Nancy, holding up both her flour-covered hands for inspection.

"A kiss is as good as a handshake, Nancy," says her father from the doorway. "Give the doctor a kiss to pay for saying he was hateful."

Dr. Ruther stands blushing before the maiden who looks calmly at him. Even when she was a little child going driving with him nearly every day he had never kissed her. He wonders now in a flash of thought that he never did. Nancy does not much approve of girls allowing themselves to be kissed by men, but she is accustomed to see her father kiss every girl who comes to the house to see her, and Dr. Ruther is only ten years younger than her father. It would be ridiculous, she thinks, to make a fuss about a kiss from him, and besides it would seem like criticizing her father's well-known habit.

"Why don't you take the kiss, doctor?" says Mr. Overland. "She won't bite you."

Dr. Ruther looks at Nancy. Her usually expressive face shows neither approval nor disapproval. It is absolutely passive. There is nothing possible under the circumstances but to kiss her, and while it takes some time to tell of it the doctor does not stand waiting long enough to embarrass Nancy before taking the kiss. It all happens very quickly and when it is over the doctor says good-night, steps out of the kitchen door which is wide open, the night being warm, and walks around to the front of the house where his horse is tied.

"The doctor looked as if it tasted queer, Nancy," says her father, "and he was so confused that he went out the back door."

"He is not so accustomed to kissing girls as you are, Father," says Nancy with a merry laugh.

Oh, kind-hearted, merry Lawrence Overland, always ready to take a kiss yourself from any pretty lass, you little imagine what a commotion that kiss has created in the heart of Jackson Ruther.

CHAPTER III

NANCY ASKS A FAVOUR

The next day after dinner Mr. Overland seated himself on a bench under an apple tree to read the *Toronto Globe*. Nancy found him there and sitting down beside him nestled up close. He put his arm around her waist without looking at her and went on reading his newspaper.

"Is the paper very interesting, Father?" said Nancy.

"I don't find anything very exciting in it to-day, Nancy."

"Could you spare a few minutes to talk to your daughter?"

"Surely, Nancy," he said, putting down his newspaper.

"What is it, my dear?"

"I want to ask a favour, Father."

"A favour, Nancy! Is it to build a new house?"

"No, Father. I said last evening that I would never tease you about the house again, and I always keep my word."

"You do, Nancy. Your word is as good as your bond, and so is mine."

"I know yours is, Father, and that is why I want you to promise me something."

"Well, if it isn't to build a new house, I guess I'll grant the favour, but I must know what it is first. It must not be anything expensive and I won't capitulate too easily. You will have to coax me a little."

"Father, I want you to promise me never again to say anything to Dr. Ruther about kissing me. I never thought of any harm in your kissing the girls. They all expect it. Mother laughs; we all laugh; and the girls regard it as a good joke. But Dr. Ruther is different. He doesn't like to kiss girls and it embarrasses him."

"If Dr. Ruther does not like to kiss my pretty little Nancy he has no taste and I shall tell him so the next time I see him."

"Oh, Father, please don't. I do not wish men to kiss me."

"Nancy, I shall tell Dr. Ruther to-morrow that I will shoot him if he ever kisses you again."

"Father, I don't want you to say anything to him about it. If we just let it pass and treat him exactly the same as if nothing had happened he will think it was of no consequence and forget all about it."

In despair of getting her father to look at the matter seriously Nancy's lovely eyes filled with tears. Mr. Overland looked at them and said:

"Nancy, I capitulate. The treaty is signed. Let us seal it with a kiss. But perhaps you are so opposed to kisses that you won't think it proper to give your father one."

"Take as many as you like, Father," said Nancy with a joyous laugh. And, oh, the laugh of Nancy, clear, sweet, musical. As her father listened to it he thought it filled the air with gladness. He was very fond of Nancy and proud indeed of having such a daughter.

Mr. Overland kept his promise. He continued to kiss every young woman who came to see his daughters, but he never again asked anyone to kiss Nancy, and what is more he did not try to tease her about it. He did not even mention the matter to her afterwards and Nancy appreciated this very much.

CHAPTER IV

"LIKE DEW ON THE GOWAN LYING,
IS THE FA' O' HER FAIRY FEET."

"Dr. Ruther," said Mrs. Overland, "it is so good of you to come nearly every day to see Grandma, and never charge anything for it. She watches for you and never seems quite so well when you do not come. Everyone thinks she is wonderfully well at her age and we all think she owes it to you."

"It is a pleasure for me to talk with her. She is so lovable in disposition, so interested in everything and so well informed. I have learned much from her."

"Lawrence and I sometimes think that Nancy is like her grandmother in character."

"There is a certain resemblance."

"What a wet day it is, Dr. Ruther, and Nancy is out without rubbers. I noticed her rubbers after she went out, and I am afraid she will catch her death of cold. You know the Down-mount Amateur Operatic Club are going to give a performance

of *Pinafore* in aid of our hospital and they have persuaded Nancy to take the part of Little Buttercup. They have been having their second rehearsal this afternoon. Why, here she is! Nancy, are your feet wet?"

"No, Mother, not the least," said Nancy, sitting down in a small rocking chair near the door without taking her hat off.

"Dr. Ruther, I wish you would make Nancy take her shoes off at once," said Mrs. Overland. "I am sure her feet must be damp."

"Let me see," said the doctor, kneeling down beside Nancy with one knee on the floor and the other bent.

Nancy put out one foot and Dr. Ruther took it in his right hand.

"My feet are not the least damp," said Nancy.

At this moment Marjorie Overland, who sat reading a book at the other end of the room and had not noticed what was going on, said:

"Dr. Ruther, this novel I am reading says the hero fell in love with the heroine's feet before he ever saw her face. Do you think that would be possible?"

"I do not think so," said Dr. Ruther, still holding Nancy's foot, "although he might love her feet after falling in love with her face."

"Dr. Ruther," said Nancy, "I know you came to see Grandma and she is waiting for you upstairs. Her hearing is very acute. She knows you are here and will wonder why you do not go up at once."

Dr. Ruther released Nancy's foot and went upstairs.

"He neglected to tell us whether your feet are damp or not," said Mrs. Overland.

"They are not damp, but I shall take off my shoes and put on slippers to please you, Mother. You will see that my stockings are perfectly dry."

"Mother," said Marjorie, "do ask Dr. Ruther to stay to tea when he comes down after seeing Grandma. I think Dr. Ruther is the nicest man in the world. Don't you, Nancy?"

"I don't know, Marjorie. There are a great many men in the world and I have met only a few of them. It would be silly for me to express such an opinion."

"Well, I do anyhow, and I don't care if you do think me silly. He is the nicest man in the world."

"Why, Marjorie, I did not mean to call you silly. I was

thinking only of myself. I would not hurt your feelings for anything."

"You great goose," said Marjorie, putting down her book. "Why, you *never* hurt anyone's feelings in your life. Did she *ever*, Mother?"

"What, *never*!" said Nancy.

"Well, *hardly ever*," said Marjorie.

To those of us who heard *Pinafore* soon after it was first produced how old and commonplace this seems; but to these young girls it had the novelty of freshness, and they joked about it as we used to do in the days of long ago.

"Really," said Mrs. Overland as the girls ceased laughing, "I don't think Nancy ever hurt anyone's feelings *intentionally* in all her life, and at this minute I don't remember any occasion when she did it even unintentionally; but a great deal depends upon the people one is talking to. Some people's feelings are so easily jarred that they take offence at every little thing. Fortunately, none of us is very touchy. Nancy is a dear, good girl always thinking of others and of kind things to say to them. You are a good girl too, Marjorie. I am proud of both my daughters."

"Well, if there is any good in us we owe it to our mother and father," said Marjorie.

"If everyone outside our family circle had as good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves we would be fine," said Nancy.

All three laughed heartily. At this moment Mr. Lawrence Overland, entering the room, said:

"What is the trouble?"

"You have come just in time to join the Overland Mutual Admiration Circle, if you can qualify," said Nancy.

"It is rather disheartening for a man to come suddenly into his family after absence and find them laughing merrily, evidently quite happy in his absence and regarding him as a useless article of household furniture," said Mr. Overland.

"That will never do," said Marjorie. "You are barred out of the Overland Mutual Admiration Circle. The gates are closed."

"We would not be so happy in your absence if we did not all know that wherever Lawrence Overland may be he will never be doing anything to make his family ashamed of him," said Mrs. Overland.

"Unbar the gates and let me in, Marjorie," said Mr. Overland. "Your mother has paid double fees."

"We shall let you in on Mother's account, then," said Nancy. "Mr. Lawrence Overland, I salute you as a member of the Overland Mutual Admiration Circle."

Dr Ruther came down stairs in time to join in the laughter.

"Do you approve of our forming an Overland Mutual Admiration Circle, Dr. Ruther?" said Nancy.

"If every family in the land would form a mutual admiration circle, all the members agreeing to notice the good in each other and overlook the faults, the world would be a good deal happier than it is," said Dr. Ruther.

"Marjorie wants you to stay to tea, Dr. Ruther, and you know we all love to have you with us," said Mrs. Overland.

"It would be delightful for me, but I have another call to make and Mother expects me home for tea."

"Dr. Ruther, do you think a girl of Marjorie's age—only fifteen years—should read novels?" said Mrs. Overland.

"I do not think it objectionable in moderation, if a good selection is made, but many of the novels in circulation are very harmful."

"She usually reads stories from the Sunday School library and I feel quite safe about them, but she borrowed this one from a school friend."

"I should not regard the stamp of a Sunday School library as necessarily a guarantee of excellence," said Dr. Ruther. "Marjorie, I have a book in my buggy that I should like you to read."

He went out to his buggy and brought in a book which he handed to Marjorie, who read the title, "The Story of a Short Life," by Juliana Horatia Ewing.

"Why, Dr. Ruther," said Marjorie, "Mrs. Ewing wrote 'Jackanapes,' which you gave me last Christmas. You remember, Nancy, that you read it before I did and we both thought it fine."

"It is fine, indeed," said Nancy. "I have read it three times. 'If 'The Story of a Short Life' is equally good I am sure I shall enjoy it. Marjorie and I share the books you give us, Dr. Ruther, and we always know that anything you bring will surely be good. Is this a military story like 'Jackanapes'?"

"Yes."

"I remember you told us that she was the wife of a soldier and that her husband was an officer in a British regiment stationed in the Canadian city of Fredericton, N.B., many years

ago when there were British troops in Canada. Are all her stories about soldiers?"

"No. She has written a number of others. The next time I come to call on Grandma Overland, I shall bring you one entitled 'Mary's Meadow,' which I like, but I must hurry away now."

CHAPTER V

NANCY BY MATCHLIGHT

As Dr. Ruther walked up the driveway to the Overland house one evening after tying his horse outside the gate he heard Nancy playing on the piano. In approaching houses where young girls were practising music he had often had the thought that they were waiting for their fate. As he stood still now to listen to Nancy's playing the same sensation came to him and he said to himself:

"A man goes out to make his life. A girl waits for his coming. She is preparing for some one. She knows not whom. Perhaps Nancy is waiting for some one now far away who will come to take her from me. On some day, the most important of her life, she may hear footsteps coming up this driveway, and open the door to meet her fate."

As he said this he seemed to hear footsteps coming up the driveway behind him.

"My mind has been so filled with the thought of footsteps coming to Nancy that I have allowed my imagination to carry me away," he thought. "I suppose I got the idea of coming footsteps from Charles Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities.' How loud and real those footsteps sound."

"Uncle Jackson, I saw your horse and buggy at the gate and recognized them; so I followed you in. You stood there as if you were waiting for me to come up before entering the house, but I don't believe you saw me at all until I almost touched you."

"Why, Jack, when did you arrive?"

"I got in on the evening train. Finding no one at your house, I left my hand bag on the verandah at the side of the house and came out for a walk. Where is Grandma?"

"She had an invitation to take tea with the Tyndalls this evening. I had to see a patient about a mile beyond here and decided to call on Lawrence Overland on the way home. Let us go in, Jack. I am sure the Overlands will be glad to see you."

They found Mr. and Mrs. Overland and Grandma Overland sitting on the verandah. Nancy had stopped playing.

"I have brought my nephew. You remember Jack."

They did remember, and gave him a warm welcome.

"Do you mind my smoking?" said Jack.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Overland. "Your uncle never smokes, but my husband does and we are used to it."

"I wish I had my pipe now," said Mr. Overland.

Jack took out two cigars and handed one to Mr. Overland. "Will a cigar do?" he said. "I can recommend it."

"This is comfort," said Mr. Overland. "I never feel that your uncle belongs to quite the same world as I do when he sits looking on while I smoke."

Dr. Ruther somehow felt that his nephew Jack did belong more appropriately to the merry, happy world in which the Overlands lived, than he did.

"I wonder where Nancy is," said Mrs. Overland.

"Here I am, Mother," said Nancy, coming out of the house.

It had grown so dark that her face could not be seen as she stepped on the verandah.

"Nancy, Jack Ruther is here," said her mother. "Jack, you remember Nancy."

"Of course I remember little Nancy," said Jack, searching the darkness with his eyes. He stood up, pulled a wax match from his pocket, and lighting it, said:

"You won't mind my having a glimpse of you by matchlight. It is so long since I saw you."

Nancy had come forward to shake hands with him and they stood quite close together as Jack held up the blazing match before her lovely, blushing face.

There was a queer pain at the heart of Dr. Ruther as he sat looking on, feeling that he was in an altogether different world. To him the match seemed to burn a long time as he watched their faces in its light.

Again he heard footsteps coming up the gravel driveway—loud hurried footsteps this time. A moment afterward a man came up the steps of the verandah, exclaiming:

"Is Dr. Ruther here? He is wanted on the mountain side to look after a man who is shot through the leg. Miss Dorothy Welcome is with him and she would like Mr. Overland and Miss Nancy to come too."

As he spoke the moon appeared above a dark cloud that had covered it, and the group on the verandah saw a tall, handsome,

dark-faced man who looked as if he might have a little strain of negro blood in his veins although his features were Caucasian. They recognized a coloured man named Albert Ellerton, who was employed on the Welcome farm.

"If Dorothy wants me I must go," said Nancy. "I wonder how she happens to be with the wounded man. Will you come with us, Jack, or will you stay here with Grandma and Mother?"

Jack said he would go with them, and they were on the way down the gravel driveway as soon as Nancy could get her hat and Mr. Overland two lanterns, one of which he gave to Jack.

"You will not need to light the lantern while we are in the open as the moon is shining, but when we get among the trees on the mountain side we may need the lanterns," said Mr. Overland.

As they walked down the driveway to the gate Mr. Overland said:

"Now, Ellerton, tell us all about it."

"Not much to tell," said Ellerton. "You know where the landslide occurred two weeks ago. I was walking along the railway track going toward Downmount station, this evening, when I saw another landslide in the same place, and a strange young man who was on the ground went down with it. I saw him disappear. Supposing he would be buried by the falling earth, I ran down the Overland road intending to get some one to go with me to dig up his body. As I reached the Wellington road I met Miss Dorothy Welcome. She went back with me and when we reached the landslide we found that the strange young man was still alive and only partly buried in the fallen earth. I dug him out with my hands while Miss Dorothy held a small pocket flashlight which I happened to have with me. His rifle lay beside him and I think it must have discharged when he fell down with the landslide, as his leg is wounded."

Albert Ellerton's story was a mixture of truth and falsehood. He expected to be far from Downmount before his listeners learned the whole truth.

CHAPTER VI

LAWRENCE OVERLAND SINGS AN OLD TUNE

"We cannot crowd more than three into my buggy," said Dr. Ruther as they reached the gate. Mr. Overland, Albert Ellerton and myself will drive on. Jack, you and Nancy can walk. It will give you a chance to get acquainted. Ellerton says that Dorothy and the wounded man are on the spot where the landslide occurred. You know we passed it in going to the place where Rev. Dr. Tyndall's Bible Class had their picnic last week. You were there, Nancy, and will find the spot without difficulty this moonlight night. You must go up the Overland road, you know. Jack, take good care of Nancy."

As the three men drove away in the buggy Nancy noticed that Albert Ellerton was sitting on her father's knee.

"I wonder that Dr. Ruther did not take me in the buggy instead of Albert Ellerton," she said. "I would have been a lighter weight on Father's knee. Besides, if there is any bandaging to be done, Ellerton will be useless, while Dr. Ruther has said that I am just as good as a trained nurse in helping him. Then Dorothy Welcome asked for me. That is the only reason why I am going."

"Uncle Jackson said it would give us an opportunity to get acquainted. I suppose that is the reason why he made you walk. I hope it will not tire you very much."

"Oh, I don't mind walking. I never get tired, and Jack, you must not think that I do not wish to walk with you. I shall enjoy the walk with you."

At this moment they noticed that the buggy had stopped while Ellerton changed from Mr. Overland's knees to those of Dr. Ruther, who flung the reins to Mr. Overland.

"I know what Dr. Ruther said," remarked Nancy.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Lawrence, you can drive better than I can. Take the reins and let Ellerton sit on my knees.'"

"Does not my uncle know how to drive?"

"Your uncle is the best driver in this district excepting my father."

"Why would he say that, then? How do you know what he said? Did you ever hear him say such a thing before?"

"No, I never heard him say it before. It just came into my mind that he said it. Perhaps it was telepathy. However, I

think I guessed it because I know Dr. Ruther so well. He would wish to relieve Father of the heavy weight of Albert Ellerton and would make some excuse. I saw him toss the reins to Father while Albert Ellerton changed from Father's knees to his knees, and I just guessed what he said."

"If you had been sitting on your father's knees, instead of Ellerton, I would not have wondered at Uncle Jackson proposing the change."

"Jack Ruther, do not begin our acquaintance by being silly," said Nancy, severely.

Another girl might have used the same words meaning nothing, but Nancy's tone and manner were unmistakable. Jack felt that he had been justly rebuked.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I only meant it as a joke."

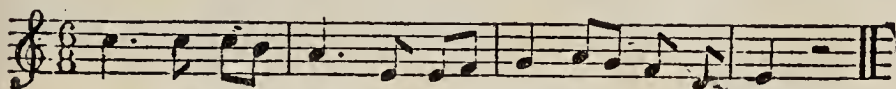
"It will be just as well to understand at the beginning that I do not like such jokes," said Nancy.

"I am awfully sorry. Will you not forgive me?"

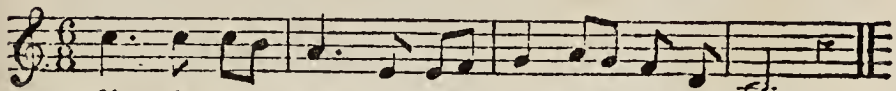
"I do forgive you, Jack. I am sure you will never say such things to me again."

As Albert Ellerton changed his seat Mr. Overland turned around and looked at his daughter and her companion. They were now far behind but still in sight in the moonlight.

"Your boy and my girl are getting along well together," he said to Dr. Ruther. He sang softly in his clear, musical voice an old tune:



Oh, the merry days, the merry days when we were young.



Oh, the merry days, the merry days when we were young.

"Do you remember that, Jackson?"

"I do remember it," said Dr. Ruther grimly. He turned his head away that Mr. Overland might not notice his eyes filling with tears. He thought silently: "Mother said this morning at breakfast that she never knew me to cry in my life after I was two years old. Why should I feel so much like crying now? It is a sign of old age. Sometimes I have thought of myself as

still young, but now I feel that I am an old man who vainly thought of youth and love and home and little children. I must put such thoughts aside forever."

Mr. Overland and Albert Ellerton did not imagine what was passing through his mind. They supposed he was thinking of the wounded man waiting for him on the hillside.

CHAPTER VII

AN ANALYSIS OF NANCY

Meanwhile Jack and Nancy walked along the road together. The glamour of the moonlight was all about them. Jack thought as he looked at her that he had never before seen such a lovely face. Yet Jack had looked at the faces of many girls with pleasure in the years that had passed since his boyish love for Millie Mornington.

"It was very nice of you to fall so readily into calling me Jack," he said.

"It would have been most artificial to have called you anything else. You were Jack when you went away to study law in Toronto and we have always thought of you as Dr. Ruther's boy Jack. You know we are all so intimately acquainted with Dr. Ruther that it would seem ridiculous to call his nephew 'Mister.' However, at the time you left Downmount to go to college you would have much preferred to have me call you 'Mister.' It was a coveted title then and you were rather offended because I regarded you as a boy."

Jack laughed.

"I was a good deal older then than I am now," he said.

"Yes. Is it not fine that we grow younger in feeling as we grow older. Dr. Ruther feels no older to-day than you do, perhaps not quite so old."

"Is he not a dear old chap! Somewhat of a back number, it is true, but charming all the same."

"In what way is Dr. Ruther a back number?"

Nancy's tone was decidedly militant. She did not wait for an answer, but proceeded:

"He is certainly not a back number in his profession. When I was visiting my friend, Millicent Rogers, in Toronto, she told me that their family doctor said Dr. Ruther was the most skilful

surgeon in Ontario, and that if he were living in Toronto he would be famous. On one occasion her cousin Ruth was at the point of death. Their doctor said there was only one chance of saving her and that was by a most delicate operation. He knew only one surgeon in Ontario whom he would trust to do it and that was Dr. Ruth. They sent for him and he performed the operation most successfully. Her father was rich and paid Dr. Ruth fifteen hundred dollars for it. We should never have heard about it from Dr. Ruth himself, but Millicent Rogers told me all about it. Then Dr. Joy Cougles, of Linklater, told me Dr. Ruth always was on the watch for the latest scientific books in medicine and surgery. As regards literature, he is always bringing us the latest books—that is, when late books are good books. He says he would rather read a good book a dozen times than a trashy one once. He glances through the books and discovers quickly whether they are worth reading or not. When he was at Toronto University he joined the Queen's Own Rifles. Afterward he spent six weeks at the military school in Kingston and qualified as a lieutenant before joining our local battalion, which he left some years afterward with the rank of major; but the other day when Father called on him he found him reading a recent book on military tactics. He told Father that he had read an article in the *North American Review* by a German professor that made him think the Germans were preparing for a war with England, in which Canada would be involved, of course, and he wished to keep up to date in military tactics, 'although,' he added, 'even our latest tactics may go to smash under the conditions of twentieth century warfare.' Jack Ruth, I cannot imagine what excuse you can have for calling your uncle a back number."

Jack Ruth watched the indignant face of the lovely girl with mingled admiration and consternation.

"Nancy," he said, "never believe for a moment that I intended to depreciate my uncle. I know he is splendid. He gave me the fifteen hundred dollars which he made by that operation. It carried me through the last year of my law course and gave me a little start in my own law office. Fortunately, I am now getting a fairly good law practice for a beginner and shall not need any more help from him. I never knew how he made that fifteen hundred dollars. In sending it to me he simply said that he made it in one day. I thought it was the result of a wheat speculation. I did not dream it was the result of a great operation."

"Why did you think it was the result of a wheat speculation?"

I am quite sure that he never speculated in wheat or anything else."

"I just imagined that he did because I could not think of any other way in which he could make fifteen hundred dollars in one day. My chum, Sam Parsons, had told me how his father made a fortune buying wheat options. Sam himself got one hundred dollars from his father, invested it in wheat options and doubled it in one day. He reinvested what he had won and doubled it again."

"Is it quite right to say that he invested it again? Do you not mean that he risked it again or gambled it again?"

"Yes. I suppose you are right. Anyhow he was very successful and although no older than I am is on the way to being a rich man."

"He may lose it all suddenly."

"I had half a mind to try it myself with some of the money Uncle sent me. I even started down town to place the money with a broker, but I turned back because I somehow had the feeling that it was not right to speculate with the money my uncle sent me. Of course, it was my own money. He had given it to me. It would not have been the same as speculating with money that did not belong to me. I knew a bank clerk who did that and he is in jail. I would never for one minute have thought of using money that did not belong to me, but this money did belong to me. Uncle had given it to me without any conditions, yet I had the feeling that it would be wrong to speculate with it because I knew what he really intended me to do with it."

"Jack, I like you for that. It was honourable. I am so glad that you decided that way."

"Nancy, do not despise me too much because I made that remark about my uncle being a back number. I tell you now that if I should ever become the greatest lawyer in Toronto and win a law case making me famous I don't think it would be half so fine as my uncle saving that young girl's life by a delicate operation that no one else could perform. What I was really thinking of when I called him a back number was his attitude toward evolution. All the great scientists believe in evolution. He obstinately closes his eyes to this great scientific fact."

"Oh, is that all?" said Nancy with beaming face. "I quite forgive you, Jack, although I was really angry with you at first."

"So you are an evolutionist," said Jack. "I am glad that you agree with me in that."

"Oh, no! I am not an evolutionist, but I look on evolution-

ists tolerantly. When a Roman Catholic priest said to me, 'Dr. Ruther is a good and noble man although he is a Protestant,' I understood his point of view. In the same way when an evolutionist says, 'Dr. Ruther is a dear old chap although somewhat of a back number,' I understand his attitude of mind. No offence is intended in either case. So Jack, we shall go up the hill just as good friends as when we left the house."

"Nancy, my uncle has a clever champion and the loveliest in the whole Canadian land. However, you seem to think evolution is a religion just as Roman Catholicism is a religion. It is not a religion, it is a scientific fact."

"No. I should not call evolution a religion, nor should I call it a scientific fact. Exactly what it should be called I am not sure. Perhaps the most appropriate term would be a cult. Sometimes I think it might be called a mental epidemic. However, in one respect the evolutionists are like religious zealots. They are terribly bigoted. They despise everyone who does not accept their theory."

"What do you mean by saying that evolution might be called a mental epidemic?"

"I mean the belief in it spreads like an epidemic. How many of those who believe in evolution have ever made a real study of the question? Nearly everyone I meet now believes in evolution. One of the boys from the High School called to see my little sister Marjorie the other day. He talked evolution in a superior tone all the time he was calling. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of those who believe in evolution do so simply because they have read or have been told that Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer and some other famous men were evolutionists. The epidemic has even spread to the churches. I cannot go to church now without hearing a sermon that takes it for granted that evolution is a scientific fact. People in general are just as ready to accept this cult from a few men whom they call scientists as the most bigoted religionist is to accept his religion from the fathers of his church. I am quite willing to admit that Dr. Ruther and I are completely out of fashion—back numbers you would call us."

"Are those my uncle's ideas or your own?"

"Did you ever hear your uncle talk the way I talk?"

"No. I never did."

"I suppose it is a fair enough question to ask me whether I am myself or a mere echo of Dr. Ruther. It never occurred to me before, but to tell the truth I don't actually know how much

of me is Nancy Overland and how much Dr. Ruthen. I suspect that I am about one-half Dr. Ruthen and one-half Nancy Overland."

"I never before heard a girl talk the way you do. It must be queer to feel that you are half someone else. Does it make you feel uncomfortable?"

"No, I don't feel uncomfortable about it. I am quite happy and easy in mind. Indeed, we Overlands have such good opinions of our own selves that we recently formed a Mutual Admiration Circle. You can't understand how I can feel happy being only half myself and half Dr. Ruthen. I suppose you think I must have completely lost my individuality. In fact I have more individuality than I should have if I had never known Dr. Ruthen. Spiritually and mentally I weigh three times as much as I should weigh if I had never met him. Now a very simple bit of arithmetic will show you that if I weigh three times as much, and one-half of me is Nancy and the other half Dr. Ruthen, the Nancy half weighs fifty per cent. more than it would weigh if there were no Dr. Ruthen half. Three times one are three. One-half of three is one and a half. Thus, the Nancy portion of me weighs one and a half whereas it would only weigh one if I had never met your uncle."

"I do not think there is much doubt about your having an individuality of your own, but by what process of reasoning do you arrive at the conclusion that only one-half of you is yourself?"

"Jack, I have never reasoned this out before. I never thought of such a thing until you asked me whether I was expressing my own ideas or merely echoing Dr. Ruthen, and it came to me in a flash of thought that I was really half Dr. Ruthen. I suppose you have read the meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus?"

"Yes, I have had that pleasure."

"Do you remember how he gave thanks to his parents and to others for the part they took in forming his character? I might analyze myself in the same way. I might try to determine how much of me is natural and how much of me I owe to each of those with whom I have been associated during my lifetime, but I shall only try to tell you what I owe to Dr. Ruthen. Ever since he mended my back he has watched over me."

"Mended your back! What do you mean by mending your back?"

"Jack, if I start telling you now how your uncle mended my

back I shall not get through before we finish our walk. I shall tell you about that another time. I shall only say now that when I was a little child about nine years old I was very ill and Dr. Ruther cured me by mending my spine with his fingers. After that he always seemed to take a special interest in me. He asked Mother to let me go driving with him when he went to call on his patients. He thought it would be good for my health. Afterward when I had completely recovered he continued to take me driving. While we were driving he talked to me of many things."

"Does he still take you driving?"

"No, that was when I was a child. He gave it up as I grew older. However, we have never ceased to be great friends and I am always learning something from him. He is at our house very often. He comes to call on Grandma, but I nearly always see him. We sometimes walk about our garden together. He has been giving me books or lending them to me ever since I was a little child. In talking to him many new ideas have come to me. They are not always his ideas. They are frequently my own, but he sets my thoughts moving. From the first he never tried to dominate my mind. He taught me to think for myself. He never would suppress anyone's individuality. It has not all been one-sided. He is good enough to say that I constantly stimulate his thoughts and he really seems to believe that his mind is more active and original than it would be if we had not had so many conversations about almost everything in the world. It is hard for me to explain to you what I mean, especially as I never thought this out before, but perhaps from what I have said you may have some idea of what I mean when I say that I am spiritually and mentally half Dr. Ruther and half Nancy Overland, and the two parts of me are so mingled together that when you ask whether I am expressing my own ideas or merely echoing Dr. Ruther I do not know how to answer you truthfully. Dr. Ruther always tried to develop my thinking powers. He was always giving me new ideas and leading me into new paths of knowledge and thought. When I was a child when we were out driving he used to call my attention to many things in Nature. He would call my attention to the colour of the bark of trees, the colours of different kinds of soil, the colour of a rail fence or an old barn door, the colours of rocks and stones, the colours of grasses and grains, as well as the bright colours of flowers and the plumage of birds. He taught me to distinguish the birds by their songs. I remember on one occasion we saw a bird's nest in a branch of a tree that hung over the roadway. Dr. Ruther

drove his horse right under the tree, tied it to the fence, and then standing up in the buggy made me climb on his shoulders so that I could see the nest. A bird flew out of the nest. 'That is the mother bird,' said Dr. Ruther. 'You may look at the birdlings, but you must not touch them.' Standing on his shoulders with his arms held up to protect me from falling I peered into the nest. As we sat down in the buggy again and drove on Dr. Ruther said to himself rather than to me: 'I wonder shall I ever have a nest and birdlings of my own.' At the time I did not understand what he meant, but long years afterward the meaning of it suddenly came to me. Jack, he meant, 'Shall I ever have a wife and home and little children of my own.'"

"I suppose," said Jack, "that you are thinking that he gave me the straw with which he should have built a nest of his own."

"Jack, I was thinking only of Dr. Ruther. I did not have you in mind at all at the moment. I do not purposely say things to hurt anyone's feelings. Here we are at the Overland road. From here we start up the hill. To wind up my remarks about Dr. Ruther's influence on my character I may say that if he were to be analyzed as I have been trying to analyze myself it might be found that there is a little bit of Nancy Overland permeating him and forming a part of his make-up."

"According to your way of looking at things you and my uncle are more closely related than he and I are to each other."

"Spiritually I suppose that is true."

They walked in silence for some moments. Then Nancy said:

"To show you that I am not a mere echo of Dr. Ruther I must tell you that I am a much more bigoted anti-evolutionist than he is."

"Are you?" said Jack.

"I am indeed," she said. "He is an agnostic about evolution; I am an *unbeliever* with a good deal of emphasis on the 'un.' The evolutionist says dogmatically, 'It is so; Dr. Ruther says, 'It may be so, but has not been proven.' I say, 'It is *not* so.'"

"How do you know it is not so?"

"My intuition teaches me. No one knows how man came to be as he is. The best you can do is to guess, and in guessing intuition is a good guide. But remember I am expressing my own attitude, not Dr. Ruther's. He wants reasons for everything. What he objects to about the evolutionists is that they take too much for granted, assert positively the truth of their hypothesis and are amazed because everyone is not ready to accept it as an axiom without demonstration. Father once remarked that Dr.

Ruther is an interrogation point while the evolutionist is a period. That was another way of saying that Dr. Ruther is seeking an answer to the great riddle of Nature, while the evolutionist, with all the intolerance of scientific bigotry, dogmatically asserts that it has been solved. The evolutionist, starting out with a fixed hypothesis and a determination to prove the truth of it, enthusiastically grasps at every scrap of evidence that can be twisted to support his theory. Dr. Ruther without any fixed theory as to the origin of man looks at both sides, critically examines the evidence to which the biased evolutionist pins his faith and finds flaws in it."

"I heard my uncle say that he was strongly opposed to the teaching of evolution in the schools," said Jack.

"In the public schools and colleges maintained by taxing the people," said Nancy. "He is just as strongly opposed to teaching anti-evolution theories in the public schools. He says such controversial questions should be kept out of educational institutions that are paid for by the whole people."

"He would keep the people in ignorance," said Jack. "You can't teach geology or biology without teaching evolution. The text-books are full of it. You would have to exclude all the best scientific books from the schools."

"If that is so there is an opportunity for someone to get out text-books which give the facts of geology and biology without teaching theories which are only guesses. Dr. Ruther believes in teaching in the high schools and colleges all the facts on which the evolutionists base their theories."

"I suppose he would expunge the word 'evolution' from the dictionary," said Jack.

"On the contrary he would teach the various meanings of the word evolution, and no student would leave college without the knowledge that certain theorists believe that man and the ape had the same ancestors, while other theorists disagree with them, but he would not allow teachers, or professors in public educational institutions to bias the minds of youths either in favour of the theory or against it. He thinks the evolutionist should have liberty to preach his theories on the platform, in the press or in books, and does not object to his starting a private evolution school or college of his own if he has the money or can persuade some of the enthusiastic believers to supply the money, but he does not think the evolutionist should have the right to tax the man who does not believe in the theory for the purpose of educating his children to despise his views. The evolutionist cries out

that his liberty is being restricted because he is not allowed to coerce all parents to accept his views."

"You say my uncle says that the evolution theory may be true."

"Not the Darwinian theory of natural selection, but he thinks that possibly by divine selection and direction man may have evolved from a lower animal, although he finds no proof of it in geology or biology and does not consider it very probable."

"Does he claim to be a geologist or a biologist?"

"He makes no such claim. Yet he has read a number of textbooks on geology, botany and zoology as well as the works of the leading evolutionists, while he has made a life study of the human body. He thinks there is no more decisive proof of the descent of man from a lower animal than of special creation. He says geologists have proven that men lived on earth many ages ago, but that is a very different thing from proving the descent of men from beasts; yet the evolutionists set up a shout of victory whenever an old skull is found. In his studies of Nature he has been particularly impressed with the evidence of purpose and design, the fact that no two things are exactly alike, and the limitations of variation. He says there seem to be ceaseless variations within limits fixed by law. He thinks that if a young scientific man would resolve to make a life study of the limitations of variation he might make discoveries that would upset the whole theory of evolution as taught by scientists of the present day. But here we must leave the road and take the path leading to the landslide. We must walk single file and cannot talk any more. You will need your lantern while we are among the trees."

PART THREE

A BOY OF BARNARDO

CHAPTER I

THE TRAIN WRECKER

The only person in the railway car who seemed to be oblivious of the little boy's presence was his mother, who was so deeply interested in the novel she was reading that she paid no attention to him as he ran from one seat to another and tried to amuse himself in various ways, much to the enjoyment of some of the passengers and greatly to the annoyance of others. At last he sat down in the seat opposite his mother and began to explore a valise that occupied one-half of it. After rummaging among its contents for some minutes he pulled out a large field glass.

"What is this, Mamma?" he cried.

The mother paid no attention, although everyone else in the car heard him.

"Mamma, Mamma!" he cried impatiently.

"Do not bother me," said the mother. "Don't you see that I am reading?"

"Yes," said the child, "but I want to know what this is."

Looking up for the first time the mother said: "It is your papa's field glass, but you must not talk so loudly, Freddie. Why, everyone in the car is looking at you."

"What is it for?" said Freddie.

"Wait until Papa comes and he will tell you all about it."

"Where is Papa?"

"He is coming on the next train."

"Why can't *you* tell me?"

"Because I want to read. Now sit quiet and be a good boy, and Papa will bring you some candy."

The mother went on with her reading and the boy looked discontentedly out of the window. Suddenly a mischievous idea came into his head and, looking into his mother's face, he said in a low tone:

"Mamma, I am going to drop this out of the window. May I?"

"Yes," said the mother without looking at him. "You may if you like, but don't talk to me."

The boy knew that his mother did not know to what she had consented, but he deliberately dropped the field glass out of the window and put his head out to see where it fell.

The railway ran along a narrow strip of level land half-way up a certain part of the escarpment known as "the mountain" to residents of the fertile plain that extends from Hamilton to Niagara. There had been a landslide, which had so reduced the width of the right of way that the railway ran quite close to the edge of a cliff, although there was solid rock beneath the track and a considerable margin of firm-looking ground outside it. Careful examination by experts had satisfied them that while more of the earth might slide there was no danger of the rock on which the track was laid giving way. Nevertheless, it was thought advisable to place the track farther in at that point, and, to avoid a curve, the track was being relaid for a considerable distance. Ties had been put down for the new track, but the rails had not been laid, and trains were still running on the old track close to the edge of the cliff. Above was "the mountain" side overgrown with trees and bushes. Below was the fertile plain, bright with fruitful orchards, green pastures and ripening grain that glowed in the afternoon sun.

As the train passed by a young man who had been standing with his back against the rocky hillside jumped upon the railway track and threw a stone after it. The stone fell far behind the train and the man shook his fist frantically. He was of medium height and slight build; his smoothly shaven face had the freshness of youth, and his features would have been handsome if they had not been distorted by rage.

"The next train won't go by so easily," he muttered, "or my name is not Tom Markman. I'll teach them a lesson that they won't soon forget. They'll learn not to discharge a man again without cause."

He climbed the hill a little way to a point where there were a number of stones which could be easily loosened and began to roll them down. Some of the stones were detached from the hillside with difficulty and his hands were cut and bleeding when he climbed down and began to collect the stones in a pile upon the railway track. As he worked fiercely without a moment's pause, one of his hands suddenly came in contact with the field

glass that the child had thrown out of the car window. He took it up curiously and examined it carefully. Then he looked around in every direction as if he expected to see some one watching him. No one was in sight. He put the field glass to his eyes, scanned the hillside and looked along the railway track in both directions, but saw no one.

Stepping to the edge of the ground that remained after the landslide he turned the field glass toward a waggon road (known to the readers of this chronicle as the Overland road), which crossed the railway track not far from where he stood. He followed this road with the field glass as it wound down the hillside and crossed the highway in the valley below until his eyes rested on a large brick farmhouse surrounded by well-kept grounds. A fine-looking, grey-haired man of medium height stood near the house talking to a tall, well-built and handsome but dark-faced young man, who carried a rifle under his left arm. Tom Markman saw them as distinctly as if he were standing beside them in the farmyard. He fancied that the dark-faced man had negro blood in his veins and said to himself, "a quad-roon, I guess." It was evident to him from the expressions of their faces and their gestures that the coloured man was being reproved for something and that he retorted angrily. The white man waved a dismissal and turning walked toward the house. The coloured man gazed sullenly after him until he entered the door and then shook his fist at the house. Tom Markman remembered how he had shaken his own fist at the passing train and recalled to mind his grievance which had been momentarily forgotten. He put down the glass and returned to his work, toiling even more fiercely than before to make up for lost time; but he could not help wondering what the coloured man would do to vent his anger. Would he use his rifle against his oppressor, he wondered, for Tom Markman was in a state of mind to regard anyone in authority as an oppressor. After working for a little while he took up the field glass again and walked to the point from which he had looked toward the farmhouse. He could not see either of the men, but in the doorway of the house stood a sweet-faced woman with a child in her arms looking at a lovely girl about seventeen years of age who was walking down the pathway to the gate with a basket on her arm. The girl turned before reaching the gate and running back drew down the baby's face and kissed it. The late afternoon sun shone brightly upon her as she stood reaching up to the baby in the mother's arms. Then looking up into the woman's face she

threw one arm around her neck and kissed her, too. The train wrecker's glass was turned on their faces as they parted after the kiss and it seemed to him that both faces were illumed by the love that shone from them. The next moment the girl turned with a bright smile and walked quickly down the path to the gate. There was a strange feeling at the train wrecker's heart as he returned to his fiendish task. The stones were piled high upon the track now, but he wished to make the pile firmer so that it would not give way before the onset of the train. He worked mechanically after this and slowly. The fierce rage of revenge seemed to have exhausted its fury and left him weak and tired. Anyone watching him now might have supposed he was working at a disagreeable task set for him by a hard master. But he continued doggedly to strengthen the pile of stones until there came to his ears the sharp report of a rifle. He dropped a stone that he was placing on the pile, picked up the field glass and hurrying to the edge of the cliff looked along the road running down the hillside from which the sound seemed to come. On this road about midway between the railway track and the highway in the valley below, the girl whom he had seen a little while before lay face upward. Her basket had fallen on the road beside her. He saw the dark-faced man rush out from behind a tree, take the young girl in his arms and carry her out of sight.

Tom Markman threw down the field glass and ran along the track to a point beyond the landslide where there was a footpath leading down the hill. He took this path rather than the roadway because the man carrying the girl had turned in that direction. He hoped to meet him in the woods and perhaps rescue the girl. Fierce anger burned in the heart of Tom Markman, but it was a very different feeling from that blind rage which animated him when he shook his fist at the passing train and while he piled stones on the railway track. His anger at the shooting of the girl had cleared his brain; his pity for her had purified his heart; and now as he struggled down the hillside, forcing his way through tangled vines and bushes, there suddenly came to him a thought of the train that was rushing to the doom prepared by himself. Clear in his memory was the still face of the young girl; clear was the dark man's handsome, evil face looking maliciously down upon her as he carried her; but clearer still his brain pictured for him the oncoming train. He saw in imagination the throbbing engine and the glimmer of the headlight on the rails. He saw the engine strike the great pile of stones that he had reared, then bound from the track

carrying with it the train of passenger cars. He saw the hillside strewn with wreckage. There were blazing cars with human beings beneath them, struggling to escape from a horrible death. Still he ran on. His heart was with the girl rather than with the passengers of the doomed train, and so long as he did not reason about it his feet carried him in the direction of his heart. But his brain was clear and active now and when he reached the locality where he expected to meet the quadron and searched the woods in vain for him, he paused a moment for consideration. "If I return at once," he reasoned, "I may yet save the train. If I search for the nigger even for a few minutes longer there is almost no hope for the train, while if the girl is dead I can do nothing for her."

It was remarkable that although a little while before his mind had been so full of his own grievances that he selfishly thought only of revenge against the railway company without considering the passengers on the train at all, he did not now waste a thought upon himself. He might have reasoned that if he saved the train he would probably save himself from the gallows, while he had nothing to gain by saving the girl, but for the moment pity and righteous anger had crowded selfishness out of his heart and he reasoned as impartially as if he were perfectly innocent and had merely discovered that someone else had made this dastardly attempt to wreck the train. If he had been sure that the girl was still alive he might have continued the pursuit, but believing that she was dead he hesitated only for a moment before starting up the hill again. He was out of breath before he reached the railway. The pile of stones was as he left it and there was as yet neither sight nor sound of the train. He set to work energetically throwing the stones to the right and to the left. Some of the stones rolled down the hillside while others fell on the ties of the new track, but he did not look to see where they fell. When he was piling up the stones in his revengeful fury it seemed necessary to make the pile high and strong as a wall to resist the onset of the train and throw it from the track. Now he feared that if one stone were left on the track when the train came it would be thrown down the hillside. Once he paused in his work and looked at a huge pile of dry grass and brush that some of the workmen had piled up the day before. "A bonfire would be a warning to the train," he said, and pulling a match and paper out of his pocket set fire to the pile, immediately resuming his work.

The largest stone of all was at the bottom. He had thrown

aside all the smaller stones that were around and on top of it when he heard the rumble of the train along the rails. As he bent to lift the big stone another sound struck his ear. It came from above and was caused by a young man who was climbing down the hillside and had reached the spot from which the stones had first been taken by Tom Markman. He carried a rifle over his shoulder and a large game bag hung by his side. The game bag appeared to be empty, but there was a dead squirrel in the depths of it. The young man leaned his rifle against the rock, opened the bag a little way and looked at the squirrel.

"Poor little thing," he said. "The bag is more than big enough for you and if I could give you back your life again I would gladly take the bag home empty. You looked so bright and pretty just before I took your life and I never killed anything before."

As he said this he took up his rifle again and looked down at the track below. Tom Markman had raised the stone in his arms and as he stood there bent over the track it looked to the man above as if he were placing the stone on the track instead of taking it off. The train was now in sight and the horrified young hunter noticed that there were a number of passenger cars following the engine. "If the train strikes that rock," he thought, "it will go over the hillside and the loss of life will be awful." Without a moment's hesitation he raised the rifle to the shoulder and fired at the man on the track. Tom heard the report of the rifle and felt a stinging pain in his leg. He dropped the big stone on the track again. His first thought was that the coloured man had shot him, but he did not turn around or look up. The train was so close now that he could see the light of the engine on the track in front of him as he grasped the stone in his arms again. With a great effort he threw it to one side and, jumping after it, fell on the ground on the outer side of the track as the train rushed by.

The young hunter saw that heroic act and realized that the man he had shot was trying to save the train instead of wreck it. At the same moment the light of the bonfire revealed to him the frightened face of a lovely girl who stood by the railway track gazing up at him, and beside her stood a tall, dark-faced man. He knew from the expression on the girl's face that she believed he had deliberately tried to kill the man who was lifting the stone from the track, and it flashed through his mind that she must also believe that he had placed the huge stone on the track with the intention of wrecking the train.

At that moment the ground where the wounded man lay, perhaps affected by the vibration of the passing train, crumbled away and he went down with it. The rock on which the railway track rested was undisturbed by the crashing of the sliding earth.

The girl said something to the man beside her and then hurried down the hillside followed by her companion. The amateur hunter, who had killed a squirrel with his first rifle shot and wounded a man with the second, felt strangely alone as he stood for a moment looking down at the railway track on the very edge of the cliff in the weird light of the bonfire, half believing that he was in a dream from which he would quickly awake. Two minutes later he was kneeling on the railway track with his hands resting on the rock outside it supporting his body while he looked over the cliff. In the growing darkness he could see nothing distinctly, but got the impression that the face of the rock was perpendicular, all the loose earth and stones having fallen away. He felt dizzy and had difficulty in rising to his feet without falling over. Before kneeling he had laid his rifle down and in getting up he accidentally pushed it over the cliff. His heart sank as he thought that the man whom he had shot had fallen over the same cliff and even if the wound he had inflicted was not serious the fall might have proved fatal, or the rifle might have struck him on the head. He hurried down the path which the girl and her dark-faced companion had taken.

CHAPTER II

A READER OF ANARCHIST LITERATURE

On the rear platform of the last car of the train which had so narrowly escaped destruction stood two men, one of whom was a little past middle age, tall, stout and prosperous looking, with florid complexion and long, heavy beard of sandy colour, while the other was apparently several years younger, not very tall, of slight build, pale, clear complexion, refined features and dark beard closely trimmed.

"This is part of my contract," said the older man. "The ties are down and we will begin laying the rails next week. We are not working this afternoon because there has been delay in getting the rails. I have been feeling a little anxious this afternoon lest a man whom I discharged this morning might do some mischief."

"Why did you discharge him?"

"Because he was preaching anarchism to the other men."

"That is interesting. What sort of fellow was he?"

"He came to me about a year ago and asked for a job. That was on my canal contract. He was of refined, gentlemanly appearance, very unlike the ordinary pick and shovel man. He handled a shovel at first as if he wasn't used to it and blistered his hands, I could see, but he worked steadily and got through as much work in a day as anyone. He was not much more than a boy, about twenty-one years of age, I should say, and I suspected that he belonged to a good family and had run away from home, but when I questioned him he said:

"'No, sir. I have no home. I am only a boy of Barnardo.'

"'A boy of Barnardo! I exclaimed. What is that?"

"'I mean that I am only one of the boys sent out from England by the Barnardo organization. I do not belong to anyone. No one has any claims on me and I have claims on no one.'

"'You don't look like that sort of fellow and don't talk like one,' I said.

"When I got this contract, I wanted a time-keeper and offered him the position. He accepted and everything went smoothly until yesterday at the noon hour I happened to come along and heard him preaching rank anarchism to the men who were sitting around eating their lunches. I made some quiet enquiries last evening and learned that the fellow had been doing this sort of thing for some time. He had organized a secret society among them and I don't know all he contemplated doing, but I put a stop to it sharp and quick. This morning I told him that we wouldn't require his services as time-keeper any longer. He took it quietly at first and said, respectfully enough:

"'Don't I do my work right, sir?"

"'I have no fault to find with your work,' I said, 'but I can't have a time-keeper preaching anarchism to my men.'

"'I don't do it in working hours,' he said.

"'It makes no difference,' said I. 'It won't do.'

"'So I am to take up the pick and shovel again,' he said, regretfully.

"'Somewhere else if you like, but not here,' I said. 'I want you to put as many miles as you can between yourself and my men. I don't want to be too hard on you, for you have worked well, so I will give you a month's pay and you can get out of here as fast as you like.'

"I never saw such a change in a man. His whole face seemed

to become contorted with rage. He was so angry that he could hardly speak at first, but when his words did find utterance they came with a rush like a mountain torrent in spring time. He called me a tyrant and oppressor and used all sorts of vivid adjectives to describe my wickedness. He wound up by making dire threats of vengeance against me and the railway company.

"'After this I can't give you any more money than a week's wages,' said I.

"'I don't want your money,' he said. 'I would fling it in your face,' and off he went.

"I laughed at first, but afterward I felt anxious. I was not afraid for myself, but it occurred to me that with all the fellow's fluency and apparent intelligence he had talked as if I were part and parcel of the railway company instead of a mere contractor, and I feared that he might carry out his threats of vengeance by wrecking a train. Still I can hardly imagine that the fellow will really do any harm. Probably it was all passionate talk for which he is sorry before this time."

"This is most remarkable," said the younger man who had listened with excitement to the contractor's story. "That boy belongs to me."

"Belongs to you, Dr. Eglington!" said the contractor. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I adopted that boy and he was in my office for six years. I picked him out from a batch of Barnardo boys because he looked different from all the rest. He became my office boy and a mighty good boy he was. He groomed my horse, kept my office in order and went to the door when anyone called to see me. He was clean, neat and thorough about everything and notwithstanding his numerous duties was so quick that he had a good deal of spare time at his disposal, which, however, he was obliged to spend in my office for the most part, and he asked me if he might read my books in his spare moments. I willingly consented. Now I had taken a notion to study all the phases of socialism, nihilism and anarchism and instructed my bookseller to get me every book that had been published on the subject, good or bad. I believe that this is the coming question and I reasoned that I would have more time to study it thoroughly when I was just beginning my practice than I ever would afterward. However, my practice grew more rapidly than I anticipated and I did not find much time for reading, but Tom Markman read every spare moment. Now you can imagine what effect such reading would have upon an ignorant boy.

There were some good books among them, but many of them were full of rotten nonsense. With my education, general reading and experience of the world I could have read these books with discrimination, but this boy had never done any general reading. He knew practically nothing of English literature or English history, and had no experience of life. Naturally, he soon became a rank socialist with some very crazy notions. I was very much to blame for allowing him to read such stuff without doing anything to counteract the false impressions of life it gave him. It was a long time before I discovered the effect this reading was having on the boy's mind, and then I had a long argument with him. He was, I suppose, about twenty years of age at the time this argument took place, and he was very set in his opinions. Shortly after this I began to miss small amounts of money and for a number of reasons felt sure that Tom was the thief. I accused him and he emphatically denied all knowledge of it. I told him that if he would confess I would forgive him, but if he would not confess I would have to dismiss him. He said very angrily that he had nothing to confess and I sent him adrift. I told him that if I were not myself to blame for allowing him to read such a lot of socialistic rot I would send him to jail. He left me in a passion, declaring that my unjust treatment of him confirmed his belief in what he had read of the world's injustice. Some weeks after he had gone I discovered that he was not the thief. The money was taken by a housemaid. I have reproached myself ever since. We must find the boy and set matters right. It is most unfortunate that I am obliged to go to Montreal now, but I do hope you will do all you can to discover his whereabouts during my absence."

"I certainly will," said the contractor. "If you can get hold of him again and pump out some of that anarchist poison that you put in his way you will do a service to society and perhaps save him from the gallows."

Both the contractor and the doctor were sincere in what they said, yet with the exception of the insertion of a personal advertisement in the Toronto and Montreal newspapers for a month by Dr. Eglinton, neither of them ever took any active measures to find Tom Markman. Dr. Eglinton had a very large practice and was an active member of several societies. His various activities so occupied his time that it was difficult for him to give attention to anything outside of them, but the memory of Tom Markman sometimes came to him with a little feeling of remorse.

CHAPTER III

THE QUADROON'S STORY

As Tom Markman had supposed in looking through the field glass the man who shot the girl was a quadroon, but he bore little trace of his negro origin and might easily have been taken for a white man of dark complexion. As he carried the girl away after the shooting, her head rested upon his shoulder and the blood from a wound on the back of her neck dripped on the sleeve of his coat. He wended his way through the woods until he reached the small stream known as Downmount Creek, over which there was a little bridge for pedestrians. Crossing the bridge, he laid his burden down beside the stream, and for a moment was undecided. Then noticing the blood stain on his sleeve he took off his coat and washed it carefully in the creek. As he did this the idea occurred to him that by bathing the wound itself before carrying the girl farther he might prevent the staining of his clothes. A large tin cup had been left beside the stream by a picnic party. He filled this with water, and taking a handkerchief, began to bathe the wound. The bullet had only grazed her neck, making a slight wound that bled freely, but was not at all dangerous. He had to part the hair to get at it and he was so intent upon washing away all traces of blood that he did not notice when the girl opened her eyes. She closed them again in a moment and lay motionless, trying to recollect what had happened. She remembered the parting with her mother and baby brother and the lonely walk along the road, but after that all was blank. She could not guess what the quadroon was doing or what his purpose was, but she felt sure that his intention was evil for she had always distrusted him. It was beginning to grow dark in the woods, and he took from his pocket an electric flashlight which he held close to her head to see if the blood had ceased to flow. He also took from his pocket a small piece of surgeon's plaster and put it over the wound. He then went to the pool again to refill the cup with water. As he stooped to do this the girl sat up and responding to a flash of thought cried out, "Run, Albert, run."

Startled by the sound of her voice the quadroon dropped the cup into the stream and jumping up ran away. The girl sprang to her feet. She was familiar with the spot and even in the growing darkness had no difficulty in finding her way through the woods, but she felt so faint that after a few minutes she

was obliged to pause and lean against a tree for support. As she did so a large hand stretched out from behind the tree, caught one of her hands, and her captor pulled her toward him with an exultant laugh.

"You played me a trick, Miss Dorothy," he said.

He spoke good English, but a listener might have recognized his negro blood by his laugh.

"Please let me go, Albert," she said. "Have I not always treated you kindly?"

"Yes, Miss Dorothy, but Master Welcome, your father, has not, and the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children. Mr. Welcome read it so at the prayers this morning."

"My father is a good man and I am sure he did you no wrong. He would not harm anyone. But what are you going to do with me?"

"I was going to kill you at first, but I have changed my mind. The bullet from my rifle barely touched your neck in passing, scraping the skin a little. I fixed it with a piece of surgeon's plaster that I got when I cut my wrist last week. It was lucky that I had a bit left over. I am glad that you were not really hurt as I have decided to make you my wife."

"Your wife! I will never be your wife!"

"Why not? My mother was a white woman whose father was much richer than your father. My father was darker than I am. If he had a white wife, why shouldn't I?"

The man's arm was close about her now, and she could not get away. She felt sick and faint, but rallied her strength by an effort and replied:

"My father would rather have you kill me."

"So he would; so he would! It won't please him to call Albert Ellerton his son. In taking my pleasure I will take my revenge."

To the quick mind of Dorothy Welcome came the thought that her safety lay in taking his mind off the present and leading him to talk of the past.

"Tell me about your mother," she said, "but first remove your arm from my waist."

"You will play me another trick!" said Ellerton.

"Well, hold me by the arm," she said. "Not so close! That will do. How did your father get a white wife?"

Her voice was sweet, persuasive, yet commanding in tone, possessing much of that magnetic quality which ensures obedience. Albert Ellerton felt its power and obeyed without knowing

why. He told his story as they walked, speaking fluently and with evident enjoyment of the details.

"My father often told me the story of it. He liked to talk to me. He was no common nigger. His mother was black, but his father was a white man of one of the best families in Barbados and he was educated at Codrington College. I have heard your father say I speak good English. It was from my father I learned it. But his education did not do him much good. He emigrated from Barbados to New York and after trying a number of things there without much success went to Buffalo and got a place as coachman for a rich man whose name I don't know although he was my mother's father and my grandfather, for my mother made my father promise never to mention the name. About the same time that my father became coachman a young white man named Arthur Walters was engaged as gardener. He was a handsome fellow but was nothing but white trash. My mother fell in love with Walters and they often met secretly until one day her father discovered them and was very angry. He swore at them and drove Walters away, but he must have seen him afterward for in a few days my mother got a letter from Walters, breaking off the engagement. She did not cry, but sat still in her chair with the letter in her hand as if she were stone until her father came in and said:

"That is the kind of a man your lover is. I bought him off. He only wanted you for your money and when I told him you would never get a cent if you married him but that I would give him five thousand dollars if he would go away and never see you again he agreed at once. It makes me sick to think I have a daughter who would fall in love with such a man. Why I would rather see you married to Ellerton than to him."

"Then my grandfather went out of the room, leaving my mother still sitting in the chair with the letter in her hand. Suddenly she looked at the letter as if it were a snake and threw it from her with a shudder. There was an open fireplace in the room and in a minute she said to my father, 'Pick it up with the tongs and put it in the fire.' He did so and they both watched the letter burn until it was black. 'It is blacker now than your face, Ellerton,' said my mother, 'and the man who wrote it has a heart blacker than his letter. But what does it matter! I am to marry you!'"

"Marry me!" said my father in surprise.

"Yes," said my mother. "Did you not hear my father say so?"

"‘He didn’t mean it,’ said my father.

"‘So you reject me as quickly as that black scoundrel,’ she said, pointing to the fire as if it were Arthur Walters who was lying on the coals instead of his letter.

"‘Reject you!’ said my father. ‘Why I would go into the fire for you.’

"‘Get ready then,’ she said, ‘to start for Canada to-night. We will be married before we go. You are to take me to that coloured minister whose church we attended one Sunday about three weeks ago. He will be proud to marry us and will let my father know.’

"My father told me the story so often that I remember the exact words that were said. He never understood why she took this sudden fancy for him, but he always said he thought his new suit of clothes, bought that very day, must have had something to do with it. He often repeated to me an old saying: ‘the dress makes the man,’ and this came into his mind when my mother told him they were to be married. He was frightened at first, fearing my grandfather, but my mother had a way of making people do what she said, something like you, Miss Dorothy, and it was not many hours before they were married. That very night they started for Canada. My mother had very little money with her but there were her jewels, and she sold them in Toronto for quite a sum of money. Then my father had saved most of his wages. From Toronto they went to Linklater and my father started a little store there. That was where I was born. I never saw my mother’s face but once, that I remember. She always wore a heavy veil even in the house and she did not eat her meals with father and me. He always took them to her room. I must have been about six years of age when I saw her with the veil off. She was a very splendid-looking woman, with skin as fair as yours, Miss Dorothy, and beautiful eyes and hair. Her hair was all hanging down her back the day I saw her with the veil off and she was dressed in a white gown. I crept slyly into her room very early one morning and she was fast asleep in bed. I stood looking at her and as I looked at her she began to wake up. I was so frightened that I crept under the bed and in a few minutes she got up, went to the looking-glass and began to brush out her long hair. I watched her for a few minutes and then while her back was turned I crept out from under the bed and tiptoed softly to the door. She turned just as I reached the door and seeing me said, ‘How dare you, you little brat!’ She never liked to see me. I always slept with my father and he

was very fond of me. It was not long after I saw her without a veil that she ran away. She disappeared one night and neither my father nor I ever saw her again."

As the quadroon told his story the girl became so interested that she forgot her perilous situation and the wickedness of the man beside her in her sympathy for the poor little coloured boy who never saw the face of his veiled white mother but once. They had been walking side by side slowly along a path that sloped gradually up the hillside in a winding course and reached the level of the railway track a few moments before Tom Markman was shot by the young man on the height above him. The light from the bonfire shone on the young sportsman as he lifted his rifle to shoot the supposed train wrecker. The girl looked at him with horror. "Murderer!" she cried as he fired, and when the wounded man, after throwing the stone from the track, was carried down by the landslide she said, "Albert, he may be still alive. We must go to help him."

They went down the hill together much more quickly than they had come up it. It had grown quite dark, but they were both familiar with the locality and Ellerton had his flashlight. After following the path for a short distance they turned away from it, and soon reached the place where the earth from the landslide had fallen, filling up a deep hollow which was once a quarry. Here they found the wounded man lying on a great mass of the recently fallen earth and partly covered with it. Dorothy Welcome knelt down beside him. He seemed to be unconscious of their presence but moaned a little as Albert Ellerton turned the flashlight on his face.

"Albert," said the girl, "let me hold the light while you remove the earth that covers him."

Ellerton set to work removing the earth with his hands, and it was remarkable that the man who had shot an innocent girl with murderous intent a little while before was now tenderly careful not to hurt the fallen man in handling the earth that covered him. He worked quickly and his task was soon accomplished. As he finished Dorothy Welcome who had seated herself on the earth beside Tom Markman, while she held the light, rose to her feet and said:

"Albert, you must go for Dr. Ruther. If he is not at home go to the Overland house. Dr. Ruther is often there. Ask Mr. Overland and Miss Nancy Overland to come, too. Remember I particularly want Miss Nancy Overland."

"Promise me first that you will never tell your father or anyone else what I did," said Ellerton.

"I have never yet had a secret from my father and mother," she replied. "How can I deceive them?"

"Promise, or I will not go for help."

"Well, for the sake of this poor, wounded man I do promise to try to keep it secret, but I shall not tell an untruth about it. Leave the flashlight with me, Albert, and go quickly."

The natural course of human nature is benevolent when not diverted by selfishness. Even a bad man may join heartily with others in doing a good deed when it does not interfere with his own selfish ends. In asking Albert Ellerton to go for aid Dorothy Welcome made no analysis of human nature, but she had quick intuition and rightly guessed that the surest way to save herself from violence was to engage Ellerton's attention in doing something for her. Besides there was no one else near whom she could send as messenger. It was a relief to be rid of his presence.

CHAPTER IV

DOROTHY WELCOME MAKES ANOTHER PROMISE

As soon as Ellerton had gone Dorothy Welcome sat down on the fallen earth beside Tom Markman and lifted his head to her lap.

"Are you in much pain?" she said softly, not expecting an answer, for she thought he was unconscious.

"I think my leg is broken," he replied.

"You were shot," she said.

"Yes, but not very badly, I think. However, I have broken my other leg in falling and cannot move without help."

"It is so dark that I cannot see to do anything for you, but there will be help in a little while."

"There was a man with you. Was it he who shot me?"

"No. That was Albert Ellerton, my father's coloured man, but I saw the murderer and would know him again anywhere. Albert has gone for help."

As she spoke the moon came up and the wounded man, looking up in her face as she bent over him, recognized her.

"The nigger did not kill you!" he exclaimed.

"No," she said, wondering how he knew anything about it.

Then, fearful of breaking her promise to Ellerton, she said hurriedly,—

"The man who tried to murder you must be a fiend. It was bad enough to try to shoot you, but a thousand times worse to try to wreck the train as he evidently intended to do. Just think of the hundreds of people on that long passenger train who would have been hurled to death! Hanging is too good for such a man. All those people owe their lives to you."

"I deserve no praise for what I did," he said.

"You may think little of your brave deed, but others will not. In my eyes you are a greater hero than many a man who has won honour on the field of battle. To have simply taken the stones off the track might not have been such a great thing. That, I suppose, any man with a heart would do if he found them there. But to go on with it after you were shot and when the train was so close to you was truly heroic."

The wounded man moved uneasily.

"You are in great pain?" said the girl.

"No. It is nothing," he replied.

The thought that caused him more anguish than his wounded leg was, "Must I tell her that it was I who tried to wreck the train? If I tell her she will always think of me as a fiend. I am not a fiend. It was not my true self that did it. It was my true self that chased the nigger in the hope of saving her. It was my true self that saved the train. If I tell her I was going to wreck the train she will have a false idea of me. It will not be truth to tell her because it will give her a false idea."

So he reasoned to himself, but his own mind was not convinced. He felt that he was doing wrong in concealing the truth. Then remembering with a feeling of remorse at his forgetfulness that she had been shot, he said,—

"You are wounded yourself. It is I who should be caring for you."

"No," she said. "I was scarcely hurt at all. I felt a little weak and faint at first, but I am all right now. I hope the train wrecker will not escape punishment. The fact that his attempt at wholesale murder failed through your heroism should not excuse him. His punishment should be as severe as if he had succeeded in killing all the people on that train."

"Perhaps he thought I was trying to wreck the train myself."

"That is most unlikely. Besides some one must have put the stones there and if not he who was it? We saw you taking them off before he fired at you. Oh, there is no doubt that the man

who shot you was trying to wreck the train. And he was a fine-looking man, too, young, but so big and strong. There was a look in his eyes that makes me think he had a good mother ; so bad a man could not look like that unless some of his near ancestors were good. I shall never forget his face."

Fierce jealousy began to rage in the heart of Tom Markman. "If I had had a good mother," he thought, "I would be as free from blot of crime as he is. It is not my fault." Speaking aloud he simply said, sadly,—

"I never had a mother or sister."

The girl impulsively clasped one of his hands, but then remembering a remark she had heard her mother make that a woman who is too sympathetic may make as many hearts sore as one who is heartless and the hurt may be more lasting, she blushed at the thought of what she had done and withdrew her hand.

Then to the heart of this young girl for the first time came the question: "Is this my hero?" She had somewhere read the lines:

"Thou shalt know him when he comes
Not by any din of drums
Nor the vantage of his airs,
Neither by his crown
Nor his gown,
Nor by anything he wears:
He shall only well-known be
By the holy harmony
That his coming makes in thee."

"Is this your hero?" said "her mind to her heart," as she recalled these lines and her heart was not sure. But there was no doubt whatever in the mind and heart of Tom Markman that he had found his heroine as he lay there with his head in her lap while the moonlight streamed down upon them.

The girl began to feel embarrassed. What should she talk about? Although in an open space they were very near to the woods and could hear all the noises of the Canadian summer night: the water falling down the hillside, the stirring of the leaves by the breeze, the song of the frogs, the piping of the treetoads, the chirping of crickets, the whoo-hoo of the owl,

the plaintive whistle of the whip-poor-will. She broke a long silence by saying:

"Do you hear the whip-poor-will?"

"Yes," he said.

She repeated softly the words of a Canadian poet:

"There is a lonely spirit
Which wanders thro' the wood,
And tells its mournful story
In every solitude:
It comes abroad at eventide
And hangs beside the rill
And murmurs to the ear of Night
'Whip-poor-will.'

"Oh, 'tis a hapless spirit
In likeness of a bird
A grief that cannot utter
Another woeful word,
A soul that seeks for sympathy
A woe that won't be still;
A wandering sorrow murmuring
'Whip-poor-will.'"

"Who wrote that?" he asked.

"Alexander McLachlan," she replied.

There was another long silence. She wondered why Ellerton was so long in coming with help. Suppose he should prove unfaithful and she should be left there all night alone with the wounded man.

"I do wish," she said, "that you had been right in thinking that it might be all a mistake on his part and that he shot you because he thought you were trying to wreck the train. When he discovered his mistake he would have come at once in search of you and we would not need to depend at all upon Albert, for I am sure he looked big enough and strong enough to carry you easily to my father's house."

Tom Markman himself was neither big nor strong and he did not like to hear this girl talking of the bigness and strength of another man. At this moment the thought came to him that he might be lame for life as the result of this shooting. A feeling of resentment against the man who shot him began to

grow in his heart. "If the fellow had not been stupid he would have seen that I was trying to save the train," he said to himself.

After what seemed to both a long time they heard the noise of men pushing through the bushes.

Tom Markman half raised himself and said: "They are coming. Before they are here promise me that you will never tell anyone what you saw to-night."

"Do you mean that I am not to tell who shot you or how you saved the train?"

"That is what I mean. Say nothing about the train or about the shooting."

"You are very noble and generous," she said, "but will it be right to conceal the truth?"

"It will do no harm to anyone," he said. "Promise quickly before they come."

"Well, I promise not to do so without your permission, and I am glad his mother will never know."

"Do you know his mother?" said Tom Markman.

"No," she said. "Of course I don't know whether he has a mother or not as I never saw him before, but I can't help thinking that he has his mother's eyes. He looked right at me as I was gazing at him in horror of his wicked deed and I do believe he was sorry for what he did."

Thinking of it afterward Tom Markman tried to persuade himself that in exacting that promise he was indeed prompted by generous motives, but in his inner heart he knew that what most influenced him was the desire to have a certain episode of his life blotted out as if it had never been.

Dorothy Welcome had made two promises that evening. Thinking of them afterward, she understood why she made the first one, but could not understand why she made the second.

CHAPTER V

SEVEN LIVES COME INTO TOUCH ON THE HILLSIDE

Why Ellerton, in describing to Lawrence Overland and Dr. Ruther what had happened on the hillside intimated that Tom Markman had been wounded by the discharge of his falling rifle when he went down with the landslide, making no mention of the fact that he had seen him shot while saving a train from being wrecked, is a question for the psychologist. Probably he was chiefly interested in having no questions asked that might lead to discovery of his own attack on Dorothy Welcome until he was far from the scene, as he expected to be before morning, having decided that the time was not opportune for kidnapping her.

As the three men in the buggy approached the Overland road Dr. Ruther said to Ellerton:

"Albert, run over to Simpson's house and ask him to come with his waggon as we may need it to move the injured man. Ask him to put a mattress in the bottom of the waggon. Tell him to wait with his waggon on the Overland road at the point where he will find my horse and buggy, that is the point where we leave the road and take the footpath. You had better leave him there and come to us as quickly as possible. We may need you."

Dr. Ruther and Lawrence Overland found Dorothy Welcome sitting on the mass of fallen earth beside the wounded man. She had raised his head so that it rested against her. Dr. Ruther noticed that a rifle lay near him.

"I am so glad you have come," said the girl, "but I expected that Nancy would come with you, Mr. Overland."

"My daughter will be here in a few minutes," said Mr. Overland. "Dr. Ruther and I came quickly in his buggy. Nancy is walking and Jack Ruther is with her."

"After a hurried examination of the young man's legs, Dr. Ruther said:

"One leg is broken and the other wounded. I suppose that his rifle was accidentally discharged when he fell over the precipice in the landslide as Ellerton suggested in telling us. What is your name, young man?"

"Tom Markman, sir," was the reply.

Dr. Ruther took splints and bandages from his kit-bag which he had brought with him from the buggy, and with the aid of Mr. Overland set the broken leg. Nancy and Jack arrived just

as Dr. Ruther concluded a careful examination of the wounded leg.

"Lawrence," said Dr. Ruther, "on the day of the picnic a long table was left beside Downmount Creek near the little bridge. Will you and Jack bring it? We can use it as a stretcher. There is a bullet in his leg. I must take him to my office to get it out. Nancy will help me to temporarily dress the wound."

When Mr. Overland and Jack returned with the table Dr. Ruther gave instructions that it be turned upside down. He took off his own coat and placed it in the upturned table, asking the other two men to do the same. They lifted Tom Markman carefully into the improvised stretcher.

"Where is Ellerton?" asked Dr. Ruther. "I hope Simpson is waiting for us with his waggon."

At this moment they heard someone coming from the direction of the Overland road and a tall, strongly-built young man appeared. He was hatless and his thick dark red hair looked as if he had been running. Dr. Ruther particularly noticed his eyes, which were dark brown with an expression that carried an impression of truthfulness, sincerity and straightforward honesty. Dorothy Welcome recognized the man who had shot Tom Markman.

"Another stranger!" said Mr. Overland. "Who are you?"

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer. "I am a little hard of hearing."

Mr. Overland repeated his question in a very loud voice.

"My name is Judson Chammon," said the young man. "I am Mr. Martin Tuppin's secretary. I lost my way in the woods or I would have come sooner. Is he badly injured?"

"Not dangerously, but there is a bullet in his leg that we must get out quickly," said Dr. Ruther. "There is no time now for asking questions or making explanations."

"Dr. Ruther, Dorothy has fainted!" exclaimed Nancy.

"Don't be alarmed, Nancy," said Dr. Ruther. "The excitement has been too much for her. Mr. Chammon, you have just come in time. You are big and strong. Please carry Miss Welcome along the path to the Overland road where my buggy stands. I shall give her a restorative when we get there. Nancy, if you will show Mr. Chammon the way we shall follow with the stretcher. You had better get into my buggy and Mr. Chammon will place Dorothy beside you. You can support her with your arm around her and I shall quickly give her attention."

As Nancy walked silently beside Judson Chammon her heart was full of fear for the unconscious girl in his arms, and she felt somewhat indignant with Dr. Ruthier for giving all his attention to Tom Markman; but just as they reached the Overland road Dorothy Welcome opened her eyes and met with surprise the eyes of Judson Chammon. When she was seated in the buggy with Nancy's arm around her she declared she was all right.

They found Mr. Simpson sitting in his waggon smoking. "Ellerton told me to wait here," he said. "Is the man badly hurt?"

"One leg broken; a bullet in the other," said Dr. Ruthier. "He will be all right when I get the bullet out. Where is Ellerton?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Simpson. "He gave me directions and left at once; I thought he wanted to get back to you in a hurry."

The injured man was lifted carefully from the upturned table to the mattress on the waggon.

"Dr. Ruthier," said Nancy, "Dorothy was on the way to see me. Her mother expects her to stay all night; we arranged it by telephone this morning. She had to go up the Overland road to Mrs. Weckon's little house on the mountain brow and was to come to our place from there. Did you get to Mrs. Weckon's, Dorothy?"

"No," said Dorothy. "I was on the way there, but so much happened."

"I wondered why you did not come," said Nancy, "but when I tried to telephone your home I could not get connection."

"There is no use alarming her parents to-night, then," said Dr. Ruthier. "You can explain everything in the morning. Lawrence, you had better take Dorothy and Nancy home with you in my buggy. Jack will come with me. Mr. Chammon, will you come also?"

"Dr. Ruthier, will you telephone us to-night after the operation to remove the bullet and let us know that all's well," said Nancy as they drove away.

On arrival at the Overland home Nancy tried to persuade Dorothy to go to bed immediately, but she would not do so until a telephone message came from Dr. Ruthier that the bullet was extracted and the patient doing well.

The two girls slept together, but long after Nancy was fast asleep Dorothy lay awake, thinking. One thing that troubled her was the feeling she had about the young man Judson Chammon.

"I ought to have had a feeling of repulsion when I found myself being carried in his arms," she thought, "but I had not the slightest feeling of that kind. I am ashamed of the way I felt. There must be something wrong with me. I saw him deliberately shoot Tom Markman when he was heroically saving the train, and yet I could feel quite content to lie in his arms as he carried me. It makes me feel guilty. My whole being, mind, soul and body, should have recoiled at the thought of being touched by him, but I had no such feeling then, and I have no such feeling now as I think of it."

CHAPTER VI

DOROTHY TELLS NANCY SHE HAS A DREADFUL SECRET

Nancy was startled in the middle of the night by hearing Dorothy exclaim, "I do not believe he did it."

"What do you mean, Dorothy?" said Nancy.

Dorothy sat up in bed.

"Oh, Nancy," she said, "it was only a dreadful dream."

"I don't wonder you have bad dreams after such an adventure," said Nancy. "Don't think about it, dear. Just try to go to sleep."

"Nancy, what did Albert Ellerton tell you?"

Nancy repeated what Albert Ellerton had told them.

"What a story teller Albert is," said Dorothy. "That is partly true, but nearly all lies."

"Tell me all about it, Dorothy."

"Nancy, what would you do if you had made a promise that you never should have made? Would you think it right to break it? I have promised not to tell anyone what happened."

"I don't know what to think, Dorothy. If it will not harm anyone to keep your promise I suppose you should keep it even if you are sorry you made it; but it must be dreadful to have a secret in your soul and feel that you cannot tell anyone."

"It is dreadful, Nancy. I suppose that if I were a Roman Catholic I could confess to a priest without breaking my word. I never could understand before why anyone should wish to confess to a priest, but now I feel as if I must tell someone; yet I can't break my promise."

"Oh, Dorothy, have you done something very wicked?" said Nancy.

"I have done nothing wrong, Nancy, except to make promises that I never should have made. It was foolish to make them; but I feel it would be wrong to break them."

How lightly a promise is regarded by many people, but these girls had been educated by their parents to regard a promise as a sacred thing.

"Dorothy, if you think it would be wrong to tell me anything I won't urge you to tell, but I don't see that it would be breaking your word any more to confess to me than it would to confess to a Roman Catholic priest as you think of doing."

"I don't think of confessing to a priest, Nancy. I only said if I were a Roman Catholic I might do so. It was a dreadful thing that happened, Nancy. It is an awful thing to think that any one could be so wicked. His eyes looked so good and honest too."

"You don't mean that Albert Ellerton's eyes look good and honest, Dorothy? I don't like his eyes."

"I wasn't thinking of Albert's eyes. They are horrid."

"Do you mean the young man who fell over the cliff—Tom Markman he called himself?"

"No, I don't, but I can't tell you whom I mean. I can tell you this much: Tom Markman did a splendidly heroic thing."

"Dorothy, perhaps all this is just part of your dream."

"It isn't part of my dream, Nancy. The things happened before I dreamed about them."

"Dorothy, if something dreadful has happened I think your father, my father, and Dr. Ruther should know. They could decide what should be done about it."

"There was very nearly a dreadful crime last evening, but there is nothing to be done. I can't tell anyone about it and I don't see that it would do any good to tell, although I hate to have a secret like this. If anything were done, if any enquiry were made, my name would get into the newspapers. I could not endure the sensation. Do you remember how the Hamilton and Toronto papers were full of the Kinrade murder? Then there was that queer case of Lilian Cales. The newspapers insinuated that she tied herself up and pretended to have been attacked. The newspapers would just gloat over this mystery if they heard anything about it. Nancy, promise me that you won't tell anyone a thing that I have told you."

"Well, I don't see that it would do anyone any good to know the little you have told me. I am not going to make the same mistake you did, Dorothy, my darling girl. I am not going to

make promises, but I do say this: unless I believe that some real good will come by telling I shall never mention to anyone anything you have said this night. I should not like to see your name in the newspapers any more than I should like that kind of publicity for myself. I believe you when you say that you have done no wrong, and I won't ask you any more questions."

Next morning as they lay awake in bed Nancy said:

"I wish, Dorothy, that you could have seen the way in which Mr. Judson Chammon carried you when you fainted. You might have been a baby. He must be very strong. He is a little deaf, but I fancy Father talked louder to him than was necessary. He told Father that he was Mr. Martin Tuppin's secretary. I didn't know that Mr. Tuppin had a secretary. It must be a new arrangement or Dr. Ruther would have known about it as he frequently sees Mr. Tuppin. I suppose you know all about Mr. Tuppin, Dorothy, and how he has shut himself up ever since the Hallowe'en tragedy."

"I know that he was engaged to my Aunt Stella and that since the accident in which she was killed he has lived the life of a recluse. I never had a very full account of the accident. Father and Mother never liked to talk about it, but they said Aunt Stella was thrown out of the carriage and killed while returning from a Hallowe'en party when the horses got frightened at some fence rails that had been placed across the road."

"As your parents were at home on the night of the tragedy they probably have not such vivid recollections of the details as my father and mother, who were members of the Hallowe'en party. Mother and Father told me all about it. Just as a Hallowe'en joke a man named Dan Warson took the rails from one of those old-fashioned snake fences, which were not so entirely out of date at that time as they are to-day, and built a fence across the road. It was a dark night and when the party were returning, the horses, running almost into this fence, turned sharply in fright, upsetting the waggon and throwing the whole party into the road. Your Aunt Stella was the only one hurt. She was thrown into a corner of the fence and her head struck against one of the rails, killing her instantly. Mother and Father seemed to live the whole tragedy over again in describing it to me. They were greatly affected. Father says that you look wonderfully like your Aunt Stella did, and as they told me the story I could almost see you lying in an angle of that strange fence in the middle of the road with your head against

one of the rails. I have dreamed about it several times and have always had the same vivid picture of you. They say you were born that very night soon after the accident happened. Has Mr. Martin Tuppin ever seen you?"

"I have never met him. Mother and Father have said that I look very much like my Aunt Stella. I hope my life will not end as tragically."

"Don't think of such a thing, Dorothy. There is not the slightest reason why it should. I should not have told you if I had known you would take it that way."

"Oh, don't think that I am worrying about that. I am not alarmed. My remark meant nothing."

"Mother told me that Mr. Martin Tuppin inherited a fortune from his grandfather in England, and at the time of your Aunt Stella's death was building a large house. It was a sort of addition to the old house, but much bigger and more perfectly designed from an architect's point of view. The building was almost completed, but one part of it had not been shingled. After your Aunt Stella's death he stopped all work on the new building, but carried the shingles into the house and piled them up in one of the rooms. In his father's time the place was called Elspeth Lodge and I think it is still so called. Mr. Martin Tuppin's mother's name was Elspeth. Mother says that when your Aunt Stella was quite a little child and Martin Tuppin a boy at school studying Latin, he called her Star. The name stuck to her and they often called her Star."

At breakfast Dorothy seemed pale and weak. She put her hand to the back of her head several times.

"Does the back of your head ache, Dorothy?" said Nancy.

"A little," said Dorothy.

Soon after breakfast Mr. Overland said he was going to look at a horse which he thought of buying and that if Dorothy cared to go with him he would leave her at the Welcome farm on the way. Dorothy accepted the invitation. Before starting on the drive Mr. Overland telephoned to Dorothy's mother, giving her an account of the happenings of the night before as he understood them. He had accepted Ellerton's version as correct. Dr. Ruther also telephoned to Mrs. Welcome saying that the excitement had been rather too much for Dorothy and it would be just as well to divert her mind from the incidents of the night before. Thus when Mrs. Welcome received that morning a letter from her sister in New York City proposing that Dorothy

go to New York immediately to visit her, she thought it wise to accept.

Immediately after Dorothy's departure Dr. Ruther telephoned to Nancy asking her if she could come over for a few hours every day to assist in nursing Tom Markman. Knowing that Dr. Ruther considered her an exceptionally good nurse she readily consented.

The strange happenings that so distressed the mind of Dorothy Welcome were the beginning of a train of events in which Nancy Overland had a part, but Dorothy Welcome, Judson Chammon, Martin Tuppin, Thomas Markman and Albert Ellerton were the chief actors.

CHAPTER VII

DOROTHY WELCOME'S DREAM

The dream which awakened Dorothy Welcome the night she slept with Nancy Overland was the most realistic she ever had. She seemed to be in a large, densely crowded court house listening to a lawyer's speech in the trial of a man charged with train wrecking. She looked around for the prisoner and her eyes met those of Judson Chammon. She knew that he was not being tried for shooting Tom Markman, nor for trying to wreck the train which Tom Markman saved, but for another crime. She heard the lawyer say: "We cannot bring any witness who saw him wreck this train, but a witness will tell you how he tried to wreck another train and shot the brave man who saved it."

Dorothy knew that she was the witness referred to and felt no surprise when she was called upon to testify, but she remembered her promise to Tom Markman and said: "I promised not to tell."

Then she saw Tom Markman coming toward her across the court room. He limped as he walked and when he came near to her said:

"I release you from your promise. The time has come to tell."

She arose and told her story. When she had finished speaking the lawyer for the defence said:

"It is a very easy thing to make a mistake about a face. Are you sure the prisoner is the man you saw that night?"

She replied: "If I should live forever I could not forget that face."

At this moment a woman arose in the audience and cried, "It is not true, you wicked girl; it is not true."

Dorothy, looking at her, knew she was his mother, for her eyes were like his. The woman hurried across the court room to her son. The prisoner put his arm around her, saying, "Never mind, Mother, if you still trust me what does it matter about anyone else?" but he looked at Dorothy reproachfully, and Dorothy knew in her dream that the prisoner was not guilty. She tried to cry out that he was innocent, but her tongue seemed tied and she felt that he would be condemned to death as the result of her testimony. At last with a great effort she cried, "I do not believe he did it," and awoke in the act of saying it.

It was nothing but a dream. It was not even a shadow of the future, but it did affect Dorothy Welcome's attitude of mind toward Judson Chammon, and that entitles it to a chapter in this narrative.

In dreaming ideas are sometimes associated with wonderful logic and at other times ludicrously mixed. Some students of the phenomena of dreams hold that the deeper the sleep the more consistent, logical and realistic the dreams are likely to be, but although in all ages and in every stage of savagery and civilization men, women and children have dreamed almost every night, we know very little about the laws that govern dreams.

CHAPTER VIII

TOM MARKMAN PUTS THE BLAME ON AN OBSESSING DEVIL

Judson Chammon assisted Dr. Ruther in the operation to extract the bullet from Tom Markman's leg, and he was late in reaching home that night, but he was back again next morning before Dr. Ruther had finished breakfast to ask about the condition of the wounded man.

"Doing finely," said Dr. Ruther.

"He will not be lame?"

"I don't think there is any danger."

"Could I assist in nursing him?"

"Have you had any experience in nursing?"

"No, but I could lift him easily. I would gladly come every evening and stay all night. I could lift him to arrange his bed

at night and in the morning. During the night I could sleep on a lounge and be ready to answer any call as I awaken easily. Unfortunately I am a little deaf, but I could attach to my arm a cord which he could pull when he needed anything. When you think he is well enough to sit in an easy chair instead of lying in bed, I can lift him from bed to chair."

"You do not seem to have any difficulty in hearing me, and I am not speaking loudly. You hear what I say now?"

"Distinctly. It is not loudness, but clearness of tone that my hearing requires."

"I understand that you are Mr. Tuppin's private secretary. Have you spoken to him about it?"

"I have not done so yet, but shall speak to him this morning. I feel certain that he will consent as he is very kind."

"If you can conveniently come you may be very helpful. Come this evening if you can arrange it."

"I think you can depend upon my being here. Will you give this letter to Mr. Markman?"

Dr. Ruther took the letter and after breakfast handed it to Tom Markman. After Dr. Ruther had left the room Tom Markman opened the letter and read:

"Elsbeth Lodge,
"Mountain Brow,"
"July 14, 1913.

"Dear Mr. Markman,

"I did not have an opportunity to tell you last evening that it was I who shot you by a dreadful mistake. I thought you were placing a rock on the track to wreck the train. I realized afterward that you were taking it off to save the train. Let me tell you that the way you stuck to it and got the stone off the track in spite of your wounded leg was splendid. It was a deed worthy to be described by Homer.

"I do not need to tell you how deeply I regret my rashness and how anxious I shall be until you have fully recovered. If I can do anything for you in any way I am at your service. I intend to ask Dr. Ruther to allow me to nurse you.

"I would like you to show this letter to Dr. Ruther. I did not tell him last night because I thought his whole mind should be concentrated on the operation to remove the bullet from your leg.

"Your admirer,
"Judson Chammon."

Tom Markman put the letter under his pillow. When Dr. Ruthers mother came into the room a little later and asked if she could do anything for him, he said:

"Will you put this letter in the pocket of my coat?"

His clothes had been hung in the closet of Dr. Ruthers bedroom, which had been given up to him. Mrs. Ruthers put the letter in his coat pocket, and it remained there until he recovered.

"If this man Judson Chammon tells his story to Dr. Ruthers," said Tom Markman to himself, "I shall have to explain, but less explanation will be necessary than if I tell him myself. It will simply appear that I saved the train from being wrecked and it will do no one any harm if he does think so, but I shall not show him that letter or tell him anything about it myself."

While Tom Markman felt that he was sailing under false colours, yet it did not seem to him that he was to blame. The more he thought about it the more he felt that the man who had tried to wreck the train was someone else, while the man who had heroically saved it was himself.

"Some devil must have got possession of me for a moment," he said. "Why should I say anything to make people believe that I am that devil?"

Judson Chammon told Martin Tuppin everything he knew about the scene on the railway and asked permission to act as night nurse, saying he did not think it would interfere greatly with his sleep and would not prevent him from attending to his regular duties in the daytime. Mr. Tuppin readily consented.

CHAPTER IX

A PICTURE FOR THE RECORDING ANGEL

There was little for Nancy Overland to do as Tom Markmans day nurse. The bullet wound was not serious, and the broken bone knitted nicely, but Mrs. Ruthers had no maid, and it was a relief to her to feel that with Nancy in the house she had no responsibility in connection with the patient whom her son had brought to the house. Nancy often spent more time helping Mrs. Ruthers with the housework than she did in attendance on the patient. However, she usually read to Tom Markman or talked to him for a little while every day. He liked to

listen to her and even after he was able to sit up in an easy chair, and just as capable of reading as she was, the daily reading continued.

"It must be exceedingly monotonous for him, poor fellow," said Nancy to Mrs. Ruth, "and if I can lessen the weariness of it a little by reading to him and talking about what we read I am glad of the opportunity to do that little for him."

Nancy had not forgotten Dorothy Welcome's remark to the effect that Tom Markman had done a splendidly heroic thing, and she often wondered whether as a result of the growing friendship between them he would tell her anything that would throw light on Dorothy Welcome's secret. She did not intend to ask any questions, but she was not free from curiosity and could not help wishing that he would clear away the mystery. One afternoon Judson Chammon called just as she was leaving to say that he would be late in coming that night. They walked away together.

"It is exceedingly kind of you to come every night, Mr. Chammon," said Nancy. "It is a different thing for me to come because I have known Mrs. Ruth and Dr. Ruth ever since I was a child. They are my dearest friends, and it is the most natural thing in the world for me to come to help Mrs. Ruth. You see I come on her account; but you are a stranger to them as well as to him, and you do so much for him at night and in the morning that there is really no nursing for me to do when I come."

"I should be strangely inhuman if I were not willing to take a little trouble for him when I am the cause of all his suffering."

"You, the cause, Mr. Chammon?"

"Yes. You evidently do not know that I shot him. Shall I tell you about it? We have come to the parting of our ways, but if you care to hear the story of my rash act and its dreadful consequences I shall turn and walk with you."

"Please do, Mr. Chammon."

Judson Chammon told her all he knew. He was enthusiastic in his description of the heroic way in which Tom Markman persisted in his task of removing the rock from the track although his leg was wounded and the oncoming train was only a few yards from him. "It was one of those great deeds that must be registered somewhere in the universe," he said in conclusion. "I have often thought that the Recording Angel is perhaps a photographer taking moving pictures of our every act,

and what a picture that would make! The lonely railway track running close to the cliff, the growing darkness lighted by a big bonfire, Tom Markman in the centre of the track with a huge rock in his arms, the great locomotive with its headlight throwing a light along the track even in front of that heroic figure, and the long train of passenger cars filled with men, women and children who knew nothing of the awful death from which they were being saved. And then the aftermath. The ground on which the hero has thrown himself cracks before my eyes as the train flies by, and goes down with a thundering roar, carrying him with it. What a picture that would make for the Recording Angel. It is a picture that will always stand out clearly in my memory in all its realism, Miss Overland."

"My friend Miss Dorothy Welcome, who is now in New York, said that he had done a splendidly heroic thing, but she told me nothing more and I know nothing of what happened before we arrived at the scene of the accident excepting what you have told me."

"Miss Welcome saw it all. She saw me shoot him and she thinks that I was the train wrecker. I knew that she thought so from the expression on her face."

"I am sure you were not. I shall tell her you were not. I understand much now that I did not understand before. Who do you suppose the train wrecker was?"

"I have not the slightest idea. I have often wondered."

"Mr. Chammon, I suppose you were speaking figuratively when you talked about a picture for the Recording Angel, but it impressed me not a little, and I think there should be permanent pictures of such glorious deeds."

"I was not speaking figuratively except as regards the use of the term 'Recording Angel.' I really believe that Nature does take pictures of everything that happens. Do you suppose that the photographer's film or the phonographic record are the only things in Nature that receive impressions of sights and sounds. Long before man discovered how to take these impressions and reproduce them Nature was taking them and preserving them. Perhaps the trees and the rocks are receiving indelible impressions of what goes on around them. I sometimes think that the finer ether that surrounds our world, extending between us and the other planets and perhaps permeating our gross matter, takes pictures and carries them somewhere as it carries light and sound. It is quite possible that God has inspired certain spirits or angels to make their

life work the selecting from Nature's records pictures of great dramatic events that may serve as lessons for those who are struggling upward in spiritual spheres after ending their earthly experience."

"Mr. Chammon, I am greatly interested in what you say, but here we are at my gate. Will you come in?"

"Thank you, but I must hurry home. I must not allow my interest in Tom Markman to interfere with the work I am doing for Mr. Tuppin."

CHAPTER X

THE PICTURE THAT CAME FIRST TO THE CAR BUILDER

When Nancy was seated beside Tom Markman the next day she said to him: "Mr. Judson Chammon has described your glorious deed in such a vivid way that I can almost see the whole scene before my eyes. I think the story should be published in *The Downmount Gleaner*, and telegraphed to newspapers all over the continent, so that every passenger on that train which you saved from destruction shall know of it. The railway company should also be informed."

"I don't wish to have one word published about it. Promise me not to speak of it to anyone, Miss Overland."

"What nonsense! I shall make no such promises."

"I would have no peace of mind if anything were published about it. It would make me most unhappy."

"Of course, I don't wish to destroy your peace of mind and make you unhappy, but I can't see any sense in such modesty."

"I deserve no credit for what I did, but I would have been very much to blame if I had not tried to save the train."

"Belittle your deed as much as you please, but you can't lessen my admiration for the courage of it. I wonder who the train wrecker was. He must have been a fiend. The last time I went to Montreal I sat in the same seat with a man who told me that he was a workman in the Angus shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal. He had the upper berth while I had the lower, and in the morning between St. Anne's and Montreal we got into conversation. He must have been a superior workman, judging from his appearance and from the way he talked. He had a newspaper in which there was an account of an attempt to wreck a train and I can repeat almost the very words he used in speaking of it. He said to me:

"It is a curious fact that when I hear of a train being wrecked or an attempt to wreck a train the very first thing I think of is the wreckage of the train itself and not of the passengers on it. Even if no lives were lost in a train wreck it would be a devilish deed to destroy that wonderful machine we call a locomotive and the beautiful cars that follow it. Think of all the ingenuity of mind and skill of hand that were required to construct that locomotive and those cars; yet a fiend tears up the rails and the result of weeks of thought and work and many thousands of dollars of capital is destroyed in a moment. Think of the twisted steel, the blazing woodwork!"

"How strange," said I, "that you do not think of the people on the train—the passengers, men women and children and the train employés."

"I do think of them in a sort of way from the first," he said, "but the first picture I see in my mind's eye is the wrecked locomotive and the cars. There is not at first a vivid picture of the passengers or their suffering, but that comes quickly afterward."

"That is what he said almost word for word, and I thought it very queer that he did not think first of the people on the train instead of about the locomotive and the cars."

"I think I understand what he meant," said Tom Markman.

"Going back to your own heroic deed," said Nancy, "I suppose you have the right to decide whether it shall be made public or not. I don't intend to bind myself down with promises, but for the present I shall respect your wishes. We will wait until you are better."

CHAPTER XI

TOM MARKMAN HEARS THE STORY OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

During the whole period that Tom Markman was confined to Dr. Ruther's house Dorothy Welcome was absent from Downmount. He had not seen her since the evening they spent together after he saved the train which he had tried to wreck. Probably if Dorothy had spent an hour or two every day for several weeks helping to nurse him as Nancy Overland did he would have fallen deeply in love with her; the entry of the two girls into his life at almost the same time prevented him

from concentrating his affections on either. Their faces were quite different. Dorothy had a bright, attractive, pretty face, but it would not have been regarded as exceptional in any gathering of Canadian girls in one of the best districts of Ontario. Nancy's face would have attracted attention anywhere as unusual as regards beauty of features, purity of complexion and sweetness of expression. The two faces were always associated in his memory. The picture of Dorothy that remained most permanently with him was the one impressed on his mind as he looked at her through the field glass as she kissed her mother and baby brother good-bye. Of Nancy's face he had many pictures in mind. She read to him almost every afternoon during the period of convalescence. Sometimes she brought books with her. Sometimes she took them from Dr. Ruther's library. In either case they were very different books from the ones he had been accustomed to read.

In the course of a number of conversations he had told her much of his past life in the Barnardo home and in Dr. Eglington's office—even the story of the unjust suspicion of dishonesty that caused him to leave Dr. Eglington and the quarrel afterward with the railway contractor, but he gave his own colouring to the quarrels, not intentionally falsifying, yet not depicting his passionate invective. Nancy thought that she knew his whole life story and that she thoroughly understood him. She greatly admired his courage. She felt deeply sorry for his misfortunes, but she did not have any feeling that his tastes, inclinations or ideals were similar to her own, and there did not arise in her heart and mind the question Dorothy had asked herself, "Is this my hero?"

One afternoon Nancy called, bringing with her a copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's book, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," she read the whole story aloud to him. He listened with interest akin to horror, but made no comment. The next afternoon Nancy brought with her "Treasure Island," by the same author, but she never read it to him. On her arrival Mrs. Ruther said:

"Nancy, as you are going to read to Mr. Markman you won't mind my going out for an hour to do some shopping?"

"Certainly not," said Nancy.

Left alone with Markman, Nancy was about to begin reading when he hastily said:

"While no one else is here I want to say something to you. Who do you suppose tried to wreck the train that I saved?"

"I cannot guess. Do you know?"

"I do know."

"How strange! Do you think it right to shield the criminal?"

"Was it right for Dr. Jekyll to shield Mr. Hyde?"

Nancy looked at him with horror she could not conceal.

"What do you mean?" she said. "You cannot mean that you put the stones on the railway and then took them off."

"My hands put the stones on the railway. I cannot feel that I really tried to wreck the train myself. I have felt that some devil had possession of my body for a while and when I took possession again I undid the work."

"Tell me all about it," said Nancy.

He told her everything and when he concluded Nancy said:

"You told me that while running down hill in hope of saving Miss Dorothy Welcome you pictured in imagination the train wreck and the dying passengers. Did you not see all that while you were piling up the stones on the track in that fiendish way?"

"I don't think I did see it. In a dull kind of way I knew that people would be killed, but just as the car builder you told me about saw only pictures of the destroyed cars and locomotives at the first thought of a railway wreck, so I think I saw only the destruction of the cars and locomotive that belonged to the inhuman capitalists who grind down their workmen and enslave them."

"You were blinded by passion," said Nancy. "I don't think I ever fully realized before the meaning of the term 'blinded by passion.' I see now what it does mean. Passion prevents one from visualizing more than the one thing that has aroused the feeling. I suppose that nearly all crime is the result of a failure to visualize the consequences of wrongdoing. The other day when Mr. Judson Chammon was here and I was in the sitting-room with Mrs. Ruther I heard you talking to him about the injustice of capitalists. I could not help hearing you because you talked so loudly and so passionately. You would not listen to anything he said on the other side of the question. You seemed obsessed with the idea that capitalism was responsible for all the woes of mankind and were blinded by your passion so that you could not see any other aspect of the question. I did not think much of it at that time. Of course, I did not agree with what you said, but I was full of the idea that you were a hero, and I was amused at the

vehemence with which you assailed the capitalists, but I see it in a somewhat different light now. Passion always blinds one, whether in argument or in action. It destroys that power of visualization which enables us to see things clearly."

"You were so sympathetic with me before I told you and you are quite against me now," said Markman. "Yet I don't even now feel that it was I who tried to wreck the train. That part seems like a dim dream to me, while the other part stands out clearly in my memory. I have felt all along that it was an obsessing devil that did it. The face of Miss Dorothy Welcome, when I saw it through the field glass, drove that devil out; but when you read me the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde I could not help thinking that perhaps that devil might be in me still, sleeping now, but ready to awake and take control at any moment when I am away where I can't see your face. If I had had a sister—a sister with such a face as yours, that devil never would have possessed me."

Nancy's mind recalled the drive with Dr. Ruther the Saturday afternoon after she sold her hair to the peddler. She remembered that he had said that a girl with such a face had a mission to lead men toward Heaven.

"Mr. Markman," she said, "from this time to the end of your life I am your sister Nancy. You must call me Sister Nancy, and I shall call you Tom. But Tom, dear brother, you must never allow that devil within you—that Mr. Hyde—to disgrace your sister Nancy. Promise me that, Tom!"

"I do promise. Wherever I go I shall remember your angel face and with that face in my memory no evil can come into my mind. Do you think I must tell everyone?"

"I don't think it is necessary to do so. I don't see that it would do any good. I think you are in honour bound to tell Miss Dorothy Welcome. I think, too, that her face coming up in your memory, as you say it does, will be more helpful to you if she knows the truth. She is in New York now. Do you wish me to tell her when she comes home?"

"Please tell her, Sister Nancy."

"In telling her I shall not dim the picture of your heroism, for that was as noble as the other act was devilish, but I shall try to give a true picture of a man with a great deal of good in him overcome for a time by the terrible evil in him, yet in the end triumphing over the evil with the help of her face. I don't believe that she will think of you very harshly. I think also that you should tell Mr. Judson Chammon. I do not

know him very well, but he has a good face. Somehow it seems to me that it would hardly be honourable not to tell him. Every honourable thing you do *with all your heart* will make an impression for good on Mr. Hyde. I am sure Mr. Chammon will tell no one when I ask him not to do so. And Tom, my brother, there is one other person whom it might be well for you to tell. That is Dr. Ruther. I remember saying to him once when I was a little child that if I committed a great sin I would rather tell him than anyone else. He will be very fair, Tom, and very helpful."

"I wish that you would tell Mr. Judson Chammon and Dr. Ruther. I could not talk to them or anyone else as I have talked to you. There is something about your face and I think still more in your voice that makes me want to tell you everything."

"I am glad, Tom, that you agree with me that those three ought to know. Do not tell anyone else. I shall tell Miss Dorothy Welcome and Mr. Judson Chammon, but I would like you to tell Dr. Ruther yourself, because I think it will bring you into much more intimate touch with him than if I told him."

"I shall tell him as you wish it, although I shrink from talking about it to anyone but you."

"I thank you, Tom. I thank you very much for promising to do that to please me. There is one other thing I must say and it is most important. It may seem dreadful to you for me to say it, but I fear the thing which you loathe—that Mr. Hyde—is not an outside devil, but a part of yourself. You must not say: 'I am not to blame. It was that devil—that Mr. Hyde.' You must feel that it is evil in your own nature that you must suppress. Dr. Ruther once told me that I had a mission on earth—a mission to try to lead men away from evil,—to make them think of Heaven. Tom, my dear brother, you have a mission on earth as truly as I have—a mission to lead men away from wrong and toward the truth. Do not allow the evil of your nature to wreck your mission. Convert Mr. Hyde. Send good thoughts into him. There lived a long time ago a monk named Augustine who said that of our vices we may frame a ladder if we will but tread beneath our feet each deed of shame."

"You don't think it possible that it was a devil, an evil spirit, that obsessed me? Men were obsessed by evil spirits in

the time of Jesus. He drove them out. I have read it in the new Testament and I have heard ministers preach it."

"If it was an evil spirit he came into you on a wind of passion, which you might have controlled and suppressed. Did you ever try to control your passion? That was what Solomon meant when he said, 'He who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.' But, Tom, my brother, let us think now of the future and not of the past. You are making a new start to-day, and the future lies bright before you."

"I don't know about the future. I have been most unlucky all my life, and I expect I shall be unlucky in the future."

"I am not sure that you have been unlucky all your life. It is true that it was hard to have no remembrance of your mother and father, but I know from what you told me that the people in the Barnardo home were most kind to you. Dr. Eglington was kind, too, until he suspected you of dishonesty. That unjust suspicion certainly seemed unlucky, but we do not yet know what the final result will be. He may yet discover that you were not the thief, and in the meantime you may have valuable experiences that you never would have had if you had remained with Dr. Eglington. For one thing you have learned that you have in your nature evil passions that you must overcome. You have learned that lesson, and it may save you from some terrible deed in the future. Was it bad luck or your own evil passion that so blinded your reason that you could not see the terrible consequences of wrecking the train? Was it bad luck or good luck that someone should happen to leave a field glass where you would pick it up just at the right moment for you to see Miss Dorothy Welcome's face? I think that was good luck. But for that you might be standing in court at this moment listening to a judge sentencing you to be hanged, instead of listening to my preaching. Was it bad luck to be brought to this house, where you experience every day the kindness of Mrs. Ruth and Dr. Ruth? Was it bad luck that brought me to visit you every day to read to you, to talk to you and to be your friend—your sister—for the sake of the great good I see in your nature without being blind to the terrible evil? Why, I think you are quite a lucky fellow, brother Tom," and Nancy smiled at him in a very friendly way.

"I suppose I am. It is a new way of looking at myself."

"You need a new way of looking at yourself! But I hear Mrs. Ruth coming, and I shall have to say good-day as soon

as she comes in. I shall pray for you every night, brother Tom."

In calling him brother Tom and telling him to call her sister Nancy, she desired, while giving him sympathetic, helpful encouragement, to discourage any tendency on his part to think of himself as her lover.

A few days afterwards Markman received from Judson Chammon a letter which read as follows: "Miss Nancy Overland has told me all. How thankful you must be that you were given an opportunity to undo the evil work, making it as if it never had been. You can take a fresh start with a clean soul. I respect you for your courage in telling the truth as much as I admired you for saving the train. I shall never repeat to anyone what Miss Overland has told me, but she has asked me to describe to Dr. Ruther as I described to her how you saved the train. If you have anything to say to him about it let me suggest that you wait until I have told him what I saw. I am sending a copy of this letter to Miss Overland."

When Markman told his story to Dr. Ruther he had a sympathetic auditor. After asking him a number of questions Dr. Ruther said:

"If in any time of trouble or difficulty you think I can help you, come to me, or write to me with the feeling that I am a sympathetic friend, and remember that you are not the only one who has evil in himself to overcome. We are all mixtures. We are all dual in character. We all have to fight the evil in our natures."

When Markman had fully recovered he secured employment in the packing department of the Downmount Knitting Mills on the recommendation of Dr. Ruther with the understanding that if he would study book-keeping in an evening class at T. Kane Dore's Business College he would be taken into the office later on. He had secured board and lodging at the house of a charwoman, Mrs. Parton.

Working in the mills by day and studying at night he saw nothing of Nancy Overland. His life seemed to him monotonous; but this uneventful period was followed by dramatic happenings with exciting consequences that are fully recorded in Part IX of this chronicle.

PART FOUR

NANCY IN DOUBT

CHAPTER I

NANCY IN THE MIRROR

Jack Ruther had planned to spend his summer holidays with friends who had a summer cottage in Muskoka, but after his long walk with Nancy in the moonlight he decided to accept the invitation of his grandmother and uncle to spend them in Downmount, and wrote to his friends in Muskoka excusing himself. Although Jack and Nancy said nothing to each other about it they both noticed that Dr. Ruther and her parents seemed to be conspiring to make opportunities for them to have walks and drives together during Jack's visit, which began the day after Tom Markman went to live with the Partons. Their conversations were not always as serious as the one in which Nancy analyzed her personality. Jack Ruther soon decided there were two Nancies, one a very companionable girl who reminded him more of her own father than of his uncle, and it was this Nancy with whom he felt most at home. Yet whichever Nancy was uppermost there was always the same spirit of kindly thoughtfulness for others. She seemed always to see the good in everyone. The Downmount district was not more free from unkindly gossip than other small communities and Jack noticed that Nancy had a peculiar faculty of turning the conversation away from all unpleasant references to those who were not at hand to defend themselves. When a remark was made that seemed likely to hurt the feelings of anyone present she was equally ready with some remark that seemed to turn unkindness into kindness.

Jack's holidays ended on Friday, but as the Downmount Presbyterian Sunday School were to have their annual picnic at Burlington Beach on Saturday afternoon he decided to extend them one day and accept an invitation to attend the picnic as Nancy was going. Burlington Beach had been chosen because with Lake Ontario on one side and Hamilton Bay on

the other there was sure to be calm water for bathing and boating whichever way the wind blew.

As a little child Nancy had got into the habit of holding conversations with her reflection in a mirror, pretending that the reflection was Nancy and that she was an imaginary older sister to whom she gave the name of "Matilda." When Nancy was recovering from her illness after Dr. Ruther "mended her back" her father attended an auction sale of furniture at the Downmount mansion of Mr. Walter Wurtelle, the wealthy railway contractor. The Wurtelle family were moving to California. Remembering the conversations between the imaginary "Matilda" and Nancy in the mirror, Mr. Overland made a small bid on a very large mirror. There was a tacit understanding among the Downmount people that there was no good reason why they should bid against each other to give the wealthy Wurtelles high prices for their old furniture. Mr. Overland remarked to someone standing next to him that if the mirror did not go too high he might buy it for his little Nancy. The mirror did not go at a high price as no one bid against Lawrence Overland, and so Nancy came into possession of a mirror that when placed in her bedroom reached from floor to ceiling.

As Nancy passed from childhood to womanhood her family almost forgot the way she used to pretend that "Matilda" was talking to Nancy in the mirror, but there were occasions when the woman indulged in the fancy of the child.

The night before the picnic she stood in her nightgown before the mirror, her long hair falling about her.

"Nancy," said Matilda to the girl in the mirror, "if Jack should propose to you to-morrow at the picnic what will you say?"

"I don't know," said Nancy in the mirror. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. However, I feel sure that whatever I say Jack's heart will not be broken into such small fragments that it can't be mended."

"Nancy," said Matilda severely, "you must not flirt with him. It is wicked for a woman to hurt a man's heart. If you really do not mean to marry him, you must be very careful."

"Matilda, you are right, but I have been careful. There is no reason why I should not be good friends with Dr. Ruther's nephew, whether I decide to marry him or not. It is not my fault that Jack and I have been together so much. Father and mother and Dr. Ruther have conspired to bring it about. But, after all, I suppose I must marry some one, and Jack Ruther is

really very nice. We get along together splendidly. Do you suppose that Dr. Ruther really wishes it, Matilda?"

"Nancy, you little goose, you simply imagined that Dr. Ruther wanted you for himself. You thought he was longing to possess you. You must see plainly now that he does not, but even if he did you must not forget that he is thirty-seven years old, while Jack is exactly the right age for you."

"Matilda, you think that Jackson was simply preparing a wife for Jack. Do you suppose that he had Jack in mind all the time?"

"Nancy, if he could have put you in an envelope as easily as a cheque he would have sent you to Jack long ago."

"Matilda, that is an unkind thought. I really think he cared a little for me on his own account."

"Perhaps he did, but he sees what is best for you, Nancy. He is a very sensible, practical man."

"Well, Matilda, I shall sleep over it, and before I sleep I shall pray to be guided to do what is right and best for Jackson and Jack and my poor little self. After all, Jack may not propose to-morrow, and I hope he will not. When I arranged to go to the picnic I thought Jack's holiday was ended."

CHAPTER II

JACK AND NANCY AT THE PICNIC

Their boat was far out in Hamilton Bay, almost out of sight of the picnic party on Burlington Beach. Nancy held with one hand the rope that guided the rudder and dragged the other in the calm water of the bay. Jack dipped his oars in the water slowly.

"Don't go too far," said Nancy, "or we shall feel lonely."

"I would not care if we were completely alone—if there were no one else in the world but we two," said Jack.

"Don't you think it would soon get monotonous?"

"Monotonous with you, Nancy? Never! I wish we could go on in this way forever."

Nancy looked at her watch.

"In one hour and three minutes, Jack, we shall be back in the automobile ready to start for Downmount. An hour and three minutes will be pleasant enough, but *forever*! I think we should get tired of it."

"Nancy, I am not joking. I want you to go in the same boat with me to the end of life. To make myself perfectly plain, I ask you to marry me."

"Jack, I am not sure enough of myself, and I am not sure enough of you, to accept to-day. I do not know what I should do. I like you very much. I have had a pleasant time with you for two weeks. I suppose we might get along very happily together. I don't think we should quarrel. I don't think you are of a quarrelsome disposition, and I know I am not. Yet, Jack, there is something lacking. I don't think I have fallen in love with you."

"There is no necessity to have a fall. We can walk quietly into married life without breaking any bones by falling. That is the best way."

Nancy laughed.

"That is very nicely put, Jack, but it does not entirely remove my doubts."

As Nancy spoke there came to her mind an old couplet:

"A song of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, but never ending."

She did not repeat the couplet nor her thought to Jack.

"Jack," she said, "if I loved you I ought to feel very happy when you proposed, but I am not happy. I have been happy enough for two weeks, but I am not happy now. I wish it could have gone on the other way, just good friends, you know. I liked you so much that way."

"The reason why you are unhappy is just because you have not yet accepted me. It is the uncertainty that makes you unhappy."

"Jack, you will not mind my asking you if you have the same feeling for me that you had for Millie Mornington?"

Nancy's face was very serious.

"No. I can't say that I have. I am older and have more sense. That was nothing but emotion. I am not emotional now. About the same time I fell in love with Millie. I went to a revival meeting of Free Methodists."

"Free Methodists!" said Nancy. "We have no Free Methodists in or near Downmount. Did they come from the State of Michigan for a camp meeting?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Father took me to see them," said Nancy. "It was back on the mountain. They built huge mounds of earth and made bonfires on top of the mounds. There were great crowds. All the

people for miles around drove to their camp in Sanderson's Wood. The light from the bonfires shone weirdly on the faces of the crowds. There was a great deal of shouting and praying. I can almost see now the face of a boy about eighteen years old who sat just in front of Father and me. He kept shouting in nasal tones, 'Yes, Lord! Lord hears prayers!' Some of the people fell on the ground declaring themselves saved."

"Did you like that emotional religion, Nancy?"

"No, Jack, I did not like it then as a child, and I do not like it now."

"Well, as I look back on my love affair with Millie, I feel that it was of that emotional character. I was carried away by it. I almost went crazy when I learned that she was married to someone else, but you need not feel the least bit jealous of Millie now. That is all over. Besides, she is married."

"Her husband is dead, poor girl!" said Nancy.

"I know he died, but I heard that she soon married again."

"She did marry again, but her second husband is dead."

Jack gave a long, mournful whistle. There came up before his mind's eyes a vision of Millie leading a third husband to the altar. The lady of the vision was not the slender, pretty Millie of his boyish love, but a rather stout, matronly woman. Her face was still quite pretty but it looked more like Millie's mother than like Millie of Auld Lang Syne. The third husband was a portly, middle-aged, prosperous looking man. After this visualization, Jack said:

"What an escape I have had! Nancy, if I had been the first husband, I wonder whether, looking on from above, I should have felt jealous of the second husband. I am quite certain that I am not jealous of the third."

"There is no third, Jack. Please do not make fun of her. It hurts my heart to hear you talk so of her. She is really a nice, sweet woman, Jack, and it is not her fault that both her husbands died. I saw her the week before you came. I was so sorry for her, Jack. It was very hard to lose two husbands."

"Well, never mind, Nancy. After we are married we shall try to find a third husband for her. I think I know what he will look like. I see him in imagination."

"Jack, we must turn about at once or everyone will be gone before we reach the Beach."

"I might refuse to take you back until you agree to marry me."

"You might, but you won't. I am turning the rudder, Jack. Row hard as we turn about."

"Are we engaged, Nancy?"

"No, Jack. I want you to go away and think it over for six months. You may find some other girl whom you will like better. Do you know, Jack, one reason why I am afraid to accept you is that I don't feel I should cry my eyes out if you should fall in love with some other girl or go back to Millie again. I should not miss a single meal on account of it. I am sure, too, that you would not lose an hour's sleep if I fell in love with some one else next week and married him."

"Nancy, that is all right. I don't want a wife who would be jealous if I looked at a pretty girl on the other side of the street. Of course, if you insist upon waiting for six months, I shall have to be patient, but six months will pass. You will correspond with me, I hope."

"Certainly, Jack, on one condition. You must write just friendly letters such as you might write to me if you were in love with another girl and intended to marry her, and I shall reply, telling you all the nice gossip of Downmount."

"By nice gossip I suppose you mean that you will suppress any gossip that isn't kind."

"I am sure, Jack, that you wouldn't enjoy hearing the unkind gossip."

CHAPTER III

TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE? THAT IS THE QUESTION

"Uncle Jackson, there is one thing I like about you," said Jack, Saturday evening, after his return from the picnic. "Although you don't smoke yourself you allow me to fill your library with smoke and never reprove me for what you consider a vice."

"I have never called smoking a vice. A man who smokes may be just as good as one who doesn't smoke."

"Why don't you enjoy the pleasure of it, then, if that is your opinion? I believe in getting as much pleasure out of life as possible, provided that I don't do harm to anyone else."

"When I was about fourteen years old I talked to a number of smokers, questioning them as to the sensation it gave them. I asked them whether they felt any happier or had any greater

enjoyment than before they began to smoke. The first smoker whom I questioned replied:

"I don't enjoy myself any better than I did before I learned to smoke, but since I acquired the habit I feel very discontented, uneasy and nervous if I don't get my smoke. I would rather go without my dinner than without my pipe."

"I suppose that means you have created in your system a want which did not exist before but which you now have to satisfy," I said.

"That is about the size of it," he replied.

"I repeated this to other smokers and asked them what their experience was. Their replies confirmed me in the opinion that to acquire the habit of smoking meant to create for myself a craving which I would have to satisfy. I read in the newspapers that many doctors believed that smoking by young boys retarded their growth, and I noticed when oarsmen were in training for boat races their trainers often prohibited smoking. I reasoned that it would be foolish for me to deliberately acquire an unnecessary and somewhat expensive craving that I should have to satisfy. If you had asked for my advice about smoking before you acquired the habit I should have advised you not to smoke, but I do not consider it immoral or vicious. I think it sometimes has a tendency to make men nervous, but not always. A great deal depends upon the constitution. I am much opposed to smoking by women. A woman's nervous system is more highly strung than a man's and smoking is more apt to be injurious to her."

"I suppose you know there are doctors of good standing whose views regarding the effects of tobacco are different from yours?"

"Quite true, Jack. You have their opinion and you have mine. I don't ask anyone to accept my view. I have explained my own attitude because you questioned me about it. I don't wish to dictate to anyone else. What I should particularly like to emphasize is that I have never called smoking a vice and never argued that a man who does not smoke is morally superior to a man who does."

"I must confess that I don't like the idea of a woman smoking, but when I said this to Nancy she got quite hot and said she couldn't understand why a man who smoked himself should object to a woman smoking. She said she had never smoked herself and never intended to smoke simply because she didn't wish to smoke, but that anything that was right for a

man to do was right for a woman, and anything wrong in a woman was equally wrong in a man. I suppose my opposition to women smoking is merely a prejudice due to Canadian custom, and if I had been brought up in a country where women in general smoke I should think it quite the proper thing."

"You could not have quite the same feeling about Nancy if she smoked, could you?"

"I don't suppose she would seem quite so ideal to me, but perhaps she might be more companionable, just as a man who smokes with me is more companionable than one who does not. If I can get over my prejudice against a woman smoking I may teach Nancy to smoke."

"Those who argue that women should do everything that men do overlook the fact that women are not the same physically and mentally as men. The most wonderful thing in the world is the fact that husband and wife, acting together, may generate a child in whom the physical, mental, and spiritual qualities of both mingle. The man may be killed the day after the consummation of marriage, but the baby comes in due time as surely as if the father were there to watch for the arrival of the child. But suppose the woman is killed instead of the man. That wonderful thing has no result. The child is never born. This emphasizes the fact that men and women are different. But suppose that both husband and wife live. The woman carries the child in her system for many months before it is born. The smoking of the father during that long period cannot affect the child. Is it so certain that the child will not be affected by the mother smoking? When the baby comes the mother should nurse it. Is it certain that the milk which the baby draws from its smoking mother's breasts will be wholesome? Even if a woman never marries, her physical system, being designed for motherhood, is quite different from that of a man, and her nerves are more easily affected by smoking. That is why, while I make little objection to men smoking, although I think it is wiser not to do so, I strongly advise women not to smoke."

"Nancy lights her father's pipe and seems to think it is perfectly all right for him to smoke, but when I jokingly remarked that I was going to try to persuade you to indulge she said, 'I don't think you will succeed, and I should feel sorry if you did.'"

"'You don't seem to think it is wicked for me or for your father,' said I. 'Why do you set up two codes of morals?'"

"If you think a thing is wrong, it is wicked to do it, but if you don't think it wrong it isn't wicked," said Nancy. "If Dr. Ruther started to smoke I should feel that he was going back on his principles."

"You and Nancy have become well acquainted," said Dr. Ruther. "I am sure you will agree with me that she has a lovely character. The man who wins her will be very happy, Jack."

"I hope to be that happy man, Uncle Jackson."

"Have you asked her to marry you?"

"Yes. She did not consent, but I am hopeful for the future. She wants me to look around for six months to see if some other girl won't suit me better. She has no objection to me except that she thinks we haven't fallen in love with each other and she has a notion that this is the proper preliminary. I believe we are suited to each other and that she will gradually grow fonder and fonder of me. I am not at all discouraged by her answer."

"That is a sensible attitude. She has really only known you as a man for about two weeks, although she knew you as a boy years ago."

CHAPTER IV

THE MIND AND SOUL OF THE UNIVERSE

"Uncle Jackson, you have a very faithful disciple in Nancy," said Jack Ruther to his uncle Sunday morning as they sat under a tree on the lawn while Mrs. Ruther was at church. "I have learned more about your views on religious matters, evolution and other things from her during the past two weeks than I learned in all my life before, but I cannot say that I am a convert. Do you think it is dreadful for me to disagree with you?"

"Not in the slightest degree, Jack. I would rather see you reason for yourself than accept my opinions simply because they are my opinions. However, I don't exactly know what we disagree about."

"Well, for example, you believe in a personal God, and I don't."

"A great deal depends upon what you mean by a personal God, Jack. If you mean a person or being that anyone, man

or angel, on earth or in heaven, or any other sphere, can ever see or talk to or fully comprehend, if you mean a being outside the universe or in any way separate from the universe, I have never had such a conception of God. But, if you mean the Great Designing Mind and Soul of the Universe, including all, loving all, throbbing in every human soul, conscious of every human thought and impulse, sympathizing with all human suffering, responding to every human aspiration, sending a health-giving current into the physical veins of any soul who has faith to stretch out and make connection, taking in short a fatherly, personal interest in every man, woman and child on earth and in heaven, even noticing the falling sparrow and clothing the lilies of the field with glorious beauty, if that is what you mean by a personal God, I do have that conception; yet it would hardly be the truth to say that I have full belief in it. I have not the certainty of belief that Grandma Overland has."

"You think that everything in the universe indicates design and that there cannot be design without a designer. You reason from this that there must be a great designing mind who designed and created the universe. This supposed designer and creator of the universe you call God. Now I would like to ask you who designed and created the designer and creator of the universe?"

"I never said that everything in the universe indicates design. I have said that many things I see in the universe indicate design, a very different thing. I can see only an infinitesimal part of the universe. I never said the universe was designed or created by God. At an early age I arrived at the conclusion that God is the universe and that the spirit of God bears much the same relation to the material universe that the spirit of man bears to his material body. In a conversation with my friend, Dr. Joy Coughles, of Linklater, I found that he had the same belief. He said God has control of the universe of matter just as a man has control of his body and just as a man by the action of his will can cause the instant motion of his legs, so God said, 'Let there be light and there was light.' Some people imagine that the laws of Nature were created by God. Joy Coughles used to say that the laws of the universe were as much a part of the divine nature as love. 'God is love and God is law,' he said. He pointed out that we did not stand alone in this conception of the universe. He thought that this was what the apostle Paul meant when he said, 'In Him we live and move and have our being.'

He quoted Virgil and Pope as clearly expressing the same idea. I suppose you have read the lines of Pope:

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

“Jack, I think you will now understand my conception of God as the Mind and Soul of the Universe. While I arrived at my own belief by independent thinking I was pleased to find that other minds had arrived at the same conclusion. I believe that many thinkers have the same belief. Yet I admit that it is only a guess. Human comprehension at best is very limited. You must think your own thoughts, Jack, and arrive at your own conclusions.”

“Let us go back, Uncle, to the question of design. If you do not know that the universe was designed, how do you know that anything shows design? How can you make any distinction?”

“Long ago, Jack, I decided that the human mind could not imagine the beginning of the universe nor the end of the universe, and that it was equally impossible for the human mind to imagine that the universe had neither beginning nor end. It is useless to try to reason about things so clearly beyond human comprehension. But although the human mind has limitations, it has reasoning powers within certain limits. We cannot comprehend the beginning or the end of the universe, but it does not follow that we cannot comprehend the beginning or the end of anything. We do see the beginning and the end of many things. In the same way the human mind can see design in the universe and reason that there must be a designer although we cannot imagine the beginning of the universe or

the designing of it. Did you ever hear the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, under the leadership of Vogt, giving a great oratorio?"

"Yes. It is wonderful. I understand that competent critics from New York and London have pronounced it the best choir in the world."

"Each member of that choir contributes something toward the grand effect. If a single voice were left out it would not be exactly the same. You see the choir; you hear the wonderful music; you might suppose there was nothing in it but the united voices; but imagine how differently those voices would sound together if there were no composer and no conductor. The oratorio was in the mind of the composer, it was designed by the composer before the sound of it was ever heard. The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto might have exactly the same membership, but if they sang together each his own song, with no composer and no conductor, what horrible discord there would be. In the same way, if there were no designing mind and soul of the universe there would be horrible discord and chaos. God, the Mind and Soul of the Universe, composes the great oratorio, but if even one singer, one human soul performing his small part, were left out or failed to do his best the result would be different."

"Nancy says you believe that each flower is a thought of God, that the violet, the buttercup, the rose, are thoughts of God."

"Yes, I believe that everything that has form was a thought of God, or one of his agents, before it took form."

"What do you mean by one of the agents of God?"

"In a small way man is an agent of God. Many things we now see on earth and regard as commonplaces were not so long ago merely thoughts of men. Within the memory of men now living most of the machinery in the factories of the world was invented. Each machine or part of a machine was first a thought in the mind of its inventor. There is now a sewing machine in almost every house. It is not so very long since the sewing machine was only a thought in the mind of its inventor. Even the ordinary needle was once only a human thought. The very match with which you light your pipe, and the pipe itself, are but material expressions of human thoughts. I have heard my grandmother say that she well remembers when they had no matches. They used to strike fire with a tinder box, which was itself a materialization of human thought. The commonest articles of household use and all the conveniences of life that distinguish

modern civilization from savagery were once only thoughts in the minds of men. Consider how many contrivances in common use have been invented within the period covered by your own memory. They were thoughts in the minds of the inventors before they were materialized. How beautiful some of the world's great cathedrals and even many small churches are! Before they took shape in stone they were thoughts in the minds of men. Now, I can conceive that God may have other agents with designing minds far superior to the mind of man, and with greater powers of materialization. I don't hold any fixed belief about this. I only think of it as possible. But while there may be many agents of God whose thoughts take form in the universe, I believe they all work in accord with a grand plan of the Divine Mind and receive their inspirations from the Soul of the Universe. And after all, the thought that designed the rose or the violet was greater than that which designed the most complicated machinery in any factory of the world. And even the glory of the rose or the violet is surpassed in the face of a beautiful woman. Think of the face of Nancy!"

CHAPTER V

LOVE IN A LOG CABIN

"May I walk home with you," said Dr. Ruther to Nancy as she said good-bye to Mrs. Ruther after spending an hour with her the day after Jack left for Toronto.

"I shall love to walk with you, Dr. Ruther. I have hardly had a word with you since Jack came," said Nancy.

"You and Jack have been much together during the last two weeks and he tells me he has asked you to marry him. He should be one of the happiest men in the world if he wins you and I don't think you will ever regret it if you accept him. Jack is good hearted, has no vices, is likely to succeed in his profession and I believe he is healthy in mind and body. I have always thought that the ideal marriage is one between a man and woman who knew each other in childhood. It is well for the man to be a few years older than the woman, but not too old to remember her as a school girl with her hair flowing free. I am glad that Jack came here to attend school when you were a child and saw you at that time so that he can still have visions of you with your hair flying."

"Dr. Ruther, because you have visions of me with my hair flying in the wind you imagine that Jack has. This is a delusion. Jack hardly remembers what I looked like in the days when he attended the High School in Downmount. At that time any part of his brain not occupied by his High School studies was filled with thoughts of Millie Mornington."

"Nancy, you must not take that boyish fancy for Millie too seriously. Nearly every man has had some such experience."

"It hardly seems consistent for you to make light of boyish love affairs after telling me that your ideal of marriage is a union between a couple who knew each other as children."

"Nancy, I confess myself beaten in argument. I won't try to argue with you. But tell me now, don't you find Jack an extremely likeable fellow?"

"He is that undoubtedly," said Nancy. "Jack is really awfully nice and I like him very much, but I don't think I am in love with him. Perhaps after all it is not necessary to be. However, it will do no harm to wait a few years before deciding whether to marry anyone or not. I may prefer to be an old maid."

"It is a mistake, Nancy, to put off marriage too long. You will lose years of happiness by delay. It is better to marry young and share together all the ups and downs of life. Jack himself has a little diffidence about urging you too strongly because he is not rich and has little to offer you, but I think you will both have more real happiness if you marry him while he is poor. Nancy, you remember 'Old China.'"

"Dr. Ruther, I do remember that delightful essay of Charles Lamb which you yourself read to me long ago and which I have re-read many times since. If I really make up my mind to marry Jack I shall not wait for him to grow rich."

"I know you so well, Nancy, that I am quite certain of that, but Jack, being poor, may feel some delicacy in pressing his suit too hard if you reject him or hesitate too much about accepting. I hope you will meet him half-way, Nancy. I intended to tell him a little experience of mine before he went away, but on Sunday morning, just as I was about to begin, the conversation unfortunately changed to religious discussion and I forgot about my story."

"What was the story, Dr. Ruther?"

"When I was attending Toronto University I was very short of money and to help pay my way spent the summer holidays as a commercial traveller for a spice manufacturing firm. They

sent me to the Maritime Provinces where I had to call on many small merchants in country places. Driving one day in New Brunswick from one small village to another I had to pass along a road through a forest. I drove for several miles without seeing a sign of human habitation, but suddenly saw, on the road some distance ahead of me, a kitten. The next moment a little girl about four years old ran out on the road and caught the kitten in her arms. I was driving toward them all the time, and at this moment there came into sight a little log cabin in a small clearing. As the child caught the kitten, a tall, sturdy, handsome, bearded man stepped out of the forest with an axe on his shoulder. 'Daddy,' said the child. As he stooped to kiss her she put her right arm around his neck, the left hand and arm still clasping the kitten. He lifted her in his left arm. As man, child and kitten approached the log house the door opened and a pretty young woman came toward them. The man threw his axe to a woodpile, bent to kiss the woman and put his right arm around her. Then man and wife, child and kitten went into the house together. As I drove on I said to myself: 'In that little log cabin in a New Brunswick forest there is as much human happiness as ever existed in the finest residence of the city of Toronto.'

As Dr. Ruther finished his story he and Nancy were walking along a narrow road through a bit of woodland on the Overland farm. They had taken this route as it was shorter than following the highway. There was nothing in sight but trees. They could hear a bird singing sweetly.

"Dr. Ruther," said Nancy, "just notice how appropriate this scene is to your story, and just there is an opening in the woods which would be the loveliest site in the world for a log cabin. I see the cabin in imagination. How delightful it would be to be living in it!"

"With Jack as your husband, Nancy?"

"No, Dr. Ruther, I was not thinking of Jack. I completely forgot him for the moment. Would you mind sitting down for a few minutes on the old log under that big maple tree? It is in just the right position for us to look at my imaginary log cabin. Oh, thank you! This is fine! I should be quite content with a log cabin of pine or maple or any other wood, but there are a number of old black-walnut trees in this woods and they won't cost us any more than pine or maple, so we may as well use them in building the cabin. Do you approve of walnut logs for the cabin, Dr. Ruther?"

"Entirely."

"I am glad we are agreed on that. There must be a big kitchen. If I were put in a tiny kitchen I should cook just as well in it and be just as cheerful in it, but when we are building a kitchen with ground to spare and more timber than we can use we may as well have a big one. Don't you think so?"

"Decidedly so."

"We can have everything so conveniently arranged in a big kitchen. I shall bake bread in it twice a week."

"You will roll the dough on a table like the one in your kitchen at home."

"Exactly the same. I shall ask mother to give me that table and get a new one for herself."

As Dr. Ruther looked at her she blushed deeply. He had forgotten Jack, forgotten, too, that he was seventeen years older than the girl beside him. He thought of nothing but himself and Nancy alone in the kitchen of a log cabin, Nancy pausing while kneading dough to receive a kiss from him. Nancy knew the thought that was in his mind as well as he did, and it seemed to her that his face looked almost as young as Jack's face.

"Excuse me, Dr. Ruther," she said, "I want to pick those buttercups. Sit still where you are and I shall come back in a minute."

While Nancy was picking the buttercups the thought of Jack came back to him—Jack, who was just the right age to marry Nancy. He had the feeling that his own selfishness was building a wall between Jack and Nancy. At that moment he believed that if he asked Nancy to marry him, she would do so. He wished to be fair to Jack, but in what followed he was influenced not by consideration for Jack, but the thought of what would be best for Nancy herself. He reasoned: "Nancy sees only the present. I see into the future. At the present moment I am as suitable a match for Nancy as Jack is. I am physically in the prime of manhood with excellent health. Spiritually and mentally she is in closer sympathy with me now than with Jack owing to our long and intimate friendship. But look into the future—not ten or fifteen years from now, but thirty-five years. Then I shall be seventy-two, while she will be only fifty-five and Jack sixty. She and Jack might grow very old together. She can never grow very old with me. There is a gulf of years between us. It is true that most of my ancestors lived to advanced ages and I have a reasonable chance of reaching ninety-six in full possession of my faculties, but all the chances are in

favour of Jack being alive many years after I am dead. The nature of Nancy is such that if she marries Jack she will grow to love him more and more. He will be influenced for good and even intellectually developed by association with her. In the way of all this stands nothing but my own selfishness which might take advantage of the inexperience of Nancy and her friendship with me to persuade her to marry me."

As Nancy came back with the flowers she extracted a pin from some part of her dress and bending over him as he sat on the log, pinned the buttercups to the lapel of his coat. Her face came close to his face as she bent over him. When she sat down on the log again and looked at him she saw a great change in his face.

"Nancy," he said, "I have in my pocket a copy of a letter which one of Jack's clients wrote him. I wish you would read it. It is so complimentary."

She took the letter and read it.

How gratifying," she said. "It will encourage him greatly, I am sure. We shall all be proud of Jack's success. Dr. Ruther, it is getting late. We shall have to get up and walk back into REALITY."

CHAPTER VI

NANCY IN A TEMPER KNOCKS THE OVERLAND MUTUAL ADMIRATION CIRCLE OUT OF SHAPE

As the Overland family sat at the dinner table Mr. Overland remarked:

"What is Millie Mornington's present name? I mean her second husband's name. If what they say is true I suppose we shall soon have to forget both the first and second husbands' names and call her by the name of her third husband."

"Her present name is Mrs. Richard Sweden," said Mrs. Overland. "Nancy has seen her several times since she came home. Is she to be married again, Nancy?"

"She has never mentioned it to me, Mother. Downmount is the meanest place for talking!"

"So her name is Mrs. Richard Sweden," said Mr. Overland. "That is rather high sounding and they say she has money too, that her second husband left her a large fortune. She should have no difficulty in getting a third if she has plenty of money. Does she smoke cigarettes, Nancy? They say she does."

"Why shouldn't she smoke cigarettes if she wants to!" said Nancy in an indignant voice. "It is bad enough to hear every mean-mouthed woman in Downmount trying to blacken the name of Millie Mornington without the men turning against her too. Just because she had the misfortune to lose two husbands! I don't know whether she smokes cigarettes or not. If the gossips say she does it is probably a lie. But if she wants to smoke she has just as good a right to smoke as you have, Father."

"Dr. Ruther doesn't believe in women smoking," said Mr. Overland.

"I don't care if he doesn't. He is at least consistent. As he doesn't smoke himself one can't blame him for not liking women to smoke, but when I see you and Jack Ruther complacently smoking yourselves, yet blaming women for smoking, it makes me hot."

"One gets tired of hearing about the virtues of Dr. Ruther, sometimes," said Mr. Overland.

"It was you who introduced him as an authority on women smoking, not I," said Nancy. "Jack Ruther admits that he is influenced by prejudice, but you will never admit that you are wrong."

"Nancy," said Mrs. Overland, "I am ashamed of you. I could not have believed that you would talk that way to your father."

Nancy burst into tears and left the room.

"I can't think what is the matter with Nancy," said Mrs. Overland. "She used to be so happy and sweet-tempered. Lately she has seemed quite unhappy."

"Woe, woe!" said Marjorie. "The Overland Mutual Admiration Circle is knocked into a square or some other ugly shape and we shall never be happy any more."

"Marjorie, go and persuade Nancy to come back to the table," said Mrs. Overland. "She has eaten almost nothing. Tell her she should apologize to Father."

"Please let me stay here, Mother. I don't think it will do any good to go to her now. She will soon get over it if we let her alone. Nancy likes Mrs. Sweden. She thinks she is nice and it vexes her to hear people talking against her just because her husbands died. For my part if I want to have five husbands all Downmount will not be able to stop me."

That night as Mr. Overland was taking a smoke just before

going to bed Nancy came to him in her nightdress, with her hair flowing.

"Father, I cannot go to sleep without asking your forgiveness," she said.

"Nothing to forgive, Nancy. Poor girl! Your father, with his old-fashioned ideas about the superiority of women, won't let you smoke."

"Father, you know I don't wish to smoke myself."

"I know, Nancy. You have a womanly instinct that won't let you smoke yourself although you defend other women who do smoke. You won't mind kissing a smoky mouth, will you?"

Nancy bent over and kissed him twice on the mouth.

"You are a dear, jolly father, and I am a horrid, ugly old thing," she said.

"Ugly! Do you really mean ugly, Nancy?"

"Ugly tempered, I mean, Father."

"Well, never mind your temper. You have the sweetest mouth to kiss of any girl I know, and I have tasted many of 'em. Give your old father another kiss, Nancy, and we will be quits."

She bent over him and kissed him three times, her hair falling forward over her shoulders, covering her white dress.

As Nancy was leaving the room her father called her. She stopped in the doorway.

"Do you remember, Nancy, the evening your mother told you the story of that Hallowe'en tragedy and Dr. Ruther came in afterward?"

Nancy thought her father was going to speak about the kiss Dr. Ruther gave her in the kitchen. The colour mounted from her cheeks to her forehead. She said nothing but stood still.

"You know," her father continued, "that we had quite a talk about Christian Science and Dr. Ruther promised me that he would explain his own views about faith healing some day. He has never done so. I want to invite him to come to tea next Sunday evening to give us his opinion about healing. Will it be all right to ask him to tea, Nancy?"

"Of course, Father. I shall be glad to see him and I know Mother will. I should like to have Mrs. Ruther too."

"I intend to ask him also to tell you why he doesn't believe in women smoking," said Mr. Overland. Well, good-night, Nancy."

CHAPTER VII

GOD'S THOUGHT PICTURES OF A MAN AND HIS WIFE

In accordance with Nancy's suggestion Mrs. Ruthier was invited for dinner next Sunday. She went home with the Overlands after morning church and Dr. Ruthier arrived about five o'clock. As he approached the Overland house he heard through the open window Nancy singing "Home, Sweet Home." She paused for a moment after singing the first stanza, and Dr. Ruthier standing on the doorstep expected to hear her sing, "An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain." Nancy had recognized his footsteps on the gravel path and hesitated. She half arose from her seat at the piano, but sat down again and sang:

"And when I return overburden'd with care,
My heart's dearest face will smile on me there.
No more from my little log cabin I'll roam.
Be it never so humble there's no place like home."

Dr. Ruthier waited a moment and then rang the door bell. There was an unusual delay in responding to the bell. He expected that Nancy would open the door for him and said to himself: "For once I shall pretend that my heart's dearest face really belongs to me and not to Jack."

When the door was opened Marjorie Overland stood there. "Nancy asked me to let you in," she said.

Something in his eyes aroused Marjorie's sympathy.

"Bend down, Dr. Ruthier; I want to whisper in your ear," she said.

As he bent toward her she said in a low voice: "If Nancy marries Jack I shall be your girl."

Her lips were half an inch from Dr. Ruthier's ear, but although her voice was not much louder than a whisper her father, who had followed her to the door and stood quite close behind her, heard distinctly.

"Marjorie," he said, "when you want to have secrets from your father you must whisper more softly. I heard every word and I forbid the banns."

"If you interfere, Father, I shall elope with Dr. Ruthier to-morrow," said Marjorie.

Dr. Ruthier put his arm around Marjorie's waist, and they went together into the living-room, where Nancy was sitting

at a little table writing, having left the piano. Mr. Overland closely followed them. As the three entered the room Nancy arose from her seat. Her father said:

"Nancy, I have given them my blessing."

"How nice," said Nancy. "Marjorie always did worship Dr. Ruth."

It occurred to Nancy as she looked at them that Dr. Ruth had never put his arm around her waist even when she was a child, except on the stormy winter day when he wrapped her in his overcoat.

"Will you excuse Marjorie and me, Dr. Ruth," she said, after shaking hands with him. "We must go to see about tea. We are not going to set the table. We shall just have a hand-around. Mrs. Ruth and Mother are upstairs in Grandma's sitting-room. I believe Grandma is well enough to come downstairs to-day, and she likes to hear the talk. Will you bring her down, Dr. Ruth? But before you go upstairs I must tell you something. The Downmount Women's Christian Temperance Union have decided to send flowers next week to every person in the district who is confined to the house by illness, if they can get the names from the doctors. I asked them to let me attach to each bouquet a message written on a small slip of paper. I have been writing them this afternoon. Would you like to read one?"

Dr. Ruth took one of the slips of paper and read:

"God's everywhere in His universe. All's well for all."

"I got part of it from you and part from Browning's 'Pippa Passes' that you gave me. You know Pippa said, 'God's in His Heaven. All's right with the world.' I like 'God's everywhere in His universe' better than 'God's in His Heaven,' which seems to localize God."

"What Pippa said sounds better than Nancy's improvement," said Marjorie.

"I know it sounds better," said Nancy. "It's the sense not the sound that I am thinking of."

"Jesus said 'Our Father in Heaven.' What would you say about that, Dr. Ruth?" said Mr. Overland.

"I think Jesus used the word 'Heaven' in a broad sense, meaning the spiritual universe. I think that sometimes his words had double meanings, one true to his own mind acquainted as he was with great secrets of the universe, the other designed to meet the understanding of his hearers whose knowledge was very limited. The important thing was to convey to their

minds some idea of the Fatherly love of God. The basic idea of all his teaching was that God is a loving Father, caring for every human soul."

"At the High School we used to always repeat the Lord's Prayer every morning," said Marjorie. "But the new principal Mr. Norman Donaldson, makes us sing it to the tune of 'Home Sweet Home.' You know all the classes gather together in the large assembly room at the opening every morning. One of the girls, usually Elsie King, goes to the piano and we all stand up and sing, 'Our Father in Heaven.' The words are varied a little, but the meaning is retained. Nancy and I shall sing it for you after tea."

When the girls came back with the tea Grandma Overland, Mr. and Mrs. Overland, Mrs. Ruther and Dr. Ruther were all sitting in the large living-room.

"We have chicken, lettuce and nasturtium sandwiches," said Nancy. "I made the nasturtium sandwiches specially for you, Dr. Ruther."

When the eatables had been passed around Mr. Overland said:

"I did not invite you here to-day for the pleasure of your company, Jackson. I wanted you to tell these girls why you don't believe in women smoking, why smoking is more likely to be harmful to women than to men."

Dr. Ruther repeated the remarks he had made to Jack about smoking in almost exactly the same words. He looked at Mr. Overland while he was talking, addressing his remarks to him. As he finished Mr. Overland said:

"I think there is a unanimous vote of approval. Are there any objections?"

There was silence in the room. Nancy thought of saying that if it was so bad for women it could not be very good for men, but she did not wish to hurt her father's feelings again.

"All right," said Mr. Overland. "It is carried. We shall now proceed to the next order of business, which is to obtain a statement of Dr. Ruther's views on faith healing. You know, Jackson, you promised to tell us some day your own theories on the subject."

"Father, Nancy and I want to sing 'Our Father in Heaven' to show Dr. Ruther how it is sung at the High School," said Marjorie. "Let us have our singing first and afterwards you can talk faith healing or Christian Science as much as you please. I have written five copies of the words so that you can all join in the singing. Nancy and I know the words. The wording is not

quite so good as Jesus' prayer, but it fits the music of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

They all stood up and sang together :

Our Father in Heaven, we hallow thy name.

May thy Kingdom holy on earth be the same.

Oh, give to us daily our portion of bread ;

It is by thy bounty that all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions and teach us to know

That humble compassion that pardons each foe.

Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,

And thine be the glory forever. Amen."

As they finished singing Grandma Overland said :

"'Home, Sweet Home' and the Lord's Prayer seem to me almost equally sacred. Jackson, many years ago when Nancy was a child you told her that she was a thought of God, that we were all thoughts of God. Often since I have pondered over that beautiful truth. A little while before you came I heard Nancy singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and it occurred to me that when God first put forth the thought of a man and the companion thought of a woman He must have had in His mind pictures of the homes that men and women as husbands and wives would make—pictures of young wives standing in doorways to welcome their husbands home in the evening or kiss them good-bye in the morning, pictures of babies in cradles with loving mothers watching over them, pictures of tables set for dinner with husband at one end, wife at the other, and children on each side, tables that lengthened with the years to make room for more young faces, pictures of winter firesides with family groups about them, pictures of families gathered about organs or pianos singing hymns or home songs. Oh, how many sweet pictures must have developed in the mind of God when he first thought of a man and his wife."

"Dear Grandma Overland," said Dr. Ruther, "you once told me that I reasoned about God while you felt God. I often realize how true that is. I think that in my reasoning I often come quite near the truth, but I do not have the same sense of personal touch with God that you do. With all my reasoning I lack that abiding faith in the Fatherly love and watchful care of God for each human being that is ever present with you."

"I used to have as full faith in the Fatherly love of God as Grandma has," said Nancy, "but now I am often troubled with



doubts. When I read the statement of Jesus that 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father's notice,' I cannot help thinking that it seems to mean that He does not care enough for the sparrow to prevent its falling, and sometimes I think that He cares just as little about the fall of a human being. It is easy for me to believe that the Divine plans work out for the general good, but sometimes I find it hard to believe that there is any special care for the individual."

"If the same spirit of self-sacrifice that prevails in war time prevailed at all times in all the affairs of life, we should think it quite right for the individual to sacrifice himself for the good of the whole community," said Dr. Ruth.

"Nancy," said Mr. Overland, "your present attitude does not seem consistent with the message you propose to send out to those who are ill, 'all's well for all.'"

"I know it is not consistent, Father; while I was writing that message of good cheer, only a little while ago, I actually believed it was true, yet now I am doubtful. I think I must feel something like the man who said, 'Lord, I believe; help my unbelief.'"

"Nancy, dear," said Grandma Overland, "I do not think that He Whom our great and wise Master so often described as a loving Father really allows the individual to be sacrificed. Remember that this earthly life is only the beginning of things and we are looking now at isolated incidents, which we might regard quite differently if we viewed them in their proper relationship to the whole Divine plan, which extends through time and eternity."

At this moment signals passed between Grandma Overland and Marjorie, who ran upstairs.

"Marjorie discovered in my workbox a little home song that I wrote one day recently, and she made me promise to let Nancy sing it to you this evening," said Grandma Overland. "Marjorie is the only one who knows about it. I have sometimes said I did not like songs sung to borrowed music, wresting the music from its association, but in this case I am guilty of making my words fit the music of 'Old Folks at Home.'"

Marjorie was soon back with Grandma Overland's song. She said:

"I know 'Old Folks at Home' without the music. I shall play while Nancy sings your song, Grandma."

Marjorie handed Nancy a sheet of foolscap paper covered with Grandma Overland's neat handwriting. Nancy gave her place at the piano to her sister, and standing beside her with

her face toward the others silently read her grandmother's song. Dr. Ruther, watching her face, noticed that it worked convulsively as if she were trying to repress an inclination to cry, but she seemed to completely recover her composure before she began to sing. As Nancy paused for a moment after reading the song a strange sensation came to her, a feeling that this was a great crisis of her life, that all the years she had spent in training her voice and all her suggestions to the "Health Ariel" that her vocal organs should be strengthened and made perfect were a preparation for the one purpose of singing her grandmother's song in such a way that it would vibrate in the souls of those who heard her. Dr. Ruther watched her face as she sang:

"Sweet pictures of the old home fireside
Come to my mind,
Pictures of faces now long missing,
Watching the changing fire.
My aged face is worn and wrinkled,
Marked with life's cares;
But in the heart my youth lives ever,
Thinking of days gone by,
Dreams are full of living pictures;
Time turns back for me;
Dear, smiling faces gather round me,
Dreaming of the dear old home.

"Yet while my mind is looking backward,
Life turns its wheel;
Sweet vistas open out before me,
Visions of fairer scenes.
But as my ship is waiting for me
Love bids me stay.
Fond arms encirc'ling, clasp me, hold me;
How can I go away?
Hands outstretched await my coming;
Angel voices call;
Dear ones, who hasten'd on before me,
Will soon clasp me close once more."

Nancy sang to the end without faltering, her clear, sweet voice filling the room with melody, but as she finished she burst into tears. Grandma Overland, rising from her seat, hastened to Nancy, put her arm around her and led her to the sofa where they sat together, the old woman's arm clasped

about the waist of the young girl, who sobbed with her head on her grandmother's shoulder.

Lawrence Overland had been waiting to ask Dr. Ruther to expound his theory of faith healing, but he forgot all about it as he looked at his weeping daughter and wiped the tears from his own eyes.

In a few moments Mrs. Ruther excused herself and her son.

At the door Mr. Overland said: "Come again next Sunday and I won't allow my girls to side-track the question of faith healing."

CHAPTER VIII

IF PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS-IN-LAW DID THE WOOING WHO WOULD WIN?

As Dr. Ruther and his mother walked home together she said to him:

"Not one of us gave Grandma Overland a word of praise for her song. I suppose we should have said something. It is wonderful to write anything at her age. You know she is ninety-one years old."

"The sentiment of the song, the thought of Grandma Overland leaving us, the music of 'Old Folks at Home' and Nancy's singing combined had such an effect upon our feelings that we could not say anything."

"She used to write anonymous poems for some of the weekly papers, and I remember that she wrote an acrostic for each one of her children. I don't think any of her poems possessed sufficient literary merit to attract attention, yet they all had in them a certain quality that encouraged faith in God and belief in the essential goodness of the general scheme of things. Perhaps they did more good than some of the poems that rank as great in the world's literature."

"What a remarkable difference there is between Grandma Overland and her son, Lawrence."

"Yes, Lawrence is very like his father, more like him than any of their other children."

"Perhaps that is why she has chosen his home. Any of her children would be glad to have her."

"The farm actually belongs to her by the will of her uncle, Colonel Chester Wendall, but she always talks as if it belonged to Lawrence, and it has been agreed that he shall have full

ownership after her death. As Lawrence was the only one who remained on the farm, and he and his family have taken care of her for so many years, it is fair enough that he should own the farm when she is gone. While the Overlands at one time owned over a thousand acres of land in this district they did not own one acre at the time Grandma Overland inherited that farm from her uncle, Colonel Wendall. It is now called the Overland farm, but for years it was known as the Wendall farm. When she talked to you of home pictures I think she was looking back to the time when the Overland house was full of her own children. They were a happy family, although they had their faults like other people. She taught her children that the phrase in the Lord's Prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,' really meant something and that it was useless to pray to God for forgiveness if there was in the heart any unforgiving feeling. Priscilla told me that while they often had their little quarrels she did not think they ever failed to ask each other's forgiveness. On one occasion Priscilla and her sister, Marion, had a quarrel. Each thought the other in the wrong and neither could bring herself to ask the other's forgiveness. They felt that it would be mockery to pray while in that spirit and for the first time in their lives went to bed without praying. Priscilla lay awake for hours worried in mind, but determined that she could never ask Marion to forgive her. She felt that it would be easy enough to forgive if Marion would confess herself in the wrong, but she never would admit that she was wrong herself. As the night wore on she thought of all the pleasant hours she and Marion had spent together and how dreadful it would be if they could never forgive each other and never say their prayers again. Then the thought came to her that Marion might die in the night. In sudden alarm she called, 'Marion, Marion,' and her sister called back, 'Yes, Priscilla, will you please forgive me?' She responded, 'It was my fault, Marion.' Then the two little sisters got out of bed and said their prayers."

"Mother, in this age of gramophones, automobiles, lurid moving pictures and newspapers filled with vulgar comic illustrations depicting domestic infelicity and children playing practical jokes to the discomfiture of their parents, I often wonder whether an audience listening to a great primadonna singing 'Home, Sweet Home' would be moved in the same way as audiences were moved when Patti or Albani sang that song."

"Jackson, it is a great pity that you never married. You

should have been the father of a family. It is not yet too late. Why not marry Nancy?"

"Mother, I have often heard you say that it is a mistake for young girls to marry old men."

"You are not old, Jackson. You are only thirty-seven."

"When Margaret Hamilton married Steve Homewood he was only two years older than I am now, yet you said he ought to be ashamed of his selfishness in persuading that young girl to marry him."

"Well, circumstances alter cases. You are not Steve Homewood. Besides in marrying Steve she married also a family of four badly-behaved children. I am almost as fond of Nancy as you are and I would like to feel that she really belongs to me."

"I think Jack will marry her so that she will actually belong to our family. She will be your granddaughter and my niece. To tell the truth, Mother, I was tempted to try to persuade her to marry me, but at the very moment when I would have proposed the thought came to me that I shall be seventy-two when she is only fifty-five and Jack sixty. She will be a comparatively young woman when I am an old man. I felt that it would be supremely selfish for me to ask her to marry me and I resisted the temptation."

"Perhaps you are right, Jackson. I suppose you are nobler than you would have been if you had yielded to the temptation. Unselfishness undoubtedly ennobles and elevates the individual who practises it, but I am disposed at this moment to wonder whether it is always the best thing for other people, although the very essence of it is a desire to benefit others rather than oneself."

"I certainly did not resist that temptation through any desire to be noble or to elevate my character. I desired only to be fair to Nancy."

"No one knows what Jack will be when you are seventy-two years old and he is sixty. Jack's mother even now feels older than I do, although she is only forty-five and I am seventy-five. Here we are, you and I, taking a long walk together and both enjoying it. What would Jack's mother say if you asked her to take the same walk?"

"I am afraid Maria would expect me to carry her before we got home, Mother," he said with a laugh.

"Yes, and I do believe that you would carry her in spite of her weight. You have done too much for Maria and her family, Jackson. She might have more energy if she had had less help."

"I don't know, Mother. Her weight is more to blame than her spirit, but perhaps a little Christian Science would do her good. Mother, I thought you liked Jack?"

"I do like Jack, but I had planned for years that Nancy should marry you. I even thought of the possibility the first day you brought her to me and she has been steadily growing into my heart ever since."

"Mother, I think she would have married me if I had asked her before Jack came or even immediately afterwards, but the situation has changed now. She is growing fond of Jack. Moreover, I have encouraged Jack to court Nancy, and for me to attempt to cut him out now even if it were possible would be contemptible."

"That is true. A Ruther could not do it. I suppose she will have to marry Jack now."

They walked on in silence for a few moments. Suddenly Dr. Ruther stood still.

"What is the matter, Jackson?" said his mother.

"It has just occurred to me that if Nancy marries Jack, Maria will be her mother-in-law."

"She certainly will, and I am willing to wager that if the prospective mothers-in-law did the courting I should have a better chance than Maria. Nancy is fond of me."

"I wonder if she has ever thought of that fact that Maria will be her mother-in-law."

"I don't suppose she has, Jackson. I don't think she ever met Jack's mother. However, she will see enough of her later on. I have no doubt Maria will go to live with them after they are married. Nancy will be Maria's slave. When Maria came to visit me she expected me to wait on her all the time and I did. It was the same way when I went to visit her. I don't know why I yielded to her every whim, but I did, and Nancy will do the same. Maria has a way of making everyone do what she wants. I pity Nancy."

"Mother, I wish I had thought of this sooner."

"You see I was right in saying that unselfishness may not always be good for the people whom it is intended to benefit."

"I never heard you advocate selfishness before, Mother."

"No, I suppose not. Perhaps I am getting new light. I think Nancy rightly belongs to you and me rather than to Jack and Maria. I don't mean to advocate selfishness, but I don't believe in allowing the selfish people to have everything their own way."

"Mother, I suppose much of the world's progress has been due to individual selfishness, but on the other hand if selfishness were not held in check by altruism civilization would have gone to smash long ago. Perhaps after all both selfishness and altruism are necessary to progress, each serving a useful purpose, something like the red and white corpuscles in the blood."

"I am wondering, Jackson, whether Maria will become jealous of Nancy. It will not surprise me if after making Nancy her household drudge she undermines Jack's affection for his wife. Three weeks after her marriage she wrote me that I must not expect John to love me in the same way as before because he had her to love. She constantly tried to undermine his love for me. When her children came she began to be afraid that they would love John more than herself. She has a queer notion that there is only a limited quantity of love in the human heart."

"I think it possible, Mother, that if her mental misconception of the nature of love were corrected she might be all right. It might be due to some lack of development of brain cells. I can imagine that when freed from the physical body her soul might see things more clearly, understanding that love has its source in the never-failing fountain of the heart of God."

"Jackson, would you like to make fame and fortune writing a novel? Write a novel with Maria as the chief character. You have known her ever since she was a slender, pretty girl as she was when she married John. You should describe her exactly as she was and is with all her selfishness and yet with it all a certain charm and the power of making other people do what she wants."

"She has virtues as well as faults, Mother."

"Put in the virtues mixed with the other qualities. Make a true picture of her. There is enough evil in her disposition to satisfy those who demand human infirmities in their fiction."

"I think I would prefer to write a novel with Nancy or Grandma Overland as the heroine."

"Nancy and Grandma Overland both have faults, although they do not dominate them, but if you wrote a novel describing them exactly as they are nearly everyone would say they were too perfect. They would say that the novelist was an idealist and his characters not real. On the other hand they would consider a novel depicting Maria's selfishness thoroughly realistic, and it would be realistic."

"Yet you agree with me that true pictures of Nancy and Grandma Overland would be equally realistic."

"Yes. They would be, but people would not believe it. They have got so accustomed to the idea that the only realistic novel is one that reveals the worst defects of human nature."

"It is no doubt true that the average human being has many faults, but novelists are the only artists who consider that in order to be realistic they must represent the average or the worst, excluding the best. It is the aim of the painter or the sculptor to find a model with perfect form in order that he may paint a picture or carve a statue showing the perfect beauty of a woman's body at the best. Why should not a novelist select a good, unselfish woman rather than a selfish one, thus showing the beauty of a woman's soul. The selfish women may be more numerous, but there are in almost every community a few women with really beautiful souls. A large proportion of musical compositions are faulty. Does the music master select the most faulty composition or even the average composition as an example for his pupils? Undoubtedly he endeavours to find exceptionally fine compositions for them. If he were taking a class of pupils to hear a choir or an orchestra would he not endeavour to select the best rather than the worst? The tendency of modern novels is to create the impression that human nature at its best is much more full of imperfections than it actually is. A reader of modern novels and modern newspapers sees the worst side of human nature rather than the best. There died in Toronto the other day a doctor who had saved hundreds of lives, a man of sympathetic, kindly disposition, who was always doing little acts of kindness. The newspapers gave him one-eighth of a column. On the same day a murderer was hanged and the newspapers gave the criminal eight columns of space. For one man who is dishonest in a position of trust there are thousands who faithfully perform their duties, often resisting great temptations. Yet the one dishonest man gets the newspaper space. Millions of good, kindly, unselfish deeds are done that are never noticed in the newspapers, but the evil things are given prominence. I believe it is a fact in real life that the example of one true, clean, upright man or woman has more influence for good than a thousand sermons. There are such men and women in the world. Would it not be more helpful to humanity to describe

them in a novel than to describe all the imperfections of human nature. I remember that when I read Victor Hugo's great novel, 'Les Miserables,' I was filled with good aspirations by his account of the wonderful result of the loving kindness of Bishop Myriel."

"Jackson, here we are at our own gateway. I have enjoyed the walk home."

CHAPTER IX

A DREAM OF ANNIE LAURIE

About three o'clock next morning Dr. Ruthen awakened from a dream and found himself whistling. He had dreamed that he was sitting on the edge of the platform of the Down-mount town hall, with his legs dangling over. The seats in the hall were well filled with young people. He noticed that they were all of marriageable age and that every young man had a young woman beside him. They all looked very happy. One of the young men in the front row got up from his seat and began to hum a tune.

"Do you know that, Dr. Ruthen?" he said.

"The tune is familiar, but I don't know the words of it," said Dr. Ruthen. "If you will all sing the words I shall whistle an accompaniment."

"They all stood up and sang the words, while he whistled the tune. He watched their faces as they sang, thinking how intensely happy they looked. He had a feeling of detachment, as if he belonged to a different world, but was happy in their happiness.

The song they sang was "Annie Laurie," but not until after he awakened and found himself whistling the tune did he realize that he had known both words and music all his life.

"I wonder," said Dr. Ruthen, as he lay awake in bed thinking of his dream, "whether I shall ever attain to the feeling of personal detachment and pure sympathy with the happiness of others that I seemed to have in that dream."

His mind went back to the day when he walked through the woods with Nancy and talked with her about love in a log cabin. He thought of what Grandma Overland had afterwards said to the effect that God must have had in mind many sweet pictures of home life when He projected the thoughts that made a man and his wife. He began to whistle softly

"Home, Sweet Home," and the words that ran through his mind as he whistled the air were those that Nancy sang as he stood on the doorstep of the Overland home the evening that Grandma Overland spoke of the home pictures in the mind of God.

CHAPTER X

MARJORIE UNDERTAKES TO STUDY JACK'S CHARACTER WITH UNHAPPY RESULTS

On the following Saturday afternoon Nancy started out to call on Mrs. Richard Sweden. Walking down the gravel drive to the gateway she met Jack Ruther.

"Why, Jack, I did not expect to see you," said Nancy. "I have made an engagement to call on Millie Mornington. If she had a telephone I should ask her to excuse me, but as she hasn't one I must go. Will you walk over with me?"

"Nancy, I have the papers of an important law case with me. I intended to make a brief call on you and then walk over to my uncle's place where I proposed to spend the evening studying the case, but as you have made an engagement for the afternoon I shall go right on to uncle's. I'll get the case off my mind and then I can have a walk with you to-morrow."

"This is a lovely afternoon for a walk and it would be nice for you to meet Millie Mornington again."

Nancy usually called her friend Mrs. Sweden by her maiden name, Millie Mornington.

"I have not the slightest desire to meet Millie," said Jack. "However, as you are so friendly you might invite her to visit our home after we are married."

"Jack, you know I have never promised to marry you, yet you always talk as if it were a settled thing. I wish you would not do so, because I have not made up my mind. If you will not come with me to see Millie you had better wait until I come back and stay to tea. You could sit on the bench under the old elm and study your law case. It is lovely there, you know. I shall be back early."

"That will suit me all right, Nancy. I can smoke there and study my law case until you come."

Jack had in his mind the idea that if he met Millie she

might lay a trap for him. He was not in the least afraid of again falling in love with her, but a widow twice married and looking for a third husband was dangerous, he thought. Who could tell by what wiles she might entangle him. After he was safely married to Nancy there would be no danger, he told himself.

He had been seated on the bench under the elm tree smoking and studying his law case for some time when he suddenly had the feeling that some one was with him, and looking up saw Marjorie Overland standing beside a large bush about three feet away. She was looking intently at him. Marjorie had hidden herself behind the bush intending to look at him without being seen, but forgot herself for a moment and stepped out to take a closer look. Marjorie had an object in view. She had decided that it was her duty to study the face of this young man in order to decide whether he would make a good husband for her sister. Marjorie believed herself to be a judge of character, having just read a book describing how to tell a man's character by his face. The book was especially intended to guide young women in the choice of husbands. Marjorie, having borrowed it from a school friend, had read it carefully for Nancy's sake. "I don't need to choose a husband for myself for some years," thought Marjorie, "but it is time for Nancy to have one and she can't make up her mind what to do."

It seemed evident to Jack that Marjorie was so interested in him that she had been secretly watching his face. Jack was accustomed to being admired by young women. When he called on his sister, Kate, at St. Margaret's College in Toronto, where she was taking a course at Dr. Ruther's expense, she had told him that the college girls raved over him. Marjorie was only fifteen years old and he had never before paid much attention to her, but now it struck him that she had an attractive face. Not as perfectly pretty as Nancy's face, he thought, but nevertheless decidedly attractive.

"Come and give your brother a kiss, Marjorie," said Jack.

"You are not my brother," said Marjorie with indignation.

"I soon shall be."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," said Marjorie.

She still watched his face, studying his character with great interest, and moved a step forward in doing so.

Suddenly Jack jumped forward, caught her hand, and then

jumped backward to his seat. The movement carried Marjorie off her feet, and before she could resist Jack had pulled her on to his knees and kissed her. For the moment he had completely forgotten Nancy.

Marjorie struck him vigorously in the face and struggled out of his arms. She took up a position several feet farther from him than when he first noticed her and said:

"I suppose you think that was a kiss. It was not a kiss. A kiss taken by force is nothing but a nasty slap with the mouth. Never in the world will you really kiss me."

Jack looked at her with interest.

"Come, Marjorie," he said. "Let us be friends. There's nothing wicked in a kiss."

"I did not say you were wicked," said Marjorie. "I don't think you are wicked. You are simply *vulgar*."

If Marjorie had called him wicked he would have been amused. He knew that he was not wicked and that he had intended no harm. But when she called him vulgar it upset his complacency.

"Your father kisses every girl he meets," said Jack. "I don't see why you should make such a fuss about a brotherly kiss from me."

"My father never kissed a girl by force in his life. His kissing girls is nothing but a joke and the girls know it and enjoy it. His kissing is *patriarchal*. Mother says he never kissed girls until he was past middle age and the girls he kisses are always young enough to be his daughters."

"I have noticed that he has the good taste to always select young and pretty girls."

"He is just as ready to kiss plain girls as pretty ones and there is nothing vulgar in his way of kissing. You are too vulgar for me to talk to any longer. I am going. I have finished my study of your character."

What estimate Marjorie would have formed of Jack's character if he had not noticed her while she was examining his face will never be known. Until the moment he saw her she was studying his face without prejudice and had not made any decision, but after he had kissed her she finished her survey hurriedly with her mind prejudiced against him.

Jack felt very ill at ease as he sat alone after Marjorie had gone. The thought of Nancy came back to his mind. He wondered what she would think about it. He had really intended no harm. His action was thoughtless, but it seemed to him

rather unfair that Marjorie should attach so much importance to it when her father had set him such an example. In fact, Jack had not thought of Mr. Overland at the moment that he kissed Marjorie. Nevertheless it is possible that Mr. Overland's example had made an impression on his subconscious mind which influenced his action.

CHAPTER XI

NANCY INVITES MRS. RICHARD SWEDEN TO MEET JACK.

As Nancy walked along the road on her way to see Mrs. Richard Sweden that part of her personality which she called "Matilda" said to the part she called "Nancy":

"It was not very tactful, Nancy, to ask Jack to go with you to call on Millie."

"Matilda, I would like Jack to meet Millie again."

"He said you might invite her to visit you after you are married."

"Matilda, if Jack fell in love with Millie again now I would not care a pin, but suppose I should marry him and he should meet Millie afterwards. Who knows what might happen? It would be a very different thing then."

"You are sure you would not care if it happened now, Nancy?"

"I am quite sure I should not care if he fell in love with her now and married her, but if he fell in love with her after we were married I should care dreadfully."

"Why do you think such a thing possible, Nancy?"

"Matilda, love is such a queer thing. He loved her once. His love for her seems to be dead; but suppose it is only asleep and should wake up after we are married! She is as pretty now as she ever was."

"Why not ask her to come for dinner to-morrow and have Jack there?"

"That is an excellent idea, Matilda. I shall ask her to come."

Nancy did invite her friend, but Mrs. Sweden said she had made another engagement for Sunday. Nancy was disappointed. She walked home again with a slight feeling of foreboding. She said to herself:

"I did not realize how much I really wished him to meet

Millie now until she declined my invitation. If he would fall in love with Millie now I should have no more worry about making up my mind whether to marry him or not."

When she got home she found Jack still sitting on the bench, but he was neither smoking nor studying. His right arm was on the back of the bench, with elbow bent, and his forehead resting on his upraised hand. She stood exactly where Marjorie had stood a little while before, but her attitude of mind was quite different. As she looked at him she had a stronger feeling of sympathy for him than she had ever had before.

"Jack," she said softly.

Startled from his reverie, he looked up.

"Why, Nancy, are you back?" he said.

"Come into the house, Jack. It has been a lovely afternoon, but the air is getting chilly. The summer is almost over."

As he walked toward the house with her Jack felt more doubtful of himself than at any time in his life before. He believed that Marjorie would tell her what had happened, and thought it would be well to tell his story first.

"Nancy, I have a confession to make," he said. "I kissed Marjorie this afternoon."

She looked at him with wide open eyes, saying nothing.

"I thought of her only as a child, but she seemed to think it was a crime. It was an innocent, brotherly kiss. I don't see why she was so angry, especially as your father kisses every girl he meets."

The thought came to Nancy that her father's joking habit was very embarrassing for his daughters, but why should she regard severely in Jack what they all treated so lightly in her father. When she spoke Jack was relieved by the kindly tone of her voice.

"Marjorie is getting too big to be regarded as a child, Jack," she said, "and it was quite proper for her to object, but I don't suppose you intended any harm, and I don't think we shall bar the gates of the Overland farm against you, if you don't do it again. However, I think you must apologize to Marjorie and ask her forgiveness."

"I shall willingly do so. Should I speak to her when you are present or alone?"

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps alone. I don't intend to say

anything to her about it. My sister is a very nice, sensible, well-behaved girl."

As they entered the living-room they found Marjorie there, reading a book.

"Excuse me, Jack," said Nancy. "I must take off my things and then see about getting tea. I shall leave Marjorie to entertain you."

Jack advanced toward Marjorie, who continued to read her book without apparently noticing that he was in the room. He came close and stood looking at her face much in the same way as she had looked at him as he sat on the bench studying his law case.

"Marjorie, I came to beg your pardon and ask your forgiveness," he said. "I told Nancy all about it and she did not think there was much harm in it. She thought if I would apologize to you everything would be all right again. She was very nice about it. Come, Marjorie, let us be friends."

"I bear you no hatred," said Marjorie. "I will try to forgive the nasty slap you gave me with your mouth, but I can't change my opinion of your character."

She spoke as if she were reading from the book in her hand, never looking up.

He stood watching her for several minutes. She appeared to be intensely interested in her book, but he rightly guessed that she was thinking more about him than about her book.

He walked over to the window at the opposite side of the room and stood there looking out. He was conscious that the dominant feeling at the moment was a desire to have a voluntary kiss from Marjorie. He realized that although Nancy was more perfectly pretty than Marjorie he had never had the same impulsive desire to kiss her. He was still standing there when Nancy called them to tea.

At the table most of the time was occupied by conversation about the new barn and fruit warehouse which Mr. Overland was building.

"It will be the largest and finest in the district, with every facility for handling fruit and vegetables as well as grain," said Mr. Overland. "If Mother and the girls had had their way there would have been no new barn, but a big house. I thought the old house was good enough."

"We haven't said a word about a new house for a long time, Father," said Nancy.

"No, you have not," said her father. "You are very good at

keeping bargains, Nancy. When you gave me your word not to coax me any more for a new house I knew you would not break it. Jack, we are going to have a barn warming to celebrate the diamond wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Murdock. We will have it before the interior of the barn is entirely subdivided so that we can have ample space for dancing. You will have to come to the dance, Jack."

"I will sure," said Jack.

"When are you going back to Toronto?" said Mr. Overland. "Your uncle has promised to come to-morrow evening to tell us his views about faith healing. We are all interested in the subject. You had better come to take part in the discussion."

"Impossible for me to be here, Mr. Overland," said Jack. "I have a case coming on to which I must give my whole attention. I must take a train back to Toronto to-morrow afternoon. Nancy and I are going for a walk in the morning."

"Well, never mind. Nancy will sing for you after tea, Jack. Her voice is becoming wonderful."

Nancy did sing for Jack, but although gifted in many ways, he had no ear for music, and the thanks he expressed in saying good-bye were purely perfunctory. While Nancy was singing for him he was thinking about Marjorie and wondering whether she was thinking about him.

That night at bedtime Marjorie, moved by a sense of duty to her sister, told her about her study of Jack's character. To her astonishment Nancy seemed to be greatly amused and burst into laughter as she told how she had studied Jack's character by his face. Marjorie felt somewhat hurt at Nancy's attitude.

CHAPTER XII

NANCY AND JACK DISCUSS REALISM IN NOVELS

"We are going to drive to church, Jack," said Mr. Overland. "There will be room for you and Nancy in the carriage and in the pew unless you prefer to worship outdoors this morning."

"Nancy and I shall be in the woods before you start for church," said Jack. "Nancy has gone to get her hat, and we shall be off at once."

As Jack and Nancy walked through the woods together he said to her:

"You thanked me in one of your letters for the novel I sent you, but you never told me how you liked it."

"It was kind to send it, Jack, but I didn't like the book and did not care to write about it."

"It has been highly praised by some of the reviewers for its realism, but I suppose you prefer idealism to realism, Nancy."

"A rank weed is real, Jack, but no more real than a violet or a rose, and when I am decorating my room I prefer to fill my vases with lovely flowers rather than with noxious weeds. Why should a novelist hand me a bouquet of rank-smelling weeds when he could find lovely flowers if he looked for them. I am not denying that there are such people as that book describes, Jack, but I don't want to know them any more intimately than necessary. I don't want to know about their domestic infelicity, their illicit loves or their psychoanalysis. When a novelist invites the public to read his books he is in effect saying to them 'I know some people that I should like you to know. Let me make you acquainted with them.' I have a right to reply, 'Why do you want me to know these people? Are they really worth knowing? After spending an evening with them shall I go to bed feeling happier and with aspirations to be a better woman than I am? Shall I get up next morning feeling more contented with life, more ready to believe that life is worth living?'"

"You would rather live in a dream than in reality, Nancy."

"No, Jack. That is not my attitude. I want reality, but I prefer the reality of the flower to the reality of the weed. I know that there is much selfishness, meanness, deception, sensualism and perhaps worst of all petty bickering in real life, but I prefer to dwell on the real nobility and heroism of human nature—the truth, the faithfulness, the self-sacrifice, the purity, the loving kindness, which are just as actual. I like to feel that there are many people in the world better than I am. It helps me to try to be better. It is not helpful to think that all human nature is so hopelessly imperfect that it is hardly worth while trying to be good. There is nothing else so demoralizing as the feeling that no one is good. We all have many evil impulses; they are the weeds of human nature; but it is the truth that there are some men and some women who uproot their weeds almost as fast as they appear, and when we know such people we are stimulated to try to follow their example. Did you ever make a garden, Jack?"

"No. I have never had that experience."

"I have had a garden of my own ever since I was eleven years

old. Father gave me the ground and seeds. Before letting me start work in it he took me to see a garden overgrown with weeds; then he took me to see the model garden of the neighbourhood in order that I might know that it was possible to keep a garden free from weeds. The model gardener was a dear old man; I often visited him afterward, and it has always been my aim to keep my garden as free from weeds as that model garden. No one who has not made a garden can understand how difficult it is to keep a garden free from weeds or almost so. I remember one year wild cucumbers got into my garden. It took me three years to get rid of them although I rooted up every one that appeared. I used to think how strange it was that worthless wild cucumbers would spring up and over-run the garden, while great care was required to make a success in growing good cucumber plants producing a refreshing and nourishing food. Supposing that Father had carefully avoided showing me that model garden, but had taken pains to let me see the average garden and the worst in the neighbourhood, do you think I should have worked so hard to keep my own garden free from weeds?"

"No. I suppose not."

"Jack, some of the modern novelists remind me of an old woman gossip of Downmount. She goes about from house to house telling tales of Downmount, always dwelling on the weaknesses of everyone she knows. She and my grandmother are about the same age, but their way of looking at life and human nature is so different. If you heard her describing Downmount villagers to-day and heard my grandmother talking about them to-morrow you would never imagine them to be the same people. She sees the evil in them; my grandmother sees the good in them. I remember walking through the woods with my grandmother when I was a child. At almost every step she would call my attention to something beautiful, and especially to flowers that I should have passed unnoticed. Even to this day in her ninety-second year she notices constantly the lovely things in nature and in life. One day last summer we were sitting under a tree on our lawn. She was the first to notice a tiny humming-bird flitting about the honeysuckles which had climbed over one end of our verandah, and she said to me: 'Do you see that humming-bird? How it shines like a jewel in the air! Is it not a fairy bird dressed in the gorgeous plumage of the tropics although at home in this northern land? Do you notice how the glistening throat and breast change colour as the plumage reflects the sunlight at different angles?' I said to her, 'Grandma, you are

always the first to notice anything lovely and it makes one in love with life to live with you.' What a different feeling about life I should have had if the old gossip whom I have told you about had been sitting beside me on that lawn. To listen to her for an hour makes me feel horrid, and I don't know what kind of woman I should have been if I had been with her as much as I have been with my grandmother. A novel that depicts the weaknesses of human nature in the same way as that gossiping old woman does must have a very bad influence on the lives of those who read it. I remember an anecdote of Dr. Hereward Carrington to the effect that he was talking to a clever woman friend about the novels of Zola. She said that she could not help comparing Zola's novels to the contents of a dirty-clothes basket. True, she said, the scenes Zola depicts probably exist. They are facts. So are dirty clothes. But there is no reason why we should pull them out of the basket and gloat over them saying, 'See! These are real facts; here are the realities of life.' She thought there were other realities of life more pleasant to contemplate. What she said about Zola's novels is equally true of some of the modern novels of England and America that have been praised for their realism. I don't say all of them."

"How would the old gossip describe the humming-bird, Nancy?"

"I never heard her mention a humming-bird. When I said I should have felt horrid if she had sat with me on the lawn for an hour, I meant that what she would have said about people in Downmount would have made me uncomfortable, but I imagine that if she had noticed a humming-bird she might have said, 'What vicious little fighters those humming-birds are. Their little beaks are almost as sharp as swords, and it is a cruel sight to see them plunge these blades into each other's breast.' She would probably have added, 'Don't you think it is disgusting the way birds feed their young ones? It always makes me sick to look at them.' I have heard her say that last part."

Nancy mimicked the old woman in voice, in expression of the face and in gestures of the hands while repeating what she said or might have said.

"Is fighting characteristic of humming-birds, Nancy?"

"I saw such a fight only once and I have seen many humming-birds. They come to our place every summer. I have watched them making their loves, building their nests and rearing their young. They are so tiny you have to watch closely to see them. When I was about thirteen years old I climbed a high tree to look

at a nest of humming-birds that I suspected to be concealed in it. I went up a number of times after I found the nest, but as it was on one of the slender branches of the tree I could never get close enough to it to see the tiny eggs."

"How large—or perhaps I should say how small—is the humming-bird?"

"I don't know exactly. Its body is very small, perhaps one-inch long, but measuring from the end of its long beak to the tip of its tail it would not be so small as it looks when flying about. The nest of humming birds is tiny, for in building it the little birds do not have to provide accommodation for beak and tail."

"Nancy, if all the world were as good and pure and free from evil thoughts as you are none of the books that you detest would be written; but the novelist of the twentieth century frankly faces facts and describes the world as it is. We are no longer living in the Victorian age of idealism and suppression of realities."

"Jack, when you talk of me as if I were exceptionally good and free from evil thoughts you make me feel like a hypocrite. As I know myself my character is full of weeds—thoughts, feelings, impulses that I frequently have to suppress. Suppose that instead of trying to root out these weeds as fast as they spring up, I cultivated them, dwelt upon them morbidly, studied them with a microscope, magnifying them so that they appeared to be the dominating influences in all human nature, and then wrote an autobiography or a novel describing them; that would be psychoanalysis according to the latest fashions, and many reviewers would praise me for my realism; but would anyone in all the world be better for the reading of such a book? I think not, and I am sure many would be worse."

At this moment Nancy noticed that they had reached the spot on which she had built an imaginary log cabin, while sitting on a log with Dr. Ruther. She stood still, looking at the log and thinking that what happened there not many weeks before seemed very far in the past. The ground was covered with fallen leaves.

"Let us sit down on that log, Nancy," said Jack.

"Oh, no, Jack," she said. "I would rather gather some of these leaves. They are so lovely in their varied colours."

Jack did not offer to assist her, but stood looking at her, thinking that if he searched the whole world he could not find another woman so suitable for a life partner. The day was

warm for the time of year; a little breeze moved her dress, stirred the long grass at her feet, and sometimes caused disturbances among the fallen leaves; the sunlight coming through the half-bare branches of the trees seemed to change the colour of her hair. He watched the graceful movements of her body as she walked about among the leaves, often bending to pick them up. While Nancy was singing for him the previous evening his mind had been full of Marjorie, but now he had no more thought of Marjorie than if she were non-existent. "Nancy," he said at last. He noticed that his voice startled her as if she had been absorbed in thought.

She turned toward him as she said, "Yes, Jack."

"You must not think I am so antagonistic to your views as my remarks seemed to indicate. There is a great deal of truth in what you say. Sometimes you seem to me to belong to the Victorian age rather than to the twentieth century, but I would gladly go back to the Victorian age or any other age for the sake of walking through life with you. I think you must have inherited from your grandmother that quality of making one in love with life."

CHAPTER XIII

MARJORIE WAGES WAR AGAINST JACK

Marjorie watched Jack and Nancy as they started on their Sunday-morning walk with a feeling of defeat, but as they passed out of sight said to herself:

"I know what I'll do. I'll get mother to invite Mr. Norman Donaldson to come for tea this evening. He is only one year older than Jack and just six years older than Nancy. He is just as handsome as Jack and more clever. He would not be principal of the High School if he had not distinguished himself at Toronto University. Jack thinks all he has to do is to beckon to Nancy with his little finger and Nancy will come to him; but he'll see what it means to have me working against him, even if Nancy does laugh at me. Mr. Donaldson can't help falling in love with Nancy when he really knows her, and he'll make a better husband for her than Jack would. I did plan to have Dr. Ruther marry Nancy, but mother says he is rather too old for her and that he wants her to marry Jack. I suppose it is natural for Dr. Ruther to want his nephew to have her if he can't marry her himself, but I am thinking what is best for

Nancy, and I don't think Dr. Ruther has studied Jack's character as carefully as I have."

She at once proposed to her mother and father that Mr. Norman Donaldson be invited for tea that evening, saying she was sure he would be interested in hearing Dr. Ruther talk about faith healing. They readily agreed that he should be invited and Mr. Overland undertook to see Mr. Donaldson; but before going to church he telephoned to Dr. Ruther, saying, "Can we count on you to come this Sunday evening and give us a sermon on faith healing?"

"I am sorry, Lawrence," said Dr. Ruther, "but I have a case that I must watch very closely. It will be impossible for me to be with you this evening."

"We'll put it off for another week, then," said Mr. Overland, "but I hope there won't be any further postponement. I have been trying for weeks to get from you a full explanation of your theory regarding the law of faith healing, but something always seems to turn up to prevent it."

When Mr. Overland saw Mr. Norman Donaldson after morning church he said: "We are going to have church in our own house next Sunday evening. Dr. Ruther and his mother are coming to tea and we should like to have you. After tea, Dr. Ruther will address us on faith healing; then my daughter Nancy will sing a solo, after which our family choir will sing hymns in which you are invited to join."

Mr. Donaldson accepted the invitation. He told Mr. Overland that he was much interested in the question of faith healing and would be glad to have an opportunity of hearing Dr. Ruther's views on the subject. He added: "I have heard, too, that Miss Overland has a wonderful voice and I am sure it will be a great privilege to hear her sing."

Driving home from church, Mr. and Mrs. Overland and Marjorie were entering the gate when they noticed Jack and Nancy walking up the gravel drive to the house.

"They look quite like an engaged couple," said Mrs. Overland. "Perhaps Nancy has accepted him."

"If she has we shall soon know," said Mr. Overland. "It would not be like either Nancy or Jack to keep it secret from us."

"No," said Marjorie. "Whatever faults Jack may have he is not secretive, and even if he were Nancy would not keep it from us for an hour if she really made up her mind to marry him."

They drove toward the house in silence, all three feeling that

home would never be quite the same again after Nancy's marriage.

Dinner passed without news. Nancy had arranged her collection of bright-coloured leaves on a plate, which she set in the centre of the table.

"It is strange," she said, "that some trees change the colouring of their leaves much sooner than others of the same kind."

"That is like people," said her father. "I have known men who were as old at fifty-five as others at seventy-five."

When the time came for Jack to leave they were all sure that nothing unusual had happened.

"I'll drive over to the train with you, Jack," said Mr. Overland, "and Nancy will go with us to keep me company on the way home."

As the sisters were saying good-night to each other that night, Marjorie told Nancy about the invitation to Mr. Donaldson and said: "Mr. Norman Donaldson is not only exceedingly clever, but honourable, straightforward, fair-minded and kind-hearted. All the girls at the High School like him."

"Susie Reynolds knows him and seems to have a high opinion of him," said Nancy. "He told Susie that he had planned to become a Presbyterian minister, but he is not certain about it now because he is afraid he is not sufficiently orthodox although he is a Christian and would like the work."

"He does not look as if he would ever be bald," said Marjorie.

"No, he has plenty of hair, but that won't make him any more successful as a preacher if he decides to be one."

"It's a pity Jack's hair is so thin," said Marjorie. "He has no bald spots yet, but I was thinking the other day when I was studying his character that he could not afford to lose much hair. I suppose he will be quite bald in five years or a little more."

"It is not a crime to be bald," said Nancy, "but really, Marjorie, I don't see any sign of baldness in Jack. I don't believe he will be bald in five years. His hair is not so very thin."

"He will be fat, too," said Marjorie.

"He is not the least bit stout or fleshy, Marjorie. He is just as handsome now as he was before you quarrelled with him."

"You talk about my quarrelling with him! Do you think I should have let him kiss me?"

"No, Marjorie, I did not mean to blame you, and perhaps I was wrong in calling it a quarrel, but you seem to be trying to find faults in Jack now that you never noticed before."

"I heard Father say to Mother the other day that Jack's mother was as slender as you are when she married Dr. Ruther's brother John, and that now she must weigh more than twice as much as you do. He said she inherited fatness from her father, but it did not manifest itself in her until she was over thirty. If Jack inherits fatness from his mother and maternal grandfather he may be slim about five years longer and then begin to grow fat. Mr. Donaldson will never be either fat or bald. Jack will be both."

"I don't see what difference it makes to us whether Mr. Donaldson becomes bald and fat or not. As regards Jack, I should think no less of him if he lost all his hair and doubled his weight. It would not be his fault. Many fine men are both bald and fat."

As Marjorie lay awake in bed that night she said to herself: "Nancy may argue for Jack now, but I have put into her mind a picture of Jack as a bald-headed, fat man. She can't help comparing that with Mr. Donaldson's face and figure."

About the middle of the night, Marjorie awakened from a dream in which she fancied that she heard someone talking to Nancy in depreciation of Jack. She could not remember when awake whom she had heard talking to Nancy, although she seemed in her dream to know the person. Nancy was defending Jack and the more that was said against him the more decidedly did she champion him.

"That dream was sent to me as a warning," said Marjorie as she lay awake afterward thinking about it. "I thought myself very smart and clever, but now I see that I was silly. I might have remembered that Nancy always defends anyone who is attacked. The way to make Nancy Jack's devoted champion is to attack him. How can I undo the mischief I have done?"

Early next morning Marjorie went to Nancy's bedroom and awakened her sister with a kiss.

"Nancy, I came to tell you that I am sorry I spoke as I did about Jack. It is not my fault that I can't help thinking of him as a fat man ever since I heard father talking to mother about the fatness of Jack's mother, but you are right in saying that he is not to blame for it. We ought to feel sorry for him because he is going to be both fat and bald. It was just as mean for me to blame him for that as it would be to blame a cripple for being lame. You were perfectly right in defending him, Nancy. It certainly is not fair to blame a man for what he inherits from his mother or his grandfather. Perhaps the selfishness that I see in

his character is also inherited and I must not be too ready to blame him for that. His selfishness has developed at an earlier age than the fatness and baldness. I hope it will not increase while his fatness and baldness are developing in later years. His selfishness may have been in him from the time he was a little baby. We should not blame him for it or any of his infirmities, but at the same time I don't want to see my darling sister married to selfishness, baldness and fatness even if they don't show themselves for several years after her marriage."

Nancy made no reply but burst into tears. After a while, however, she smiled and said to Marjorie: "My dear child, I think you have a great deal of imagination to see in Jack all these things. I have seen a great deal more of him than you have, but I have not looked at him with an exaggerating microscope. Still it was nice of you to come and tell me you were sorry for what you said. Try to be fair to Jack, dear. Look at him as he actually is, not as you see him through the microscope of your imagination. If you looked at me with that same exaggerating microscope and drew a picture for Jack's benefit, my faults would take on gigantic proportions, but you have ever been disposed to minimize my faults rather than to exaggerate them as you do Jack's."

As Marjorie returned to her own room she said to herself: "It is strange how ready Nancy has been to burst into tears recently. I never knew her to be like that before. I don't wonder at her crying over grandma's song, but she got into a rumpus with father about women smoking and burst into tears at the table. Then she cried this morning when I talked to her. I think trying to decide whether to marry Jack or not has affected her nerves."

If Nancy had known Marjorie's reasons for inviting Norman Donaldson she would have laughed at them. She thought of him simply as Susie Reynolds' friend. Nancy would have invited Susie but she was visiting friends in Chicago at the time.

The following Sunday evening, Dr. Jackson Ruther explained his theories regarding the secret of faith healing and what he had learned about that mysterious subconscious intelligence which he had named the Health Ariel in talking to Susie Reynolds. Interest in the question was so aroused that it was decided to meet again a week later to continue the discussion.

Any reader who wishes to hurry to the conclusion of the story before reading the discussions regarding the law of faith

healing and the mechanism of the human soul which are recorded in Part V of this chronicle will not lose the thread of the narrative by skipping the two chapters of that part and passing on to Part VI, but those who are interested in these questions, and all who wish to have a real understanding of the characters of Dr. Jackson Ruther, Lawrence Overland, Norman Donaldson and Nancy Overland, will find Part V an important division of the chronicle. The author hopes that all who hurry to the conclusion of the story will turn back afterward to read the discussions.

It is remarkable how much time is spent in most of the older districts of English-speaking Canada, both rural and urban, in discussions about politics, religion, therapeutics and various questions nearly related to metaphysics in home circles, in clubs, at social gatherings, in rural post offices and country stores, in fact wherever two or three or more are gathered together. Of course, there are gatherings where nothing is mentioned but current gossip or the latest news about baseball matches and the races, but the number who discuss the more serious subjects is very large. If a stenographer were present to take down everything said in one of these discussions those who participated would be astonished to see how many typewritten pages their remarks would fill.

Sir William Osler in a reminiscence of Dr. James Bovell at Trinity University, Toronto, said that a number of the medical students used to gather frequently at his house "to reason high and long on Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate." How characteristic it is of Canadians "to reason high and long" on subjects that interest them.

PART FIVE

THE HEALTH ARIEL

CHAPTER I

THE LAW OF FAITH HEALING

"Mr. Donaldson, before Dr. Ruther begins to expound his views on faith healing I must tell you that I have been trying for some time to get him to deliver a lecture or sermon on this subject," said Mr. Overland. "He got so far as to say that while he didn't believe in the Christian Science theory that there is no matter, no evil and no disease, he did believe the Christian Scientists performed miraculous cures, although no more miraculous than the cures which were actually effected at the Roman Catholic shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, near Quebec City. He said the Christian Scientists and the Roman Catholics worked their miracles in accordance with the same law of faith that Jesus used in his miracles, but that while Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy and her followers did not understand the law of faith they were using Jesus probably did understand it. Have I reported you correctly, Dr. Ruther?"

"Yes, I think that is precisely what I said."

"You say, Doctor, that the Christian Scientists don't understand the law of faith. How can they make use of the law if they don't understand it?" said Mr. Overland.

"Do we understand the law of electricity?"

"I certainly don't."

"Neither do I. Yet we are both taking advantage of it every day. Since the development of hydro-electric power at Niagara Falls this section of Canada has had wonderful evidence of the power of electricity and the multifarious uses of it. Every room in my house is lighted by electricity. I turn a button in any room and it is filled with light instantaneously. We have become so accustomed to this that we don't consider how wonderful it is. I don't understand the why of it, but I know it to be a fact. The other evening something went wrong. We turned the buttons but the light did not come. Next morn-

ing we sent for an electrician. He quickly discovered what was wrong and set it right in fifteen minutes. He knew more than I did about methods of utilizing electricity, but was as ignorant as I am regarding the law of it. In a conversation with him I found his theories about it were very crude. Yet he knew how to make use of the power. In the same way the Christian Scientists, in spite of their absurd theories about the law of faith, make use of the power successfully."

"Why do they call themselves Scientists?"

"It is a curious fact that the most extreme spiritualists and the most extreme materialists call themselves by the same name. When I study the origin of the word 'scientist' I see how appropriately they have both chosen the same designation. A scientist, according to the derivation of the word, is a Know-it-all. The materialist Know-it-all declares that everything is matter. The spiritualist Know-it-all declares that there is no matter."

"What is the true explanation, Jackson?"

"I don't pretend to know it all or even to go very far in the direction of solving the riddle," said Dr. Ruther. "While the Christian Scientists are wrong in saying there is no matter it may be true that so far as the human being is concerned the association with matter is only a temporary condition. It may be that matter itself is resolvable into ether and ether into some substance less dense than ether. However, in this sphere of existence we cannot live without making use of matter. The Christian Scientists themselves acknowledge this by eating food, drinking water and breathing fresh air."

"Nancy's friend, Mrs. Sweden, is a Christian Scientist and was cured of tuberculosis by Christian Science," said Mrs. Overland. "She says that matter and spirit cannot work together without antagonism."

"She cannot be an orthodox Christian Scientist or she would not acknowledge that there is any matter," said Dr. Ruther. "Of course matter and spirit cannot work together because matter cannot work at all. It can be neither antagonistic nor friendly. It has no power in itself."

"Jesus said: 'It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing,'" said Nancy.

"Of course Jesus did not speak English," said Dr. Ruther. "I think the English word 'profiteth' is used to translate a word that conveys an idea of activity and force. What Jesus meant was: It is the spirit that gives life and force to the flesh. Without the spirit the flesh could do nothing. He did not say

'there is no matter,' as the Christian Scientists do. He merely pointed out that flesh, which is a form of matter, would have no force without the spirit. The moment the spirit leaves the body what remains is a mass of inert matter. The flesh is there in the dead body as it was in the live one, but it cannot move; it cannot feel; it profiteth and availeth nothing. We say: 'The man is dead.' What we really mean is the body is dead because the spirit which quickened it has departed, leaving nothing but a mass of flesh and bones, which for a short time continues to have the form and image of the man who has left it, but soon disintegrates and passes off as elemental matter to be used again for some other purpose."

"You believe that the spirit of man has the same form and image as the material body?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"I should put it rather the other way, that the material body takes the form of the spiritual body," said Dr. Ruther. "In fact the matter of the material body is changing all the time. If no food is taken even for a week there is loss of weight. Everyone knows how the material body would waste away if no food were taken for a month. The food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe, are being used constantly to build up a new body and it has been estimated that at least once in seven years every particle of the material body is changed. I believe the change takes place much more quickly than seven years. Thus the matter which is in your body to-day will all have passed away in a few years and other matter will have taken its place."

"What is the spiritual body made of, Dr. Ruther?" asked Mr. Donaldson. "If it has form it must be made of something, I suppose."

"Yes, I think so. I don't go so far as to define it, but imagine there is some ethereal substance, perhaps distinguished from what we call matter by being less dense or having a higher rate of vibration. For the sake of a name we might call it *metetherium* on the assumption that just as ether is less dense than matter, this substance is less dense than ether."

"I don't see that we are getting any closer to your theory about faith healing, Jackson," said Mr. Overland.

"I think Dr. Ruther is leading us toward it, Mr. Overland, and for my part I enjoy stopping by the way to look at things," said Mr. Donaldson.

"Well, if we are not going straight ahead let us turn back a bit," said Mr. Overland. "I want to ask Dr. Ruther a question. I want to know whether you think Paul's remark about the flesh

lusting against the spirit is in accordance with your explanation of what Jesus said."

"You mean that it is not in accord with Jesus' statement to the effect that the flesh is inert unless quickened by the spirit. Paul, the Apostle, was a noble man and highly intelligent. I have always admired him, but he was not infallible and the remark you refer to, if correctly translated, does not seem to me to agree with the statement of Jesus. Many others besides Paul have made the mistake of blaming the flesh for the faults of the spirit. It is so easy to excuse oneself for lust by saying that the flesh lusts. The spirit merely uses the flesh to gratify its own desires whether they are good or evil. This false notion that the flesh is to blame has sometimes caused men to cut and abuse their bodies in order to punish the flesh. Jesus taught truly that the flesh has no power, life or activity of itself, but the spirit quickens it either for good or for evil."

"I see your point, Jackson," said Mr. Overland. "Let us move on again toward your theory about faith healing."

"Almost everything I see in nature convinces me that the universe has a great designing, benevolent mind, and nowhere else is there greater evidence of design than in the human body and the human soul," said Dr. Ruth. "I sometimes think that if I knew all the laws that govern the make-up of a man and a woman, body, soul and spirit, I should come very near to knowing all about the universe. In fact, however, I know very little about the human body, although I have been studying it nearly all my life, and I know still less about the human soul. I believe that one cannot have a real knowledge of the body without a knowledge of the soul. Having made this confession of ignorance you will understand that I am not speaking dogmatically. Any theories that I may set forth are guesses. I know little, but I know enough to see that some of those who call themselves scientists among both the materialists and the spiritualists know even less than I do."

"Marjorie was complaining the other day that you were not positive enough in your opinions," said Mr. Overland, "but this company of truth seekers prefer your attitude. Excuse me for interrupting, Jackson. Go on with your argument."

"I have a theory that all human activity is based on the law of faith," said Dr. Ruth. "I go further and say that faith is the fundamental law of activity throughout the universe. No bird would ever fly if it did not believe it could fly."

"I don't know who wrote it or where I read it, but I have in my mind something about a bird's faith," said Nancy. "My recollection is that it is a translation from some foreign language. It is something like this:

"Be as a bird which chancing to alight
Upon a bough too slight
Feels it give way beneath it, yet sings
Knowing it has wings.'"

"That is a very good illustration of faith," said Dr. Ruther. "I think Victor Hugo was the author. Every action of our lives depends upon faith. We do things because we believe we can do them. Of course there are certain limitations. A man cannot fly as a bird can and belief would not make him fly. He has no wings. What I mean is that man can use any powers that God has given him if he has faith in those powers. I think God has endowed a man's soul with power to make the material body healthy within certain limitations.

"Many years ago a boy six years old was brought to me for treatment because although evidently intelligent and having excellent hearing he could not talk. When I examined his vocal organs they seemed to be perfect. I convinced him that he could talk as well as anyone and before long he did. He afterward proved to be unusually capable. Evidently his backwardness in talking was not due to any defect in the vocal organs. I concluded at the time that it was due to inactivity of brain cells controlling the vocal functions owing to lack of belief in the power to act, and it occurred to me that in many cases imperfect functioning of various organs and parts of organs of the body might be due to the inactivity of controlling brain cells, owing to lack of belief. The number of cells in the brain is beyond comprehension, each of them having its own separate function. They are almost inconceivably tiny and yet they have powers beyond our comprehension. I thought that each brain cell might have independent intelligence and that there might be responsive intelligence in cells throughout the body having connection through the nerves or in some other way with the cells of the brain."

"Do you believe that the material cells in the brain and throughout the body have consciousness and intelligence?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"I do not think that the matter of which the cells are com-

posed has intelligence, but the material cells may be wonderfully designed to enable intelligence to operate through them as respects the special function of each," said Dr. Ruther. "It is a curious fact that in mental therapeutics I have sometimes found it most effective to address parts of the physical system that are not functioning properly as if they had consciousness. Thus I have addressed directly to the eyes suggestions that they would recover full strength and power of sight. It may be merely a means of concentrating the attention of the subconscious mind on the eyesight, but I have sometimes fancied that certain brain cells related to the eyes are in this way directly influenced and that there may be a certain degree of responsive consciousness to such impressions in the cells of the eyes themselves."

"I suppose," said Mr. Donaldson, "that you mean consciously responsive to impulses sent through the nerves from the brain cells to which you have referred rather than directly responsive to your suggestions."

"That is what I mean," said Dr. Ruther. "It is just as easy for me to believe that cells of the human body have such responsive consciousness as to believe that insects have consciousness, and as the function of each cell in the human body is probably more important than that of any insect, God may have endowed the human cell with a greater degree of consciousness and intelligence as regards its special function. This would not imply that it has intelligence or consciousness apart from its function. Consider the remarkable intelligence of ants and bees as regards their special functions."

"Have you any scientific authority for that idea of intelligent cells throughout the body, or is it just a theory of your own, Jackson?" said Mr. Overland.

"Many biologists regard it as a scientifically established fact that the physical body of man is made up of a confederation of cell entities, each having its independent life, but co-operating to carry on the bodily functions. Stephens in his book 'Pluracel-lular Man' states that there are at least thirty different kinds of cells in the human body, the character of the cells in the different organs so varying that they are specially adapted to the functions. Haeckel, the well-known German scientific writer, had a very high appreciation of the potentialities of cells in the bodies of men and the higher animals. Sir William Osler has referred to man's body as 'a humming hive of working cells, each with its specific function,' a very graphic way of saying that the human

cells are as intelligently co-operative as a hive of bees. Thus, you see, I do not stand alone in believing that the cells of the human body have instinctive intelligence adapted in each case to the special function."

"That strengthens your case," said Mr. Overland. "Go on, Jackson."

"In considering the functioning of the many communities of cells that make up the various organs of the human body," said Dr. Ruther, "it should be noted that certain medical men of good standing believe that man has two brains."

"Do you mean the right and the left hemispheres of the brain?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"No. The two hemispheres are regarded as one brain; but there is a theory that man has a secondary brain in the solar plexus, which is called the abdominal brain in contra-distinction to the cranial brain. It is assumed that this abdominal brain is the centre of the sympathetic nervous system and that it dominates the subconscious functions of metabolism, such as the digestion and assimilation of food, the circulation of the blood and all the wonderful chemical processes of the internal organs of the physical body. Certainly the solar plexus is a great nervous centre, and it seems to play an important part in the internal organization."

"Where is the solar plexus located?" said Mr. Overland.

"It is behind the stomach," said Dr. Ruther. "You would find it back of the pit of the stomach approximately. The advocates of the abdominal brain theory do not suppose that it is absolutely independent of the cranial brain, with which it has nerve connection, but they hold that to a considerable extent at least it directs the internal functions without special orders from the cranial brain."

"This idea of an abdominal brain is quite new to me," said Mr. Overland. "Do you accept it, Jackson?"

"I have no positive opinion."

"The brain cells you referred to as controlling cells of various organs throughout the body might be in the solar plexus?"

"Possibly so, although I had no such idea when I began theorizing about the consciousness and intelligence of cells as regards their special functions."

"It is easy for us to imagine intelligence working through cells of the cranial brain because we are accustomed to that idea," said Mr. Donaldson. "It is more difficult to realize that cells in other parts of the body may have intelligence."

"Psychologists, who have made a study of the behaviour of hypnotized persons and the effect upon them of suggestions of health or disease, have come to the conclusion that there is a subconscious intelligence controlling the internal functions of the human body and that it is highly susceptible to suggestions from any conscious mind," said Dr. Ruther. "It has been called by different investigators the unconscious, subconscious or subjective mind. Without feeling sure that it was really a distinct mind, half believing that it was only some subordinate mechanism of the soul endowed with clairvoyant powers and sufficient intelligence to direct certain functions of the body, I called it the health mind in talking to some of my patients whom I wished to impress with its wonderful curative powers when inspired by faith."

"Susie Reynolds has been telling us how you taught her and Nancy to call it the 'Health Ariel,'" said Mr. Overland. "If you are not sure that it is a mind, Jackson, why call it a mind? I suggest that in our discussion to-night we call it the 'Health Ariel' as Susie and Nancy have been doing for years."

"I have no objection to offer," said Dr. Ruther, "although I used that name in the first place simply to interest the imagination of a child with a view to impressing upon her mind the extraordinary powers of the mysterious health-controlling intelligence that appears to exist in every human being, and at the same time arousing belief that it could be made as fully subject to her will as Ariel was subject to the will of Prospero in Shakespeare's play, 'The Tempest.'"

"Jackson, before going further let us turn back," said Mr. Overland. "When you were addressing to the eyes suggestions that they would be restored to efficiency you got the impression that intelligent brain cells controlling the functioning of the eyes were directly influenced by your suggestions and telegraphed instructions to the eyes which responded obediently. If that was so, what need was there for the Health Ariel? It strikes me that your Health Ariel may be an imaginary creature, and that the psychologists who have been giving the subconscious or subjective mind credit for managing the internal economy of the body may be on the wrong track. It may be that the health suggestions go direct to intelligent brain cells controlling respectively the various organs of the body."

"The same thought came to me, Lawrence," said Dr. Ruther, "but, taking into consideration not only my own experiments but those of hypnotists, I am inclined to think that there is a

Health Ariel having general charge of the subconscious internal physical functions. It might be true that the intelligent brain cells controlling the functioning of the eyes responded directly to my suggestions and yet they might ordinarily be under the direction of the Health Ariel."

"I have been reading during the past week a book entitled, 'The Law of Psychic Phenomena' by an American psychologist, Thomson J. Hudson," said Mr. Donaldson.

"There is a large measure of truth in 'The Law of Psychic Phenomena,'" said Dr. Ruth. "On many points I had formed the same conclusions as Hudson before reading the book. However, I decidedly disagree with him on some points."

"What do you particularly object to?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"Mr. Donaldson, if you and Dr. Ruth are going to carry on a discussion about Hudson's book which I have never read, I'll just go into the kitchen and have a smoke," said Mr. Overland. "When you are through just let me know and I'll come back to hear Dr. Ruth's views on faith healing."

"Father, you can smoke here," said Nancy. "I am sure Dr. Ruth and Mr. Donaldson will not mind. Could we not discuss Hudson's book some other evening after Father has read it? If Dr. Ruth will lend it to Father I shall be glad to read it, too. Then we shall understand the discussion when Dr. Ruth and you talk about it, Mr. Donaldson."

"That's right, Nancy," said her father. "Come next Sunday, Mr. Donaldson, and talk it out. Go on, Jackson."

"We shall not go into a discussion of Hudson's book until you have read it, Mr. Overland, but I shall give you a brief outline of his theory of faith healing," said Dr. Ruth. "I shall not try to explain to-night his opinion of the nature and powers of the subjective or subconscious mind and its relation to the objective or conscious mind except in so far as it affects his theory of faith healing. You remember the hypnotist who gave a performance in the Downmount Town Hall last winter?"

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Overland. "I took Nancy to see him. He made some of the Downmount village young men perform queer antics when he hypnotized them. They would believe anything they were told. The hypnotist explained to us that they were governed by what he called the law of suggestion; that is they would believe whatever was suggested to them. When he awakened them they did not remember anything about it."

"Hudson's theory is that man has two minds, one of which

he calls the objective or conscious mind, with which we are all familiar, and the other the subjective or subconscious mind, which is to all of us a mystery," continued Dr. Ruther. "When a man is hypnotized his conscious or objective mind is supposed to be asleep and his subconscious or subjective mind is supposed to take control of his ordinary actions. Hudson supposes that the ordinary business of the subjective or subconscious mind while associated with the material body is to look after those functions of the body not directed by the conscious mind, and that it never goes to sleep on its job, but that it is constantly responsive to suggestions of health or disease from any conscious mind, receiving these suggestions sometimes by telepathy and sometimes by spoken words. He says that the subjective mind has absolute control of the functions, conditions and sensations of the body, and that under the influence of health suggestions it will make the body healthy, while if suggestions of disease are stronger or more frequent the subjective mind will bring about disease. Hudson did not originate this theory, but he sets forth the arguments for it in a terse, forcible way. So far I am practically in accord with Hudson although I do not agree with many of his theories regarding the so-called subjective and objective minds."

"Dr. Ruther," said Nancy, "I have had a great deal of confidence in the Health Ariel ever since I was a child; nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that there are really cases of Divine healing that go far beyond the powers of this queer mechanism of the soul, which is said to believe anything it is told and make the material body healthy or unhealthy according to suggestions which it receives. It seems to me that some of the cases of cures as the result of prayer by faith healers are so marvellous, so instantaneous and so different from the ordinary cases of cure by health suggestions that there must be really something more than that soul mechanism or subjective mind that is so credulous and so easily influenced to believe in either health or disease."

"As regards Divine healing I believe God has provided many ways by which human beings can maintain health or restore health when lost," said Dr. Ruther. "In a certain sense, therefore, every method of healing that brings laws of nature into action, whether by means of medicines, physical exercises, chiropractic, or by suggestions to the subconscious mind or soul mechanism, may be said to be Divine healing, but I agree with you, Nancy, that there are some cases on record of almost instantaneous cures of grave diseases that seem unexplainable except

through belief in the special action of God, or at least by some being having greater powers than those possessed by the mind of man or the mechanism of the human soul."

"What is your belief about that, Dr. Ruther?" said Nancy.

"I have no positive belief. I merely guess at an explanation. In all my theorizing I assume that man is a thought of God, and that God intended the human being to have free will and individuality. In order that human beings should develop individuality they must help themselves and each other. Man through his mind and his soul mechanism has power to keep himself healthy or restore his own health when lost. If God did for human beings ordinarily what they are able to do for themselves and for each other he would lessen their individuality and their spiritual power. But let us suppose that what we call faith is the fundamental law of activity in the universe, as I have already suggested. Let us suppose that prayer at its best is a real reaching out of the human spirit toward God in the fullness of faith, a reaching-out in which all the faculties of the human mind and soul act in absolute accord, that would be such an exercise of human power that God might respond to it without lessening a man's individuality and spiritual force. He might respond to such a fervent prayer by sending into a man's soul mechanism, energy and force that would enable it to accomplish instantaneously what would ordinarily take the half-doubting human soul many months to bring about acting alone. Yet it would be through a man's own soul mechanism that the power would operate and the inflow of divine energy would result from the concentration of the individual mind and soul. I don't hold this as a belief. I merely think of it as a possible explanation. In the same way absolute faith in God accompanied by a reaching out of the human being in a prayer for divine sympathy in spiritual trouble may bring a special flow of the divine spirit of love into an individual soul such as Grandma Overland has described to me as having herself experienced enabling her, she says, to fully understand the meaning of the phrase, 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' Please do not misunderstand me. I have never had any experience of this kind myself, but I do not reject as impossible everything that is to me unknown. I am not a religious man, but I sincerely try to think the truth."

"Dr. Ruther, do you think that the subconscious minds of all human beings are equal in healing power or do you suppose that altogether apart from the degree of faith there may be a

difference in the healing powers of the subconscious minds of two persons?" asked Mr. Donaldson.

"I have often thought that there is a difference, but whether it is a difference in degree of faith or in some quality of the soul mechanism apart from faith I do not know. I assume that in any case whatever healing powers the soul may have cannot be exercised without faith. I have said that a bird could never fly unless it believed it could fly. It occurs to me now that two birds with equal faith may have different powers of flight. Some species of birds can fly much faster than others. They must believe they can fly in order to exercise their powers of flight, but the capacity of speed is more limited in some species than in others. It may also be that the soul mechanisms of human beings vary in capacity altogether apart from the degree of faith. My theory is that faith is the fundamental law of activity in the universe, but activity can take place only within certain limits. Birds have powers that men have not. Men have powers that birds have not. All men are not equal, and it is possible that one man's soul may have greater health restoring powers than the soul of another, although they have equal faith. However, it would be impossible for us to measure the faith in two human beings and say whether they were equal in faith or not. Our knowledge of the law of faith is so limited that it is difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion. I sometimes think that there is in the universe a great source of health energy as widely distributed as electricity and that in each human soul is a reservoir of health energy that may be replenished from the universal source. I have already suggested that the secret of the more marvellous faith cures may lie in the power of the human mind and soul by special concentration to draw in divine energy. It is certain that Jesus believed every human being could have sufficient faith to accomplish miracles of healing. Fullness of faith is so exceptional that no one knows how much might be accomplished by anyone having full faith. Cures as miraculous as those of Jesus have been performed by some of the modern faith healers. It may be that by some law of the universe with which we are at present unacquainted these faith healers are able to draw on the universal source of health energy. Certain men and women seem to have special healing power just as there are men with wonderful musical genius. The great musical composer may have a special power of drawing musical inspiration from the Soul of the Universe, and in the same way the great healer may draw health energy from the Universe. For my own part,

although I have been experimenting for years with the idea that medicine, chiropractic and faith healing may be combined in one system of therapeutics, and have had great success in some cases, I have no wonderful power of drawing energy from Nature for the benefit of my patients. All I can do is to arouse faith in some measure.

"Sometimes after great progress has been made there is a sudden and unexplainable relapse. It has seemed to me that the Health Ariel would sometimes get tired of trying to cure diseased organs and go on strike for a few days or even for several weeks. Such a strike would sometimes begin when the patient seemed to have as much faith as usual. I have known it to begin at a time when the patient was quite jubilant regarding the success of faith healing. I have sometimes thought that the Health Ariel had particularly directed toward a certain diseased or inefficient organ of the body the flow of energy from some general reservoir or system of reservoirs within the physical body until there was danger of the supply of energy being so depleted that other organs of the body would suffer. The Health Ariel having clairvoyant powers might know when the general supply of energy was becoming so seriously depleted by concentration on one organ that the general health would suffer and suddenly withdraw the special flow of energy which had stimulated the inefficient organ. This might explain why a diseased or inefficient organ that had been roused to healthy activity and seemed to be making marvellous progress toward recovery would have such a sudden relapse that the Health Ariel would appear to be on strike. I have assumed in such cases that the Health Ariel was dependent upon the individual supply of energy stored in the body and was unable at the time to quickly draw more from the energy of the universe."

"Where is the energy stored?" said Mr. Overland.

"I don't know," said Dr. Ruther, "but would say possibly in the hormones secreted by the ductless glands such as the thyroid gland, or possibly in the solar plexus. Another explanation of what I have called a strike may be that muscles of any organ of the body not accustomed to working efficiently get tired quickly when put into healthy operation. In the same way a man accustomed to work at an office desk will tire quickly at heavy farm work, while one accustomed to it may continue all day without exhaustion. In all kinds of sport it is recognized that one tires quickly until he becomes accustomed to the exercises. Apply the same principle to the functioning of any part

of the body and it may be understood that even after health is restored it may take time to secure really efficient action and periods of rest may be required. In cases of long-seated diseases any permanent results that I have achieved in faith healing have been due to persistent and long-continued efforts in urging the Health Ariel or soul mechanism to action. That is, it was necessary to continuously endeavor to arouse faith or any ground gained would be lost."

"Yet you did get permanent results in the end?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"Yes, in many cases. In spite of relapses we would gradually gain ground until a permanent cure was effected. The functioning of any organ of the body depends to a great extent on acquired habits. Sir William Osler, whom I regard as the greatest modern authority on therapeutics, said in one of his lectures that we could deliberately train parts of the body to perform complicated actions with unerring accuracy. As an illustration he pointed out that a musician by long practice and at the expense of many mistakes gradually acquires habits which enable him to play difficult pieces almost as automatically as a pianola, chattering as he plays. Now I think this implies the training not only of the fingers, but also of certain brain cells, and for all we know it may imply training of some faculty of the soul mechanism. My theory is that when any organ of the body has been out of working order for a considerable time it takes a great deal of practice to make it function normally again. It is easier to get results with children than with adults in faith healing."

"I suppose that is because it is easier to arouse full faith in children," said Mr. Donaldson.

"It may be partly due to greater faith, but I think it is chiefly because habits have not become so fixed in a child," said Dr. Ruther. "Take the case of a man fifty years old who for forty years has been afflicted with some disorder. Is it reasonable to expect that an organ which has been functioning imperfectly for forty years will get into the habit of functioning perfectly as quickly as one in which inefficient functioning has not become a fixed habit? Even if we can start it working perfectly it will get tired quickly. However, even with children I have found persistent repetition of health suggestions necessary in order to establish a habit of healthy action of any organ of the body that has become diseased or inefficient through inaction.

"If a special inflow of cosmic energy could be brought about

by fullness of faith recovery might be much more rapid. Dr. Hereward Carrington has said that the human body does not resemble a steam engine in its workings so much as it does the electric motor so far as its energy is concerned. He says the sole and only function of food is to supply the wastes of the body—the tissues that have broken down by exercise. He holds that food never supplies any energy to the body under any circumstances but that the body is recharged with energy from without in the same manner as the electric motor is recharged with electric energy. He believes that this recharging of the human body with energy takes place during the hours of sleep and that this is the purpose of sleep. During sleep, he says, the human body is put into a receptive attitude and its nervous mechanism is recharged by some all-pervading cosmic energy in which we live and move and have our being. I am rather inclined to agree with this theory of Carrington although I do not think that recharging of energy never takes place except in sleep. My view is that in the ordinary functioning of the body sleep is the most favourable condition for the recharging of the system with energy, but I should not say that energy is never taken in except in sleep. If we carry Carrington's theory a little further than he himself does we may assume that a special effort of the mind and soul in the concentration of complete faith may draw in such unusual energy that all the powers of the soul mechanism to restore health to every part of the body are wonderfully increased."

"Have you ever followed up the sudden cures wrought by Christian Scientists and other miraculous faith healers to ascertain whether they were permanent?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"I have made no personal investigation, but from what I have heard I believe permanent cures of deep-seated diseases are rare except as the result of long-continued efforts to stimulate faith."

"In the practice of mental therapeutics have you ever tried the experiment of hypnotizing a patient or treating a patient hypnotized by someone else?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"I have never done so. While I do not condemn such experiments I have never felt sure that no harm would result from what I regard as a temporary suspension of individuality, whereas I feel perfectly safe in trying to cure by stimulating faith—the method that Jesus used."

"You referred to Sir William Osler as the greatest modern authority on therapeutics," said Mr. Donaldson. "Has he any belief in faith cures?"

"I have committed to memory some remarks he made about faith in a lecture on Medicine in the Nineteenth Century, given before the Johns Hopkins Historical Club in January, 1901," said Dr. Ruther. "On that occasion Sir William Osler said:

"After all, faith is the great lever of life. Without it, man can do nothing; with it, even with a fragment as a grain of mustard seed, all things are possible to him. Faith in us, faith in our drugs and methods, is the great stock-in-trade of the profession. In one pan of the balance put the pharmacopœias of the world, all the editions from Dioscorides to the last issue of the United States Dispensatory; heap them on the scales as did Euripides his books in the celebrated contest in the "Frogs;" in the other put the simple faith with which from the days of the Pharaohs until now the children of men have swallowed the mixtures these works describe, and the bulky tomes will kick the beam. It is the *aurum potabile*, the touchstone of success in medicine. As Galen says, confidence and hope do more good than physic—he cures most in whom most are confident. That strange compound of charlatan and philosopher, Paracelsus, encouraged his patients to "have good faith, a strong imagination and they shall find the effects." While we doctors often overlook or are ignorant of our own faith cures, we are just a wee bit too sensitive about those performed outside our ranks. We have never had, and cannot expect to have, a monopoly in this panacea, which is open to all, free as the sun, and which may make of every one in certain cases, as was the Lacedemonian of Homer's day, a good physician out of Nature's grace. Faith in the gods or in the saints cures one, faith in little pills another, hypnotic suggestion a third, faith in a plain common doctor a fourth. In all ages the prayer of faith has healed the sick, and the mental attitude of the suppliant seems to be of more consequence than the powers to which the prayer is addressed. The cures in the temples of Æsculapius, the miracles of the saints, the remarkable cures of those noble men, the Jesuit missionaries, in this country, the modern miracles of Lourdes and at St. Anne de Beaupré in Quebec, and the wonder-workings of the so-called Christian Scientists, are often genuine, and must be considered in discussing the foundations of therapeutics.'"

"Evidently Sir William Osler believes in faith cures as much as you do, Dr. Ruther," said Mr. Overland.

"I think so," said Dr. Ruther. "That wonderful cures have been effected by faith alone is now a well-established fact. The difficulty is to explain the mode of operation. One day some time ago I evolved what seemed to me an interesting theory, but on reflection found difficulties in the way of accepting it as true. Assuming that man was essentially a spirit with a spiritual body and that the material body was a replica of the spiritual body in all its parts and organs, I reasoned that if we could assume the spiritual body to be always healthy we might say that it would only be necessary for the mind to bring the material body into exact correspondence with the spiritual body to have perfect health. I said to myself: Suppose the mysterious intelligence which psychologists call the subjective or subconscious mind transforms air, water and food by wonderful chemical processes and moulds them into imitations of the more permanent and perfectly healthy cells of the spiritual body. If it does its work perfectly the materials taken into the body daily are made to correspond almost exactly with the healthy cells of the spiritual body. Sometimes it does not perform its work properly. The materials taken constantly into the body are not made to perfectly correspond with the spiritual body and then we have a diseased condition of the material body."

"I don't believe that you and Mrs. Eddy are as far apart as I thought you were, Dr. Ruther," said Nancy. "Mrs. Eddy would say to a woman suffering from tuberculosis: 'You have no disease. You are perfectly well.' Why could you not say the same thing to the same woman if you believe that the spiritual body is the woman's real body and that the material body is just an outer shell made up of a lot of particles of matter taking temporarily the same forms as the cells and tissues of the spiritual body? Why would it be wrong to tell her that she is actually well? Would not that be the real truth? Dr. Ruther, I believe you are a Christian Scientist after all."

"I agree with Miss Overland in thinking that the idea that the spiritual body is always in perfectly healthy condition is really a close approximation to the Christian Scientist belief," said Mr. Donaldson, "although it is free from the ridiculous Christian Science notion that there is no matter and no disease. It may be that Mrs. Eddy had a glimpse of the truth, but did not entirely grasp it."

"Mr. Donaldson, you and Nancy are both ignoring the fact

that Dr. Ruther abandoned that part of his theory after examination," said Mr. Overland. "Remember that Dr. Ruther said he found difficulties in the way of accepting the theory as true. Let him tell us what knocked out that part of his theory. Fire away, Jackson."

"On reflection," said Dr. Ruther, "I reasoned that unless the spiritual body would have the same functions in the metetherial world as the material body has in this world it would not have exactly the same organs. If we can imagine that the environment and the conditions of life in the next plane of existence are the same as in the present life except that the atmosphere and the metetherial substance by means of which things take form is less dense with a higher rate of vibration, if we can imagine that the spiritual body is renewed by eating, drinking and breathing, and that propagation occurs under the same laws of reproduction as in this world, then we may suppose that the internal and external organs of the spiritual body will be the same; but if the conditions in the spiritual world do not require these functions it seems improbable that all the organs of the spiritual body will be the same. I have always been impressed with the wonderful design in the mechanism of the human body. Every organ appears to have been marvellously designed for the functions to be performed. Nothing is useless."

"How about the vermiform appendix which so many surgeons take delight in removing as useless? What is the use of that organ?" asked Mr. Overland.

"I don't know its use, but the failure of the medical profession to discover its use is not a proof that it is useless," said Dr. Ruther. "I think it has often been removed unnecessarily."

"I have been told by doctors that it is merely a survival of an organ which had a use in a lower stage of evolution," said Mr. Donaldson.

"It may have a use not yet discovered, possibly in the gestative period if not afterward," said Dr. Ruther. "But to continue my argument regarding the general mechanism of the physical body, an organ may have more than one function, and apart from the special functions of each organ, different organs sometimes work in combination to secure certain results. Throughout nature we find that one of the great delights of the Divine Creative Mind is to express beauty. Altogether apart from the functions of the various external organs of the human body there is a beautiful harmony, and this is particularly true of a woman's face and form. The human face is also perfectly designed to

express intelligence and emotions. Perhaps the most important purpose of the human face and form is to produce personal attractiveness. I can imagine no other form that would serve so well to express those things that attract one human being to another. I believe that for the sake of beauty, the expression of intelligence and the purpose of recognition the human face and form will be the same in the spiritual world, although more refined and freed from the grossness of materialism. On the other hand some of the bodily organs seem to be designed for special functioning in a material environment. Yet I should not dogmatically assert of any organ of the material body that it could not have a spiritual counterpart designed to perform in the spiritual world some function never thought of here. I have said that the same organ of the material body may have more than one use. The power of the eyes to express love is even more wonderful than the power of sight. How much easier life would be if we could get rid of the necessity of eating, but who would wish to eliminate from life the charm of a woman's smile, for which the mouth and teeth are as essential as for eating. The nose is necessary for the harmony of the face, but we both breathe and smell through it. So it may be that the spiritual counterparts of organs used for certain purposes in this life may have quite different uses in the spiritual life. Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe that while the face and form are preserved in the spiritual life some of the organs which function here will not be required there. That is why on consideration I could not accept as probably true the theory of exact correspondence between the material and spiritual bodies being the condition essential to health."

"Could you not imagine," said Nancy, "that even if some organ of the body were not necessary to function in the spiritual world there might be a spiritual counterpart while in the material body for the purpose of giving health and life and power; I mean to quicken the flesh as Jesus said. If that were true we could believe in the theory of correspondence which you rejected after consideration. That would be in accordance with what you said about blaming the spirit instead of the flesh. Then we could imagine that when the spirit left the material body the spiritual counterparts of organs no longer useful might be modified for new functions, or the metetherial substance composing them used to strengthen and develop other organs of the spiritual body for the functions of the spiritual life."

"I can imagine the possibility of it, Nancy, but I should not

like to base a theory of faith healing on the supposition that it is true," said Dr. Ruther.

"I liked the idea of healthy correspondence between the material and spiritual bodies," said Nancy. "I should be sorry to think we must abandon that theory. It seems to me that Christian Scientists might easily accept it and cease saying there is no matter and no disease. It would be much easier to make people believe that they are ill because the matter in their bodies is not in normal correspondence with their healthy spiritual bodies than to make them believe that they are not ill at all and that there is no such thing as matter."

"It should be noted," said Dr. Ruther, "that the Yogi philosophers of India believe that man while living on the earth has three bodies—the material body, the astral body and the spiritual body—and many psychic investigators in Europe and America have arrived at the same conclusion. I do not think we should be too ready to accept all the conclusions of the Yogi philosophers, but, nevertheless, some importance must be attached to the fact that their occult studies have extended over long periods and that they have probably had more intimate acquaintance with the subconscious states of human existence than any other class of psychic investigators. They appear to hold that the essential difference between the three bodies is in the rate of vibration of the particles of which they are composed, the particles of the astral body having a higher rate of vibration than those of the material body, while those of the spiritual body have a still higher vibration. They hold that immediately after death of the physical or material body the soul still lives in the astral body, but before long this is discarded and disintegrates, only the spiritual body being retained. The idea seems to be that the highly vibrating spiritual body could not be in association with the material body without the astral body as an intermediary stepping down the higher vibration. I neither accept nor reject this theory that we have three bodies. I have believed from boyhood in a spiritual body associated with the material body during our earth life and persisting after the death of the material body. If the Yogi idea that we have three bodies is true it possibly may be that the astral body is an exact duplicate of the physical body in all its organs and parts, the only difference being the higher vibration of the particles, but that the more permanent spiritual body, being designed to function in an altogether different environment, is somewhat different. It would certainly simplify the whole problem if we could assume

that all the Health Ariel has to do is to make the material particles conform to a perfectly healthy astral or spiritual body."

"Have you finished your statement, Jackson?" said Mr. Overland.

"I should say in conclusion," said Dr. Ruther, "that mere belief that one is well does not make one well. Every medical practitioner knows that in many cases disease of some organ of the body reaches quite an advanced stage before the patient realizes that he is ill. People have come to consult me about a disorder of some organ of the body and I have discovered much more serious disease in another organ which they never suspected was out of order. Post-mortem examinations sometimes reveal diseased conditions unsuspected by either the doctor or his patients. These facts seem to disprove the theory held in common by Christian Scientists, Hudson and many other advocates of mental healing that the diseased condition is due to imagination. Yet faith in recovery often has wonderful curative effects. It seems to me that quiescent belief in health is not that powerful lever which moves mountains. I imagine that the real miracle-working faith is an active form of belief which rouses some curative faculty of the mind or soul out of inattention into intense concentrated activity, enabling it to draw out of the great reservoir of nature an unusual supply of healing energy."

"Miss Overland, did you ever ask your Christian Scientist friend, Mrs. Sweden, how she accounts for the body that is left behind when a man dies if it is not matter?" said Mr. Donaldson. "It is not necessary to ask the materialist for any explanation of the dead body, but I can't see how the Christian Scientist accounts for it."

"I suppose it is true that you would not question a materialist about a dead body," said Nancy, "but I think I could ask a materialist a great many questions about a live body that he could not answer."

"Nancy, you did not answer Mr. Donaldson's question about Mrs. Sweden," said Mrs. Overland.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Donaldson. I did not ask Mrs. Sweden the question you submitted, but I did ask her a similar question," said Nancy. "I asked her how the Christian Scientists accounted for the houses, the churches, the schools, which men build and leave behind them. The Anglican church in Downmount was built by a man whose name would now be almost forgotten if it were not engraved on a tombstone in the grave-

yard adjoining the church. The man has gone long ago. His body is in the grave and the church will probably be there even after his bones have turned to dust."

"What did Mrs. Sweden say in reply to your question, Miss Overland?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"She said that although she had been cured of tuberculosis by Christian Science she did not know enough about it to answer that question. However, she thought Mrs. Eddy did not really mean that there was no matter. She thought Mrs. Eddy meant that matter was ephemeral."

"It seems a pity that Mrs. Eddy did not say what she really meant," said Mr. Donaldson. "She was quite emphatic in declaring there was no matter, and so are most of the lecturers, teachers and preachers of the Christian Science church."

"While I do not agree with everything the Christian Scientists say, I believe they are doing a great deal of good," said Nancy. "It is not merely the curing of disease. The change in character is often as noticeable as the improvement in health. My friend Mrs. Sweden has a sweeter and more contented disposition as a result of Christian Science. I always liked her, but I admire her more than ever now."

"Sincere faith in any of the Christian religions seems to have an elevating and refining influence," said Mr. Donaldson. "The various Christian creeds conflict in dogmas, but there is a certain something in which they all agree and that something has a refining and purifying influence."

"Jackson," said Mr. Overland, "why is it that although you have a strong belief in the powers of the Health Ariel you continue to prescribe medicines and even have a good word to say for chiropractic sometimes?"

"There is a general disposition on the part of the practitioners of any system of therapeutics to assume that every other system is absolutely wrong," said Dr. Ruther. "The faith healer, believing that he is operating in accordance with divine laws, thinks that the use of medicine is contrary to divine law. The medical practitioner ridicules the chiropractor, who in turn sets aside as worthless all the knowledge and experience of the medical profession regarding the use of drugs. My own view is that God has provided many ways of maintaining and restoring health. The same result may be accomplished by different methods and sometimes by harmonizing different systems of practice more satisfactory results may be achieved."

"I have pointed out what appear to me to be certain limita-

tions in the healing powers of the soul under ordinary conditions. I say under ordinary conditions because I think certain faith healers have extraordinary, mysterious powers of arousing faith by laying on of hands. The number possessing great powers of this kind appears to be limited; very few people ever have the opportunity of coming in contact with them more than once or twice in a lifetime; and even those healers with exceptional powers fail to get results in some cases. Let us assume that the soul of any human being can accomplish miracles of healing when faith is fully developed; yet we know that it is usually difficult to arouse faith. I believe that in ordinary practice medicines may be used as aids to make restoration of health easier. I do not believe in over-much drugging of patients, but I do not think that we should reject all the knowledge acquired by the medical profession during a long period of years. There is probably no other profession the members of which have been so ready to co-operate with each other, sharing their knowledge, giving each other the advantage of their experiments and revealing their discoveries for the benefit of the whole profession. Thus we are able to take advantage of the world-wide experience of physicians with all kinds of patients under many different conditions in several generations. We have also the discoveries made in the research laboratories of the medical departments of the great universities of the world. All this knowledge and experience so readily accessible to any member of the medical profession is of inestimable value. Much as I believe in the possibility of healing by exercise of faith, I think that medicines may be judiciously used sometimes. Some devotees of mental healing believe that medicines are only efficacious because the patient expects that they will be beneficial. They attribute all cures to mental operations directly or indirectly. It is true that the influence on the mind of taking something which is expected to cure is an important factor, and I have sometimes made use of harmless substitutes for medicines in cases where patients who did not need medicines were determined to have them; but no experienced physician nor anyone who has a knowledge of the practical experience of physicians can doubt that medicines are of great value in the treatment of certain kinds of diseases."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Overland, "that the medical profession have made a god of medicine and that they wish to force the people of this province by laws to fall down and worship this god."

"It is a mistake," said Dr. Ruther, "to suppose that the medi-

cal profession or what I may call the orthodox branch of the noble profession of therapeutics, have ever bowed down in worship of an idol constructed out of bottles of drugs. Manufacturers of patent medicines have advertised various remedies as cure-alls, but the medical profession have never made any such claims. They are often slow to adopt new ideas, but perhaps, after all, the conservatism of the profession has in great measure protected innocent people from quackery and fraud. Let me give one instance as an illustration of the fact that the orthodox doctor does not put his trust in medicine alone. I have never visited the tropics, but I know how generally the medical profession in the British West Indies have cleaned out yellow fever by carrying on a campaign against mosquitoes, for it is certain now that the mosquitoes are usually to blame for yellow fever and malaria, so that by construction of good drains to carry off rain water and the strict enforcement of regulations to prevent the keeping anywhere of stagnant water in which mosquitoes might breed, a transformation has been brought about in the health conditions of those tropical regions. The merits of chiropractic are often exaggerated by those who regard it as a cure-all and there is a great deal of quackery in connection with it, but I think that when the spinal vertebrae are in normal position any health-restoring force or forces can operate more easily; so that whether we are depending upon faith healing or on medicine as a means of cure I think a preliminary examination of the spine and adjustment of any subluxations that exist advisable."

"It occurs to me," said Mr. Overland, "that one reason why Christian Scientists have had greater success in faith healing than any of the other churches is that they have instituted a system of private healing. Faith healing in the other churches is usually of a public character. Anyone desiring to take advantage of a faith healing mission must go forward and stand or kneel before a large audience. Few people like such publicity, and even if they do brave the staring eyes of the multitude who have come to see the performance the knowledge that so many people are looking at them must have a tendency to distract their attention and make healing more difficult. The travelling healer after a few days' public healing at an Anglican, Presbyterian, or Methodist Church or in a public hall in a large centre of population passes on to another city and most of those who have been cured soon relapse into their former condition. In contrast with these birds of passage the Christian Science healers can be found almost anywhere and can be consulted privately

again and again as conveniently as medical men. If a cure is accomplished one does not mind talking about it, and in case of failure it is not advertised."

"Mrs. Sweden says the Christian Science healer whom she consulted said nothing about matter or disease," said Nancy. "He simply asked her to close her eyes and enter into communion with God in a wordless prayer of faith. He said if she would just be quiescent, thinking of nothing but the health-restoring power of God, the divine healing spirit would flow through her. He said, 'There is but one mind in the universe, the mind of God. Think of your mind as only a part of that perfect mind and let the mind of God act through you.' She did place herself in that receptive attitude of mind, and she says the divine healing spirit did flow through her, completely restoring her health."

"If all Christian Scientists expressed themselves in that way, eliminating statements denying the existence of matter and disease, I should see nothing to criticize," said Dr. Ruth. "What Mrs. Sweden describes seems to me akin to what has been called cosmic consciousness, meaning a state in which the human mind temporarily merges itself in the mind of the universe. I think Jesus had the same thought in mind when he said he was one with the Father and that his disciples were one with him. The secret of the marvellously instantaneous curing of disease by Jesus and a few of our modern healers may be simply the placing of the human consciousness in complete unison with the consciousness of the universe; but this would not alter the fact that the healing would be brought about through the same mechanism of the human soul that hypnotists utilize in mental healing."

"What you mean," said Mr. Donaldson, "is that each man has a subconscious instrument that may be played upon by suggestions from his own conscious mind or the conscious mind of a hypnotist, but that the same instrument may be played upon by the mind of the universe when a man is in that state of ecstasy sometimes called cosmic consciousness."

"That partly expresses my meaning, but not exactly, for it gives the impression that the higher faculties of men are not in action when there are miracles of healing. I am inclined to think that such miracles as the New Testament describes only come to pass when the higher faculties of man are aroused into such intense, concentrated activity that the whole human personality is in attunement with the Mind and the Soul of the Universe. Jesus particularly emphasized the fact that miracu-

lous cures depended upon the faith of the individual cured. Faith intensified to a high pitch of expectant exaltation that harmonizes the individual consciousness with the consciousness of the universe may bring about a peculiar inflow of energy from nature that produces the instantaneous healing which we call a miracle."

"I think," said Nancy, "the basic idea of Christian Science is that the human mind is only a part of the Divine Mind and that when a man's mind is in complete harmony with the perfect mind of God there can be no sin and no disease. That idea probably came to Mrs. Eddy by intuition, but when she began to reason about it she got into a muddle and declared that there was neither matter nor disease. Her intuition was true, but her reasoning was defective."

"Let me read to you a passage from the fifth chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark," said Mr. Donaldson, taking a copy of the New Testament from his pocket:

And a certain woman which had an issue of blood twelve years.

And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.

"How like that is to the experience of many people in modern times before they think of consulting Christian Science healers," said Nancy as Mr. Donaldson paused.

"No interruptions," said Mr. Overland. "Go on with your reading of the Gospel, Mr. Donaldson."

When she had heard of Jesus came in the press behind, and touched his garment.

For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.

And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague.

And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?

And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?

And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing.

But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth.

And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.

"There are several things worth noting in this passage," said Mr. Donaldson. "The crowd were pressing on him. Many had touched him, but the only one who drew virtue from him was this woman of great faith. There appears to have been no conscious action on the part of Jesus. It was the faith of the woman alone. What was this virtue that her faith drew out of Jesus? Was it not health energy such as Dr. Ruther has supposed may be stored in certain ductless glands or in the solar plexus. Apparently Jesus was weakened by this sudden passage of energy from his system to that of the woman who was healed as he felt that strength had gone out of him, but no doubt he possessed the power to quickly renew his energy from the health energy of the universe."

"Jackson," said Mr. Overland, "why is it that no matter how healthy a man may be he grows old? You say our bodies are constantly being renewed and that there is not a particle of matter in my body to-day that was in it seven years ago or even less. With new matter constantly taking the place of worn-out matter why don't we remain fresh and young?"

"I cannot answer your question," said Dr. Ruther.

"Assuming that the difference between the spiritual body and the material body is in the rate of vibration as you have suggested, Dr. Ruther," said Nancy, "it may be that as we advance in years the vibration of the particles of the spiritual body becomes more rapid, approximating more closely to heavenly vibrations, and that it becomes more difficult to keep the slowly moving particles of the material body in healthy correspondence."

"I think this finishes the discussion for this evening," said Mr. Overland, "and we may relax our minds with music. Next Sunday we are to meet again to discuss Hudson's book and Dr. Ruther should explain what he means when he refers to the mechanism of the human soul."

As the Overland family were bidding their guests good-night Mr. Overland said:

"Remember we are to meet again next Sunday. We are evidently becoming a permanent organization of truth seekers. I suggest that we call ourselves the Mind and Soul Club."

Everybody laughed and Mr. Overland said, "Carried."

CHAPTER II

THE MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN SOUL

"Have you called the roll, Nancy, to see that all who gathered to discuss faith healing a week ago are present this evening?" said Mr. Overland.

"They are all here, Father," said Nancy.

"As all are present the meeting will open," said Mr. Overland. "Proceed, Mr. Donaldson to question Dr. Ruther."

"Dr. Ruther, you promised to tell us to what you chiefly objected in T. J. Hudson's book, 'The Law of Psychic Phenomena,' and to state your opinion regarding the real nature of the subjective or subconscious mind," said Mr. Donaldson.

"Hudson believes that man has a dual mind during his sojourn on the earth, but he thinks that the objective or conscious mind is temporal and will not survive the death of the material body," said Dr. Ruther. "He regards the subjective mind as the immortal mind. He admits that the subjective mind has limited reasoning powers as compared with the objective mind. He says it cannot reason inductively, cannot distinguish truth from falsehood, but accepts without hesitation or doubt every statement that is made to it, no matter how absurd or incongruous or contrary to the objective experience of the individual. On the other hand he says, and brings evidence to prove, that it has an almost perfect memory, that it has wonderful clairvoyant powers, can see things happening at a distance, can tell the time without clocks, and has remarkable powers of deductive reasoning."

"Before we go further explain exactly what Hudson means by inductive and deductive reasoning," said Mr. Overland. "I ought to know; I have seen definitions of these terms and have just read Hudson's book, but confess that at this moment I have not the distinction between them clearly in mind."

"We may accept Hudson's own definition," said Dr. Ruther. "The inductive reasoner takes a series of known facts and reasons from them to general principles, while the deductive reasoner,

being given a general principle as a premise, will proceed to deduce therefrom the details. Hudson emphasizes that the objective or conscious mind is capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood and that it can reason by all methods, inductive and deductive, synthetic and analytic. It seems strange that he should regard such a mind as mortal. My own belief is that both the objective mind and the subjective mind survive the death of the physical body, co-operating more perfectly in the spiritual world than in the material world."

"For my part," said Nancy, "I should feel a good deal safer launching into the Great Unknown if I believed that my conscious, reasoning, sensible mind would go with me as a guide. I should be afraid to trust myself to the guidance of a mind that cannot distinguish truth from falsehood and will believe anything that is suggested to it good or bad. Its powers are so great that if they were wrongly directed the consequences might be terrible."

"Hudson thinks that it will be unnecessary to distinguish between truth and falsehood in the after life because there will be no falsehood," said Mr. Donaldson.

"He assumes a great deal about that life of which we know absolutely nothing," said Dr. Ruther. "He takes it for granted that there is no falsehood and no evil suggestion in the spiritual world; yet he appears to believe fully in the Bible, which distinctly teaches that there are evil spirits. What evidence is there that it will be unnecessary to have a discerning mind to distinguish between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, in the spiritual world? Do not let us make the mistake of supposing that in crossing the boundary between the material and the metetherial we shall step out of the Devil's world into God's world. God is everywhere in the universe, in the material world as fully as in the metetherial. The development of man's individuality appears to be an important part of the Divine plan. Is it conceivable that when the brief earth life ends the individuality which God has encouraged in this life is to be destroyed and that man is to become a mere machine operated by suggestion, unable to distinguish right from wrong?"

"I have always thought of the reasoning, conscious mind as the strongest proof we have of immortality," said Mr. Donaldson. "It is so different from matter, so different even from the minds of the lower animals that it has seemed to me almost impossible that it could be merely material. It seems to me more probable that the objective and subjective minds continue to co-operate

after death as you say. But what is the nature of the subjective mind? You have referred to it as a soul mechanism. Are you thinking of it not as a mind at all but as machinery?"

"At times I think it is just a wonderful mechanism endowed with sufficient intelligence for the ordinary duties it has to perform, but directed to a great extent by the suggestions of the conscious mind with which it is associated in the personality of a human being, and sometimes by suggestions received from the conscious minds of other persons."

"Are not the powers of the subjective mind far beyond those we can conceive a mechanism to have?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"Even a material mechanism made by man can do wonderful things," said Dr. Ruther. "Consider how marvellously the calculating machines do their work, adding, multiplying and dividing figures accurately and in much shorter time than the most expert normal human beings can do the same work. Wireless telegraphy, moving pictures and gramophones are all examples of the marvellous work done by man-made mechanisms, and the past achievements of men in perfecting wonderful mechanisms may be surpassed in the future. Is it inconceivable that the mechanism of the soul, designed by God to enable the immortal mind of man to function both in the spiritual world and the material world, may do work more marvellous than that of any man-made material mechanism? Hudson attaches great importance to the accurate memory of the subjective mind, pointing out that it is much superior to the memory of the objective mind. How about the memory of the gramophone record? You may go to a lecture and remember only part of what you hear, but a gramophone record remembers every word."

"I see what you mean," said Mr. Donaldson. "We heard Miss Overland sing last Sunday evening and I think we were all thrilled by her voice. Our lives will be influenced by it, and yet we do not have as exact a memory of it as we might have had by means of a gramophone record."

"That is a good illustration of what I mean," said Dr. Ruther. "Take also moving-picture films. How marvellously accurate they are in reproducing human activities. We might consider them as examples of the memory of materials. They reproduce scenes more accurately than the human memory can reproduce them. Then Hudson regards the power of the subjective mind to receive telepathic messages from great distances as an evidence of its superiority to the objective mind, but the wireless telegraph apparatus designed by man already

receives messages from great distances and this device will undoubtedly be greatly improved in the near future. Hudson says the subjective mind sometimes receives pictures of events happening on the other side of the world. It was announced not long ago that a device is being perfected that will enable anyone talking over the telephone to see the person to whom he is talking at the other end of the line. But man can never invent a mechanism that will distinguish truth from falsehood. It seems to me that all the faculties of the subjective mind about which Hudson is so enthusiastic are not equal to the power of the conscious mind to distinguish between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood."

"I agree with that," said Mr. Overland.

"There is another important point," said Dr. Ruther, "regarding which I disagree with Hudson, although I believe he has the support of nearly all those psychologists of Europe and America who have accepted the theory of dual minds, conscious and subconscious. When Hudson points out that the subconscious mind, as revealed in the study of hypnotized subjects by a number of eminent physicians of high scientific attainments, has clairvoyance, receives telepathic communications, is in command of remarkable memory, and can reason deductively but not inductively, he stands on firm scientific ground; but when he attributes to the same mind or intelligence the original thoughts, ideas and conceptions of great poets, artists and musicians, and assumes that it is the source of all the higher emotions, he is simply guessing and can produce no real evidence in favour of such a theory. It is true that some other eminent psychologists have arrived at the same conclusion, but it is difficult to see on what their opinion is based. I find no justification for the belief that this mechanism, which is so constantly amenable to suggestions, and so unable to distinguish truth from falsehood, is the originator of the highest and noblest conceptions of human beings or of any of those divine emotions that raise man far above the level of the lower animals. The very fact that it is so absolutely controlled by suggestions seems to preclude even the possibility of its being responsible for the creative, constructive promptings that inspire the greatest efforts of man. The human personality is a complex mystery not yet fathomed by the intellect of man. In attempting the dissection of human personality I am inclined to assume tentatively the existence of a trinity, which I call the instinct, the intellect, and the genius, all residing together in a spiritual body, which is temporarily

associated in the most intimate way with the material or physical body, through which all three faculties of human personality must function during the present life. To the instinct I attribute all those powers proven to be possessed by the subconscious intelligence which is controlled by suggestions. To the intellect I attribute the well-known powers of the objective or conscious mind. To the genius I ascribe the original thoughts, ideas, conceptions, imagination and higher emotions of great musicians, artists, poets and inventors, as well as all those impulses of pure love, self-sacrifice and high endeavour that ennoble the ordinary human being. I think, too, that the genius of man is the seat of the conscience. Whether we should regard the instinct, the intellect and the genius as three minds or as distinct faculties of one mind I am not prepared to say, but I believe that all co-operate in this life and that they will co-operate still more intimately in the spiritual life."

"Has anyone else, any writer or speaker, used the word 'genius' in that sense?" said Mr. Overland. "Can you find it in any dictionary?"

"I don't think so," said Dr. Ruther. "I think this use of the word is my own coinage, but I come very close to the derivation of the word in my use of it. The Latin word 'genius' conveyed an idea of divinity at a time when everything was regarded as having its tutelar god or goddess. It was derived from the Latin *genere* or *gignere*, 'to beget.' It seems to me an appropriate designation for the faculty that begets great thoughts, beautiful imaginations, constructive suggestions, elevating emotions worthy of divine origin, and the conscience, which so influences the actions of every normal man, woman and child. We now call a man whose personality is dominated by this faculty working in harmony with the intellect and the instinct a genius. Many words in the English language have several meanings and it would cause no inconvenience or confusion of ideas to use the word 'genius' to designate the highest faculty of human personality, especially as the ancients used the word as a name for the tutelar god or goddess from whom they supposed a man received most of those elevating inspirations or impulses that I am ascribing to the genius of man. I should continue to use the word 'heart' in its present spiritual sense, regarding the heart as that subdivision of the genius of man which is the source of the affections."

"Hudson thinks the source of the affections is in the same

intelligence that has charge of the internal economy of the physical body," said Mr. Overland.

"I am not bigoted in my opinion regarding the source of each human emotion," said Dr. Ruther, "but I am inclined to think that the animal passions and some other feelings of a primitive character are instinctive, and that the higher emotions originate in the genius of man."

"You would consider the genius of man his most god-like faculty and his instinct the faculty most nearly approaching animal intelligence, while the intellect would rank between them, much higher than the instinct, but lower than the genius, I suppose," said Mr. Donaldson.

"That is my idea exactly," said Dr. Ruther. "I think that what Hudson calls the subjective mind and I call the instinct is essentially the same in its characteristics as the instinct of animals, but much more highly developed, as one might expect if God designed it to be permanently associated with the intellect and the genius of man."

"I understand," said Mr. Donaldson, "that you would say that every normal man has genius in some degree just as every normal man has intellect in some degree, but that the man who has genius much more highly developed than the ordinary normal man is a genius. I think we can use the words 'instinct,' 'intellect' and 'genius' to describe the three great divisions of human faculties without ambiguity."

"Another way of looking at it," said Dr. Ruther, "is to assume that what I have called the genius of man and what we know as intellect are simply distinct faculties of one mind and that what I have called instinct is a soul mechanism subordinate to the mind—that is, subordinate to the genius and the intellect. We might then call the instinct simply the soul, and the higher faculties, including genius and intellect, simply the mind. Thus mind, soul and spiritual body would make up the spirit man. Man has often been regarded as a trinity represented by the Greek words *soma*, *psyche* and *pneuma*, meaning body, soul and spirit. Unfortunately, owing to the mysteriously complex nature of human personality and the many different conceptions of it during the development of languages, the words 'mind' and 'soul' are both somewhat ambiguous. The word 'mind' as sometimes used means simply the intellect, but it has often been used to include not only the intellect but all the higher spiritual faculties of man as distinguished from the instinctive or animal faculties. However, I don't think the word 'mind' has ever been

used as a synonym for the whole man, both spiritual and physical, or the whole spiritual man, in both of which senses the word 'soul' is quite commonly used. On the other hand the word 'soul' is often used in a more restricted sense, meaning sometimes merely the animal part of man's nature and sometimes the moral and emotional part of man as distinguished from the intellectual. Thus the word 'soul' is even more ambiguous than the word 'mind!' The word spirit never includes the physical man. It sometimes means the whole man freed from the physical body."

"We say of a man that he is the leading spirit of a group," said Mr. Donaldson. "In that case are we not applying the term spirit to the whole man while in the physical body?"

"Yes, in a certain sense, but we have in mind only the spiritual faculties of the man that raise him above the group with which he is associated," said Dr. Ruther.

"Where does the will come in?" said Nancy. "You have not mentioned it in your subdivision of human faculties."

"The will is evidently a conscious faculty," said Dr. Ruther.

"I think the will is the most definite expression of the ego, if there is such a thing distinct from the various faculties you have mentioned," said Nancy.

"Jackson, what do you suppose was the design of the Creator in making the instinct or soul so amenable to suggestions, so ready to believe anything?" said Mr. Overland.

"I think the intention was that it should be controlled by the genius and the intellect of the personality to whom it belongs, not by some other individual who by means of hypnotism may dislodge the natural and rightful directors. It is important that the instinctive soul intelligence, without which the genius and the intellect of man cannot function in either this life or the spiritual life, shall be readily responsive to the suggestions of its superiors in the human organization. You will note that while I cannot accept Hudson's dictum that the subjective or subconscious intelligence is the only immortal mind of man, I do not belittle its importance. It is absolutely essential to the functioning of the human personality. It is easy for anyone to understand why a subconscious, instinctive intelligence is given control of the health of the physical body. It is evident that if all the processes of metabolism, the conversion of food into blood, flesh and bones, the renewal of tissues and the elimination of waste from the system were constantly within the consciousness of the intellect and the genius, spiritual development would be

almost impossible and the normal activities of man in this environment could not be carried on. It is evidently necessary that the internal economy of the physical system must be in charge of an intelligence, which, while never-sleeping and ever-active, is subconscious in order that its operations shall not be present constantly to the consciousness of the intellect and genius of man."

"That seems reasonable," said Mr. Overland, "but why should memory, which is so absolutely necessary in the ordinary functioning of the intellect, be also in charge of a subconscious intelligence?"

"Is it not because the intellect and the genius would be swamped by the flood of memories if there were not some system of keeping the record of experiences below the consciousness?" said Dr. Ruther. "Imagine all the memories of a man's life, what he has heard, what he has read, what he has seen, what he has experienced, flooding into his consciousness at one time! He could not reason; he could not think. Yet it is important that the memories of all the knowledge and experience acquired by the higher faculties of man shall be available for use of the intellect and the genius when required. Such memories must be intelligently and systematically filed by an instinctive, subconscious intelligence specially designed for such duties in the human system. It may be that the deductive reasoning powers, which Hudson considers so marvellous, are of great service in this systematizing of memory records, and perhaps they would also be brought into action in connection with the association of ideas by which a memory is brought within the consciousness of the intellect. Dr. William Hanna Thomson, in his great book, 'Brain and Personality,' shows how wonderfully, systematically and intelligently sights, sounds and all other impressions are recorded in the brain, each having its own proper place. So careful is the arrangement that if a man masters two languages each has its separate place in the brain. The systematization is so complete that words received by the eyes in reading are filed separately from those received by the ears. He is positive that the filing is not done by the brain itself, but by an intelligence that uses the brain as an instrument."

"Is Dr. Thomson a medical man or a doctor of divinity?" asked Mr. Overland.

"He is a medical man of high standing, ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine, Physician of the Roosevelt

Hospital, consulting physician to the New York Manhattan Hospitals for the Insane, and has held other important positions."

"Dr. Ruther," said Nancy, "I think that Ariel is not always as prompt as it should be in bringing forth a memory required by Prospero."

"Have you ever noticed, Nancy," said Dr. Ruther, "that if you suggest in any way to Ariel that it is impossible to remember something it is equivalent to locking the door of that chamber of the memory which holds it? If Ariel does not believe in its powers it can do nothing. However, when the genius, the intellect and the instinct of man are working together in perfect harmony memories come into the consciousness at the right moment."

"Do you suppose, Dr. Ruther, as Hudson evidently does, that man in the future life will have perfect memories of all earthly experiences present in his consciousness?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"No, Mr. Donaldson. I think the earthly memories will be submerged in the spiritual life under ordinary circumstances even to a greater degree than they are submerged in this life, yet the record will not be lost any more than it is lost here. The instinctive intelligence will preserve the record in full as it preserves it in this life, and from time to time memories will rise to the consciousness as they do in the physical world. It is reasonable to suppose this because it would be most inconvenient to have earth memories so flooding the consciousness as to exclude participation in heavenly activities. Yet at some crisis in man's future life memories of every experience in his past life may pass in review before him. They appear to be permanently fixed in his soul. I have assumed that the brain of the spiritual body receives all the impressions that are registered in the material brain and that the instinctive intelligence systematically files the records in both brains. I believe that the human mind can only receive impressions and express itself through a mechanism or organism composed of a substance in harmony with the environment in which it is functioning. Thus in this material environment it must express itself through the material brain. So in the spiritual environment it must receive impressions and express itself through a brain composed of a substance in harmony with that metetherial environment,

a substance the particles of which would have a higher rate of vibration than those of the dense matter of our earthly environment.

"Throughout our discussion this evening I have accepted Hudson's statement that the subconscious intelligence which directs the internal functions of the physical body has at its command an accurate memory of all knowledge and experience acquired by the conscious mind. Yet I have often wondered whether it may not be that the subconscious intelligence which has charge of the memory is quite distinct from the one that has charge of the health. I have no positive opinion about it, but it would seem natural that two such important functions absolutely different in character, each requiring unremitting attention, would be under direction of different intelligences."

"I judge from what you have already said that if there are two intelligences in charge of these functions instead of one, you would regard both as subconscious," said Mr. Donaldson.

"Yes," said Dr. Ruther, "both subconscious and both instinctive. But remember that I do not assert that there are two subconscious intelligences; I simply think that it would be worth while for those psychologists who study the subconscious mind to consider whether functions so distinct as the metabolism of the physical body and the recording of memories may not be under different directors."

"If there are two instinctive subconscious intelligences in charge of these important functions would you say that both are influenced by suggestions?"

"I think that under certain conditions both would be amenable to the suggestions of the intellect and the genius of man."

"Dr. Ruther, do you think that intuition is a faculty of genius or of instinct?" said Nancy.

"I think it is an attribute of genius," said Dr. Ruther.

"And what do you say about clairvoyance?"

"I think it is instinctive, Nancy."

"I have not a very clear idea of the meaning of clairvoyance," said Mr. Donaldson. "I know clairvoyants are supposed to see distant scenes and distant happenings, but I have no conception of the nature of the faculty. The dictionary definition—a power attributed to persons in a mesmeric state, of discerning objects not perceptible by the senses—is not very illuminating. The derivation of the word from the French *clair* (meaning clear)

and *voyant* (seeing) gives no indication of the meaning. Could you give us a definition, Dr. Ruther?"

"It is difficult," said Dr. Ruther, "to give a definition of a faculty the nature of which no one fully understands. It seems to be a soul faculty of receiving impressions not dependent upon the bodily organs, but the explanation may be that some part of the material brain, perhaps the pineal gland, receives impressions directly instead of indirectly through the recognized bodily organs of sight, hearing, feeling, smell and taste. It seems to be most evident in hypnotized subjects or in conditions of trance, but some people apparently exercise the faculty while the conscious mind is active. While clairvoyance is commonly regarded as the power of seeing scenes and happenings at a distance it is equally applicable to the discerning of things near at hand not perceptible by means of the ordinary bodily organs. Thus an eminent physician of Cleveland in the State of Ohio told me, some years ago, that there was practising in that city a German doctor who claimed to have the power of clairvoyantly seeing the internal organs of the body. The doctor who told me said he would not like to have his name associated with the statement as it might affect his standing in the profession, but he believed that this German doctor did have that clairvoyant power for he certainly was marvellously successful in diagnosing cases that no other doctor in the city understood. I have no positive opinion of the way in which such impressions are received; but it seems certain that every object in nature is constantly throwing off pictures of itself. A photographic plate or film catches the pictures and reproduces them. The photographer's camera is usually placed some feet away from the person or thing to be photographed. The vibrations which make the pictures must pass instantaneously in some way from the object to the plate or film. The stomach and other internal organs may throw off pictures of themselves just as the exterior of the body does, and the force of the vibrations may be weakened in passing through the body, just as vibrations representing pictures of a far distant scene spend much of their force in their passage through the atmosphere, so that they make no impression upon the retina of the eye or the photographer's plate, yet peculiarly sensitive cells of the pineal gland or some other part of the brain of the clairvoyant may receive them. I believe that everything that happens is in accordance with laws

of the universe, but when I guess at the explanation of mysterious phenomena I am never very positive. In this case I may be altogether wrong in my guessing."

"The subconscious intelligence seems to have a faculty of reckoning time without clocks," said Mr. Overland. "I can awake at any hour of the night by deciding to do so before going to sleep, and I know there are others who have the same power. I awake on the minute. Is that clairvoyance?"

"If your watch was wrong would your subconscious mind awaken you by your own time or standard time?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"I am not quite sure, but I think my own watch time," said Mr. Overland.

"It might be purely a subconscious calculating power counting the minutes from the time you looked at your watch before placing it under your pillow to the time suggested for waking," said Mr. Donaldson.

"Do you remember John Baptiste Cavalletto in Dickens' novel 'Little Dorritt'?" said Nancy. "Confined with Rigaud in a cell where they had neither watch nor clock to tell them the passing hours he could always tell the exact hour of the day or night. I think Dickens must have known some one having that strange faculty. I suppose the calculating was done by his subconscious intelligence and transmitted in some way to his conscious mind."

"There are cases on record of dogs and horses knowing the exact hour of the day and even distinguishing between Sundays and week days," said Mr. Overland. "They don't learn the time of day by watching the hands of a clock or a watch. Then many animals possess some faculty of cognition which enables them to find their way home from great distances under circumstances which seem to preclude the exercise of the ordinary senses in finding their way. My father, having three dogs, gave one of them to a relative at a distance. In three days the dog returned travel-stained and weary. It had evidently run all the way home; yet it was taken by railway train and could not have seen anything on the way. I have heard and read of many similar cases. Carrier pigeons find their way home wonderfully. According to D'Arcy McGee, the Indians of North America had an idea that animals are guided by a great spirit. Nancy,

let us have that poem of D'Arcy McGee that you recited the other day."

Nancy repeated the poem:

"We worship the spirit that walks unseen
Through our land of ice and snow.
We know not his face,
We know not his place,
But his presence and power we know.

"Does the buffalo need the paleface word
To find his pathway far?
What guide has he to the hidden ford,
Or where the green pastures are?

"Who teaches the moose that the hunter's gun
Is peering out of the shade?
Who teaches the doe and the fawn to run
In the track the moose has made?

"Him do we follow, Him do we fear:
That spirit of earth and sky,
Who hears with the Wapiti's eager ear
His poor red children's cry."

"Ordinary human beings seem to get no benefit here from the clairvoyant powers of their instinct," said Mr. Overland. "Shall we use such powers extensively in the future life, Jackson?"

"It may be," said Dr. Ruther, "that in the future life man will be able to depend upon his instinctive faculties of clairvoyance and telepathy for much that he now accomplishes only by means of material instruments of his own invention and manufacture."

"There is one statement made by Hudson that I think we should consider before rejecting his theory in favour of yours, Dr. Ruther," said Mr. Donaldson. "To prove that the objective mind is mortal he says that its powers wholly depend upon the physical condition of the brain, that they decline as the body weakens and become deranged and useless as the brain becomes disorganized from physical causes. What do you think of that?"

"In this environment," said Dr. Ruther, "man cannot express himself except through the medium of the material brain, but the fact that the physical brain sometimes deteriorates does not

prove that the spiritual brain, which I regard as the permanent organ of the mind, also deteriorates. With all due respect for Hudson, I think he is too ready to assume that the so-called subjective mind, which evidently makes use of the physical tongue when talking under hypnotic control, does not also use the physical brain to express itself. Let us read a passage from Hudson's 'Law of Psychic Phenomena.' You have been reading the book, Nancy. Will you get it for me?"

Nancy brought the book and Dr. Ruther read aloud:

"It is not for man to question the wisdom of God in so ordaining the relations of the soul to the body as to subordinate the eternal to the perishable. But it is man's duty so to exercise his powers of induction as to ascertain those relations; and having done so according to his best lights, so to order his conduct as to do his whole duty to himself and his creator. As we find those relations exist the whole responsibility rests upon the objective man. He is a free moral agent, and has it in his power to train his soul for weal or woe, for this life and for eternity."

"Hudson supposes that God entrusts to a material, mortal mind this important responsibility of training the soul for weal or woe, for this life and for eternity," said Dr. Ruther as he shut the book. "Would it not be much more reasonable to suppose that if the so-called objective mind is, as he says, a free moral agent entrusted by God with such responsibility, it cannot be material and mortal? My own opinion is that this responsibility rests upon the genius and the intellect jointly and that both are immortal. 'Mortal mind' is a pet expression of the Christian Scientists. I don't think there is such a thing as 'mortal mind.'"

"I have been studying Hudson's 'Law of Psychic Phenomena' since our last meeting," said Mr. Overland, "and it strikes me as remarkable that, while thinking that the special duty of the subjective or subconscious mind is to look after the functioning of the internal physical system he believes that this mind survives the death of the physical body, while the conscious mind perishes. If there is such a thing as 'mortal mind' I think the mind that has charge of the functioning of the physical body is the one most likely to perish with that body."

"Dr. Ruther," said Nancy, "there is a passage in the 'Law of Psychic Phenomena' in which Hudson warns his readers never to allow the subjective mind to get control of the throne of

reason for fear of dreadful consequences. It is the concluding paragraph of chapter twenty-two. I am sure of the chapter because I made a note of it. Will you look that up in the book and read it aloud?"

Dr. Ruther opened the book again and read:

"In conclusion I desire again to impress upon the reader the absolute necessity of always holding the subjective entity under the domination of objective reason; and I here repeat, what I have again and again sought to enforce, that insanity consists in the usurpation by the subjective mind of the throne of reason. The terrible potentialities of the subjective entity are as much to be feared as admired, and no faculty that it possesses is more to be dreaded and guarded against than its awful power and inexorable exactitude of logical deduction when reasoning from premises that have not been demonstrated by the processes of induction."

"Is it not extraordinary that Hudson can imagine that such a mind takes absolute control of the human being in the eternity which he believes follows death of the body?" said Nancy.

"Yes," said Mr. Donaldson. "Dr. Ruther remarked last Sunday evening that God intended man to have free will and responsibility in order to develop individuality. He thought God did not design man to be a mere machine. It seems to me that Dr. Ruther is right in regarding this so-called subjective mind as a mechanism and I think that if this were the only mind of man after death he would become a mere machine."

As Dr. Ruther handed Hudson's book back to Nancy he said:

"In spite of my criticism of some of Hudson's theories, I think 'The Law of Psychic Phenomena' is a most interesting book. It contains a great deal of information and marshals in concise order many discoveries of psychic investigators. I think it is a very good example of clever deductive reasoning from false premises, one of which is that the conscious mind is mortal."

"This discussion is ended unless someone desires to pursue it further," said Mr. Overland.

"I suggest that Miss Nancy Overland should now sing a solo," said Mr. Donaldson.

"I cannot sing a solo to-night, Mr. Donaldson," said Nancy, "but I shall be glad to join with the others in singing some hymns before we say good-night."

PART SIX

MRS. RUTHER INTERVENES

CHAPTER I

THE LITTLE STREAM OF SEPARATION

Nancy had avoided meeting Dr. Ruther alone ever since they walked through the woods together and talked about love in a log cabin. She had sent Marjorie to open the door for him when he came to call on Grandma Overland or to attend meetings of the Mind and Soul Club. Apart from this her attitude toward him and his attitude toward her seemed unaltered. There was no coolness between them. They met in the Overland family circle and talked as freely and cordially as ever. Yet she had a feeling that a gulf was widening between them.

She sat at a window of her bedroom thinking about it. In her lap was a volume of Jean Ingelw's poems which Dr. Ruther had given her on her seventeenth birthday. She opened the book and read the poem "Divided." Her vivid imagination pictured for her a wide expanse of heather with a clear, bright sky above. She saw the purple foxglove, the yellow broom, the bees humming over the clover. Two brown butterflies wavered over a wild rose bush on which flushed a rose bathed in the dew of early morning. Then came the friends or lovers, walking hand in hand, while larks sang gaily over head and grasshoppers skipped at their feet. On they walked and the scene changed. They were passing over a field of short, dry grass, but through its dryness ran a ribbon of green. What made that narrow ribbon so green? They stopped to examine the grass which was wet while all around was dry, and discovered a tiny stream of water trickling through. They knelt beside it, parting the grass to reveal the sparkling water, and then arose laughingly agreeing to follow it. One stepped over the narrow rivulet, but they still went hand in hand. As they walked, one on each side of the streamlet, it gradually broadened until they had to unclasp hands. It was still so narrow that either might have stepped across to the other, but they walked on apart while the streamlet continued to widen and deepen until it became a great river flowing to the sea, and they were separated forever.

CHAPTER II

DR. RUTHER'S ONLY VALENTINE

"Nancy, Mrs. Ruther is at the telephone and wants to speak to you," called Marjorie from the foot of the stairs. Nancy put Jean Inglelow's poems on the shelf again and went downstairs.

"I called you up, Nancy, to ask you to come and stay with me to-night," said Mrs. Ruther. "Jackson has to go to Hamilton to perform an operation and he proposes afterwards to drive over to Linklater and spend the night with Dr. Cougles."

An hour afterward Nancy was sitting with Mrs. Ruther, who was knitting a pair of socks for her son.

"Did I ever tell you the story of Jackson's only valentine?" said Mrs. Ruther.

"No," said Nancy. "You have told me many stories of Dr. Ruther as a boy—so many that I feel that I have known him all his life—but you never told me that one."

"It was when Jackson was thirteen years old, Nancy. Your own grandmother was calling on me late in the afternoon of St. Valentine's Day. She told me that she had just been calling on Mrs. Slater and had felt very sorry for little Jessie Slater, who was crying because she had not received a single valentine."

"How old was Jessie Slater?"

"Jessie was eleven, two years younger than Jackson was at that time. Jackson was in the room at the time your grandmother called and heard what she said about Jessie. He seemed very thoughtful for some time and then said:

"I have been thinking about poor little Jessie Slater crying for a valentine. I have ten cents you gave me for splitting wood. I think I'll go over to Johnson's bookstore and buy a valentine for her."

"I made no objection and he started off at once. In a little while he came back. He showed me the most beautiful valentine I ever saw.

"Why, Jackson, you never could have bought that valentine for ten cents!" said I.

"I did buy it for ten cents, Mother," he said.

"When Jackson arrived at Johnson's bookstore there were a considerable number of valentines spread out on a table. One valentine especially interested him. It was labelled 'marked

down from one dollar to fifty cents.' Mrs. Johnson, who was in charge of the store at the time, noticed that the fifty cent valentine had attracted Jackson's attention. She told him that she had put all the valentines down to half price at ten o'clock the night before, but in spite of the reduction had sold none since. She offered to let him have the one dollar valentine for thirty cents, and when he told her he had only ten cents she said:

"'You may as well take whichever one you like best. It's too late to sell them now and I don't want my place cluttered up with trash for a whole year.'

"'Do you mean I can have the dollar valentine for ten cents?' said Jackson.

"'That is what I mean,' said Mrs. Johnson.

"It was eight o'clock in the evening when Jackson reached Jessie Slater's home. He tried the front door and found it was not locked. Opening it softly he dropped the valentine into the hall, and then, shutting the door, rang the bell, and ran away. The valentine was in a large envelope and he had addressed it to Jessie."

"Did she know who sent it?"

"No. She never learned."

"I suppose if he had wanted to do so he could have bought two cheaper valentines for ten cents when they were selling so low," said Nancy.

"Yes, but why would he want two?" said Mrs. Ruth.

"I was thinking that he might have sent one to me at the same time he sent one to her."

"Why, Nancy Overland! It's the first time in all the years I have known you that you have seemed selfish to me. To want to take poor little Jessie's beautiful valentine away from her! I am astonished."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, but she would have been just as happy with a fifty-cent valentine if she had not seen the dollar one. The cheapest sort of valentine would have satisfied me if I knew it came from him."

"That was nearly four years before you were born, Nancy."

"Mrs. Ruth, you will think it most strange, but I actually forgot for a moment that I was not alive then."

"Do you remember the day you pretended that you were alive when Jackson was a boy and that you were his playmate—his little sweetheart?"

Mrs. Ruth said the words "his little sweetheart" deliber-

ately and with emphasis. She was thinking, "Why should I let Maria have her when I want her myself?"

"Yes," said Nancy, "my pretending was very realistic that day. I wonder if I should be able to distinguish my real self from my imaginary self now if I had kept up that pretending for six years instead of for six hours."

"You were saying a while ago that because I have told you so many stories of Jackson when he was a boy and a young man you feel as if you had known him all his life. I think you know him better than anyone else in the world excepting his own mother—perhaps even better than his own mother."

Mrs. Ruther wondered at herself as she said it. She had planned the conversation with a purpose and was succeeding better than she had expected.

"I know him heart, mind and soul as no one else knows him," said Nancy.

"Jessie Slater grew up to be a very pretty young woman," said Mrs. Ruther slowly. She watched Nancy's face as she said it.

"Where is she now?" said Nancy.

"The Slaters moved away from Downmount many years ago. I think Jackson knows where they went, but I don't."

"Do you suppose he corresponds with her?" said Nancy.

"I am sure he does not," said Mrs. Ruther. "In fact, I know that he never spoke to her in his life. We were not well acquainted with any of the Slaters. As I said, she grew up to be a very pretty young woman. I intended to tell you she married a young man named Black, who was manager at the time of the Downmount branch of the Bank of Montreal. As you know bank clerks and bank managers are always being moved about in Canada by their head offices and Mr. Black was moved away from Downmount soon afterwards. I heard it was a promotion, but I don't remember where they went. The whole Slater family left Downmount."

"Then Dr. Ruther never really knew her or cared for her?"

"He did not know her and could not have cared for her. He was simply sorry for a little girl who was crying because she had no valentine."

CHAPTER III

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK OF RHYMES ABOUT BIRDS, BABIES,
ELVES AND GOBLINS

"As Jackson is staying overnight in Linklater you had better sleep in his room to-night, Nancy," said Mrs. Ruth. "I am not feeling very well and would rather have you near me than upstairs. Do you remember sleeping in this room many years ago when Jackson brought you to see me for the first time? He was called to Hamilton that afternoon and telephoned me that he could not return until next day and that you would have to stay all night with me."

"I remember quite well," said Nancy, as they walked into the bedroom together. "I have never been in the room since, but have a clear recollection of what it looked like then."

When Mrs. Ruth turned on the electric light the first thing that Nancy noticed was a painting of a young girl with long hair flowing free. She recognized the Nancy whom she had so often looked at during her childhood in the large mirror in her own bedroom.

"Why, Mrs. Ruth, it is a painting of me," said Nancy. "Where did he get it? I never had such a picture painted."

"You may remember that he took a snapshot of you when you were a child. He liked it so much that he had an enlargement made by a Toronto photographer."

"But how about the colouring of it? That is not photography."

"The photographer did not colour it."

"You don't mean that Dr. Ruth coloured it himself?"

"No. Jackson has many talents, but he is not an artist, although he takes great delight in colours, whether he sees them in a landscape or in the face and hair of a woman or a child. You know that Chester Worth is an artist although now engaged in fruit farming. Do you remember the summer when you were a child that he had charge of our garden?"

"Yes, I remember very well. I used to visit you often at that time. It was before he married Elsie Green and settled down on fifty acres of fruit land adjoining our farm."

"He came in the first place to consult Jackson about his health and to ask advice about getting employment on a farm or as a market gardener. He said his father was a farmer

in England and he had learned farming as a boy, but afterward became a clerk in a large commercial house of which his uncle was manager. This led in time to his being sent abroad and he had travelled for his firm in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and all the countries of Spanish America; but his health finally broke down, and having read glowing descriptions of the healthfulness of farm life in Canada he had come to this country with very little money, supposing that good farms could be obtained as free grants. He soon found that the days of free lands were passed except in remote districts, and what little money he had was quickly exhausted. Both Jackson and I were most favourably impressed with him, and it was agreed that he should remain with us all summer, take charge of our garden and carry out a system of mental healing combined with exercises under Jackson's direction. His health was completely restored before the summer was over. He liked the work and there developed in his mind a determination to become a fruit farmer as soon as he could save money to buy a farm. Meanwhile he fell in love with pretty Elsie Green, and her father afterward gave them the fruit farm on which they are living now. We found him very agreeable. He had seen much of the world and could describe graphically what he had seen in his travels. He told us that as a boy he had thought he would like to be an artist, and, while working on his father's farm, had taken lessons in both drawing and painting. He had never become a professional artist, but as he frequently had time on his hands, while travelling on business, he had made a hobby of watching human faces and painting them in miniature from memory in a book he carried with him for the purpose."

"I have seen the book of miniatures," said Nancy. "The collection of faces painted in many countries is most interesting. Elsie and I went through the book with him one evening. He entertained us with stories of his meetings with some of those whose faces he painted. They never sat for portraits. He took delight in painting from memory."

"One evening when he was with us," continued Mrs. Ruth, "Jackson asked him if he had a good appreciation of colours. Chester said he believed an appreciation of delicate distinctions in colours was his most highly developed faculty. Jackson brought out your enlarged photograph and asked him to colour it. Chester said he was doubtful about his ability to colour the

photograph so that it would look natural, but that with the photograph and his memory of your face he could paint a portrait of you. He said he had often watched your face and had wondered whether he could reproduce the delicate colourings of your complexion and the varied tints of your hair. He spent all his spare time at it for a long time and this is the result. It is much more like you were at that time than the photograph was."

"I think he has idealized my face. It is much more angelic in expression than mine ever was."

"I have seen you look just like that—not always, but at times. At this minute your face has that expression."

"It is rather queer," said Nancy, "that when I look at it I feel a desire to be good, and I suppose if my face took on that expression now it was a case of unconscious mimicry."

"I have laid one of my nightgowns on the bed for you, Nancy, but it is so early that you need not go to bed yet. My head aches, so I shall retire at once, but you may sit in the library and read until you are tired. You will not mind the untidiness of the bureau, Nancy. Jackson was sorting out some old letters when he was called away by long distance telephone from Hamilton. He left that pile of letters on the bureau and I did not like to touch them."

Mrs. Ruthier took up a small book from a little round table in the bedroom.

"Take this to the library with you, Nancy, and read it," she said. "Jackson has had it many years and has read it more than once. I am sure you will like it."

After kissing Mrs. Ruthier good-night, Nancy went to the library with the book. It was bound in blue cloth, with the title "Birds and Babies," in letters of gold on the front cover. Two tiny children in gold were looking at four birds in black plumage flying above them. On the title page she noticed that the author was Ethel Coxhead, and the publishers Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co., 1 Paternoster Square, London. She slowly turned over the eighty-nine pages of the book, looking at the titles and at the illustrations. There were a number of quaint rhymes about children, birds, fairies, elves and goblins, each with appropriate illustrations. Nancy read them all and then turned back to the first of them and read it a second time. It was entitled, "The Best Thing in the World." Although no

one was there to hear her she read aloud as she sat in a large easy chair:

"Out in the cool green forest a little brown bird sang;
Perched on a swaying bramble, his happy, clear voice rang
Into the air with gladness, a song of pure delight,
In the sweet spring of blossoms when all the world is bright.

"He sang, 'It is no wonder with all my heart I sing;
I have for my own, really, the best and truest thing.
It lives and grows for ever; it gives me perfect rest;
And any one can have it—that is what makes it best.'

"'Nuts?' said a tiny dormouse, as she went past the tree—
'Nuts I think are more perfect than anything to me.
Or some ripe corn hid safely until the winter goes.
I ask for nothing better, my head curled in my toes.'

"'It is not nuts,' he answered; 'Oh! it is better far.
It is more lovely even than the first darling star!
And it is much more precious than corn or any store,
It leads to worlds of beauty through such a tiny door.'

"A child came through the forest, and he was six years old;
His hair was long and tangled, as red as autumn gold.
He stopped to hear the linnet, this chubby little boy;
His tiny chin was dimpled; his eyes were full of joy.

"'The best thing of all others?' he said: 'I am so small,
When I am knocked down playing I have not far to fall.
There are not many things mine, under the wide blue sky,
But I am very happy and I will tell you why.

"'Last night, half in the darkness, before God lit the stars,
There came the dearest baby, dropped over heaven's bars—
The dearest baby sister for me to love and kiss;
Could anything be better for all of us than this?'

"Out of the wood he hurried, the linnet watched him pass;
The sunbeams through the branches fell broken on the grass.
The bird flew to a thicket, and a soft nest he knew,
Where a brown hen sat brooding; her eggs were small and blue.

"All belonged to the linnet—the nest, the eggs, the wife,
To guard them well and safely, and love for all his life.
Gently the twilight deepened, the flowers shut up, dew-pearled.
I think love is the truest and best thing in the world."

As Nancy finished reading this poem for the second time and laid down the book on the arm of her chair she said to herself:

"They are all delightful, but I love the first one. Dr. Ruther must have liked that one best, for I notice that the pages in that part of the book stood open as if he had read it many times. How sad it would be if he never had a mate to help him build a nest. It reminds me of the day in my childhood when he let me stand on his shoulders to look in a bird's nest and said to himself, 'I wonder shall I ever have a nest and birdlings of my own.'"

She turned off the lights in the library, leaving the book she had been reading on the arm of the easy chair in which she was sitting. She thought of the book on reaching the bedroom, and promised herself to get it in the morning and put it on the bedroom table.

When dressed in Mrs. Ruther's nightgown ready for bed she walked over to where her picture hung on the wall.

"I wonder if he would really care for me if I lost my hair and complexion," she said. "He was not content to have my picture without the colouring."

CHAPTER IV

IN A FLASH OF LIGHT DR. RUTHER SEES HIS HEART'S DEAREST FACE

Dr. Ruther had told his mother that after performing an operation in Hamilton he would drive over to Linklater and spend the night with his friend Dr. Cougles, but as it was later than he anticipated when he was able to leave his patient he decided to return home that night. At twenty minutes after twelve o'clock he opened his office door with his latchkey and entered as softly as possible in order not to disturb his mother.

He did not know that Mrs. Ruther had invited Nancy to stay with her that night.

He took off his shoes in his office and, carrying them in his hand, walked noiselessly to his bedroom.

The electric button was located about two feet from the bed, and as he turned on the light his eyes rested for a moment on Nancy's face. His hand was still on the button and he instantaneously turned off the light again. It was as if he had

seen her face in a flash of lightning, so quickly did the light come and go. That picture of his heart's dearest face became one of the most vivid memories of his soul.

He listened intently for a minute to ascertain whether Nancy had been awakened by the light, but she did not stir. Then moving cautiously in the darkness in order to make no noise he went to the library and turned on the lights. The first thing he noticed was the book, "Birds and Babies," lying open on the arm of the chair where Nancy had left it. He took it up and read again "The Best Thing in the World," which he had often read before.

Then he turned off the lights and, without undressing, lay down on a lounge for the night, but it was nearly morning before he went to sleep.

CHAPTER V

NANCY FINDS A LETTER AND READS IT

When Nancy got out of bed next morning she walked across the room, intending to dress her hair before a mirror that hung above the bureau. She noticed on the bureau an envelope addressed to Miss Nancy Overland. It was separate from the pile of old letters on the bureau which Mrs. Ruther had mentioned the night before. It did not occur to Nancy that a letter addressed to her might not be intended for her to read. The envelope was not sealed, and without any doubt or hesitation she took out the letter. It ran as follows:

"DEAR NANCY:

"I dreamed last night that there was no gulf of years between us and that you and I were children together—a boy about twelve years old, a girl about nine. We were sitting at a little table, you at one end, I at the other, and on each side of the table were two dolls sitting on chairs of their own, while still another doll lay in your lap, supported by one of your arms as you sat at the table pouring tea from a doll's teapot into tiny porcelain cups.

" 'What is your dolly's name' I said, looking at the doll in your arm.

" 'Her name is Marjorie,' you said. 'I call her Marjorie

after my sister Marjorie. Do you think Marjorie is a pretty name?"

"Yes. I like it very much," said I.

"Do you like my name too?" you asked.

"I like your name, your face, your hair, your dress, your hat, your shoes, and everything else that belongs to you," said I.

"As I said this the table, the dolls and the dear little child Nancy of long ago seemed to fade away, and in their place I saw the still dearer Nancy of to-day, standing at a kitchen table in a log cabin, kneading dough.

"Dear Nancy, I have awakened from my dream of happiness. I have written this letter not with the intention of sending it to you, but to relieve my feelings. I may keep it; I may burn it. In any case the memory of that dream which blotted out the gulf of years, making us boy and girl together, the dream that in its ending seemed to make a reality of the log cabin which you pictured yesterday as we walked through the woods, will live forever in my heart.

"You will never know how deeply I love you and how greatly I was tempted to take you in my arms and kiss you as we sat on the log after you had pinned the buttercups to my coat.

"Your friend and lover,

"JACKSON RUTHER."

The letter was not dated, but Nancy knew that it must have been written the day after they walked through the woods together and talked of love in a log cabin.

"The first time that he brought me to see his mother I pretended that he and I were children together. How strange that he should dream the same thing," said Nancy to herself.

She put the letter back in the envelope and laid it on the bureau in the place from which she had taken it. As she did so the little poem, "The Best Thing in the World," which she had read the night before came to her mind. "I left that book in the library," she said. "I must get it before I forget and put it on the table in this room where he is accustomed to keep it."

Believing that there was no one in the house but Mrs. Ruth and herself, she went to the library in her nightgown. She did not notice Dr. Ruth lying fast asleep on the couch. He had laid the book down again in the place where she left it

on the arm of the chair. She took it up and, standing there dressed only in Mrs. Ruther's nightgown, her long hair falling about her, read again, "The Best Thing in the World."

Dr. Ruther opened his eyes and saw her in the morning light as the sunshine coming through a window looking toward the east played on her hair. There was no electric light to turn off suddenly this time. He lay still watching her as she read the poem. The thought in his mind was that he was looking now at God's most lovely creation, the masterpiece of the divine artist. Reverently he looked at her, not sure whether she was a reality or a vision. As she looked up from the book her eyes met his. She dropped the book and fled.

CHAPTER VI

IS LOVE OF BEAUTY A WEAKNESS OR A TALENT?

Nancy's first impulse on returning to the bedroom was to escape from the house as quickly as possible, but by the time she was dressed she had come to the conclusion that running away would bring about more embarrassing complications than meeting Dr. Ruther at the breakfast table.

She reached the kitchen before Mrs. Ruther was up and soon had breakfast ready. When Mrs. Ruther came Nancy said:

"Dr. Ruther got home last night after we went to bed. He slept on the couch in the library. I think I had better call him to breakfast."

She was glad when Mrs. Ruther asked her to take her place at one end of the table and pour the coffee. She felt that being occupied in that way would relieve her embarrassment; but a moment afterward the thought came to her that she and Dr. Ruther were sitting opposite each other, one at each end of the table, just as they sat in his dream that they were children together, and just as they would sit if they were man and wife, with his mother at the side of the table. The same thought came to Dr. Ruther as their eyes met for the first time after her flight from the library. The colour mounted in her face. Mrs. Ruther knew nothing of what had happened in the library, but she had asked Nancy to take her place in pouring the coffee with the deliberate purpose of suggesting to the minds of both that it

was the most natural thing in the world for them to be sitting at the table in the relationship of man and wife. When a mother goes a-wooing on behalf of her son things may be expected to happen. The two women questioned him about his trip to Hamilton and his reasons for coming home instead of going to Linklater as he had expected to do. The conversation drifted to the coming ball in the Overland barn, and Mrs. Ruth said:

"Jackson, I know what you will do if you go to the ball."

The thought came to her and without considering the effect it might have upon her plans for her son and Nancy she gave expression to it.

"What shall I do, Mother?" he asked.

"You will be absorbed in watching the movements of all the pretty girls."

"Do I usually neglect the girls who are not pretty, Mother?"

"No. You won't neglect the wallflowers, but your eyes will follow the pretty girls. Your greatest weakness, Jackson, is the worship of beauty in a woman. I see it constantly. When we were in a street car in Toronto the other day I noticed how you could not keep your eyes off the faces of the pretty girls. You got up and gave your seat to a very plain and poorly dressed girl, but the faces of the pretty girls in the car were the ones that interested you."

"Mother, I admit that I do admire beauty in a woman as truly as I admire beauty in a landscape, but I don't know whether it is a weakness or a talent. I remember when I took a holiday on the north shore of Lake Huron several years ago I was driving through a small, narrow, fertile valley with high hills on each side of it and came at the noon hour to a farmhouse. I stopped there for lunch and afterwards stood for a few minutes outside the front door, talking to the farmer's daughter. I was impressed with the beauty of the scenery and spoke about it to her.

"'I have lived here nearly all my life,' she said, 'and never thought of it before, but I believe you are right. It is beautiful.'"

"'You would have to travel far to find anything more beautiful,' said I.

"'I am sure it is true,' she said. 'I will be more content with my home in future. Life will not be so dull for me. I thank you for putting that thought in my head.'"

“‘It is God’s world,’ I said to her before I drove away, ‘and the beauty of it is an expression of divine art.’”

As Nancy thought of this conversation afterwards she said to herself:

“He has a noble conception of the beauty of the world and his trip through that little valley in the north may have illuminated the soul of that lonely girl, and yet I cannot help having a little pain at my heart in thinking that his love for me is merely a love of beauty, very little different in fact from his enjoyment of a beautiful landscape; and a woman’s earthly beauty is such a vanishing thing, so different from the imperishable beauty of the everlasting hills.”

CHAPTER VII

NANCY’S CORRESPONDENCE WITH JACK RUTHER

Nancy had kept her promise to correspond regularly with Jack Ruther and tell him all the nice gossip of Downmount. She took a great deal of care to avoid saying anything that would encourage him to believe that she intended to marry him. Indeed, she tried to give him the opposite impression, and yet until she read Dr. Ruther’s letter she had not definitely made up her mind that she would not marry Jack. She had all the instinctive desire of a womanly woman to have a home of her own and children of her own. She never had pretended to herself that she did not wish to marry anyone. Jack was handsome, companionable and closely related to her friends, Dr. Ruther and Mrs. Ruther, while her own father and mother approved of him. Just before Jack came she had believed that Dr. Ruther was deeply in love with her and she did not regard the difference in years as seriously as he did. His face was remarkably young, and she felt that he was younger in spirit than many young men little older than herself. The coming of Jack had seemed to completely change Dr. Ruther’s attitude toward her. His great desire seemed to be that she should marry Jack. She had not fallen in love with Jack, but thought she might grow fond of him. She did not know what she should do, and had been in an unhappy state of mind about it. When she returned home after her visit to Mrs. Ruther, her mind

full of Dr. Ruther's letter and Ethel Coxhead's poem, "The Best Thing in the World," she wrote to Jack:

"DEAR FRIEND JACK:

"This is not my usual gossipy letter. It is a very serious one. I must tell you that more and more I feel that although I like you very much as a friend I am not in love with you and I am sure, too, that you are not really in love with me. I do not think it would be right for us to marry, feeling as we do, and I have definitely decided that this can never be. However, I am none the less your friend and shall continue to write to you as before.

"Yours sincerely,

"NANCY OVERLAND."

Jack smiled at the letter. It did not strike him as representing any change in Nancy's attitude. She had always talked in that way to him and yet he felt sure she would marry him.

CHAPTER VIII

LOOKING BACKWARD IN THE LIFE OF DR. JACKSON RUTHER

Dr. Ruther stood before his bureau, looking through the pile of old letters to which Mrs. Ruther had called Nancy's attention. Letter after letter was examined quickly, torn into fragments and thrown into a waste-paper basket until there remained on the bureau only two letters—the one addressed to Nancy which she had read that morning, the other addressed to himself in a woman's handwriting, the envelope bearing a postmark with the date, April, 1897.

He took the old letter out of the envelope, read it, replaced it in the envelope and laid it down again. The reading of it brought to mind vivid memories of certain scenes in the life of Jackson Ruther, medical student:

SCENE 1: A QUEER ADVERTISEMENT.

Jackson Ruther reads in the *Toronto Telegram* an advertisement that attracts his attention:

"Furnished room and board in home of French gentleman for University student of Christian faith and refined tastes. Instruction in French and dancing free of charge.

Apply by letter to Box 809 *Telegram*, sending photograph and references. Photograph will be promptly returned."

He replies to the advertisement, outlining his standing at the University, giving references, enclosing his photograph, and asking for particulars. Two days afterwards he receives a packet containing his photograph. There is no letter with the photograph and nothing to indicate where it came from.

"Rejected," he says, looking curiously at the photograph to see what it was in his face that the Frenchman disliked.

On the following day comes a letter addressed to him in a woman's handwriting, which he examines carefully before tearing open the envelope. He opens the letter and reads:

"Mr. Jackson Ruther, who replied to the advertisement of a French gentleman in the *Telegram*, may call at 709 Jarvis Street at 8 o'clock, Wednesday evening, and ask for Mr. Claude Leclerc."

SCENE 2: THE READING OF A YOUNG MAN'S SOUL.

As Jackson Ruther enters the grounds of a fine residence on Jarvis Street he wonders if he can have made a mistake in the number. He turns back to a street lamp and looks at the letter again. The number is the same as that on the gatepost. After ringing the door bell the thought comes to him that this may be a joke of fellow-students who have sent him on a fool's errand to the house of a wealthy citizen. As he recalls the wording of the advertisement he wonders that he did not see at first reading that it was the practical joke of students. In a panic he turns to run away when he hears the door open and, facing about quickly, sees in the doorway a beautiful girl about twenty years of age. With some embarrassment he explains that he is Mr. Jackson Ruther and has called to see Mr. Claude Leclerc.

"Come in," she says.

As he enters she touches an electric button, turning on the light in a small coat room off the large hall.

"Will you leave your hat and coat here? Then I shall take you to my father—Mr. Claude Leclerc. He is not well to-night, but will see you in the library." As he follows her along the wide, richly furnished hall the impression that he has come to the house of a wealthy man is strengthened. She throws open a door and he enters a large room with well-filled bookshelves along the walls. At the end of the room opposite the door is

an open fireplace and beside it sits an old gentleman who rises as the young girl says:

"Father, this is the gentleman to whom we wrote."

The old man shakes hands with him and begs him to be seated. The young woman quickly leaves the room.

"If we come to an understanding," says the old gentleman, "you will be welcome to come to this library to read whenever you please. You are fond of reading?"

Skilfully the old man leads the young man to talk about books. From books the conversation turns to student life, then to home life, and his mother, for Jackson Ruthers cannot talk long to anyone without mentioning his mother. Finally the old man says:

"I looked first at your photograph. I have looked now at your soul. If you are satisfied with what we have to offer we shall welcome you to our home. *Parlez-vous Francais?*"

"Je ne parle pas Francais."

"You say it with a good accent. Three times a week we shall teach you and after a short time we shall talk French at the table. You dance, perhaps?"

"I have never learned to dance."

"We shall give you a lesson every day. I shall now call my daughter and ask her to show you the room you will occupy if you come to live with us."

"I appreciate your courtesy, but before troubling you and your daughter further it is right to explain that when I replied to your advertisement I had not in mind a house such as this. I know that it is far beyond my means to pay for room and board in this house. I say nothing of the instruction in French and dancing, which you have generously offered free of charge."

"We shall discuss the financial question after you have looked at your room."

He touches a button which rings a bell in an adjoining room and the young woman responds.

"Fantine, let me introduce to you Mr. Jackson Ruthers. My daughter, Miss Fantine Leclerc, Mr. Ruthers. Will you show Mr. Ruthers his room, Fantine?"

As Jackson Ruthers walks up the wide stairway with Fantine Leclerc they chat about the weather, and he wonders if he will awake to find that it is nothing but a dream.

The bedroom, which she calls his room, is large and handsomely furnished. She walks quickly across it to a door which opens on a wide balcony. She steps outside and he follows.

"On summer nights you may sleep on this balcony if you prefer," she says.

The moon is rising and for the first time in his life he feels the fascination of a woman's face in the soft light. A little shiver runs through her.

"You are catching cold," he says.

"It is nothing; but we must hurry back. Father is waiting for us."

On the stairs she says to him: "It is a beautiful house. Do you not think so? I wish it were ours. I suppose my father has told you all!"

"He told me nothing."

"He did not tell you! He will do so when we return."

SCENE 3: MR. LECLERC TELLS A STRANGE STORY.

Again Jackson Ruther sits with Mr. Claude Leclerc. He wonders why the girl, who evidently knows the story her father is to tell, does not stay to hear it told and note how he receives it.

"Mr. Ruther, is it an impertinence to ask what you are paying for board and lodging at present?"

"I am paying six dollars per week."

"You may pay us the same if you decide to come after becoming acquainted with all the circumstances and conditions. As my advertisement indicated I am of French birth. The only son of a rich father I had in my early life everything that money could give besides the loving guidance of a father, who after my mother's death made the education of his son in literature, music and art the one aim of his life. He had a fancy that music and dancing should be closely associated. He said that to fully appreciate music one should accompany it with movements of the body. Soon after I learned to walk he had a dancing master for me, and he himself played for us on the violin. When I was thirteen years old he went to England and remained there for six years. I became almost as familiar with the English language and literature as with my own.

"My father died when I was twenty-two years old. I inherited his fortune. There was no need for me to work. I lived a life of pleasure, but it was not gross pleasure. I danced often, but always with refinement and never with women of low morals. So I lived until I was thirty-eight years old—a student of literature, a musician, a dancer, a little of an artist, all for pleasure, with no aim in life except to be true to my father's ideal of a man of honour, fair to men and never harming women.

"Then came a friend who urged me to take a more active part in the world's life, to use my fortune, as he said, for the benefit of others. He had concessions in Brazil. Capital was needed to develop them. If I would become interested we could together establish great plantations of coffee and cocoa. We could give employment to many. We could help others to live without pauperizing them. How much better, he said, than living a life of idle pleasure, and relieving my conscience by giving money to beggars who would not work. He was sincere. I am sure of it, although I lost my whole fortune in that Brazilian venture. I lost my fortune, but I won my wife—my Lucile. Her father English, her mother French, they lived in Rio de Janeiro. The father and mother died of fever shortly after I met Lucile. We were married and I took her to Paris. There my little Fantine was born.

"I was still rich or believed myself so; but when Fantine was two years old I learned that everything was lost. I, who had never worked, must now earn a living for my wife and baby girl. I could see no opening in Paris. I had heard of Montreal as a great city, partly French, partly English, the metropolis of Canada. I looked at the map of Canada, a country as large as Europe, extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. I read of it as a country rich in opportunities, with fertile lands, great forests, all the minerals in abundance and the richest fisheries in the world. The commercial metropolis of such a country would far surpass Paris in time, I reasoned. To Canada we came when my Fantine was three years old, seventeen years ago next June.

"I was forty-three years old, without money, with no knowledge of business or experience in any kind of work. What could I do to support my wife and child? The only thing seemed to be the teaching of French, music and dancing. I established my school, calling it the Academy of Music and Motion. There was no fortune in it, but I did get pupils and was able to earn enough to keep my wife and child in comfort. Fortunately my wife was of a contented, happy disposition and loved me. Happy years went by. I liked the music and the dancing, especially when my pupils came to me as little children and could be taught all the graceful possibilities of the human body, moving in harmony with music. I loved my dear Lucile and my little Fantine. What joy to teach the child to dance and sing and play the piano or the violin!

"Fourteen delightful years passed by. But came a day when

delight gave way to despair. The most awful calamity that can befall a man afflicted me. I cannot account for it as there never was insanity or any mental aberration among my ancestors and there had never been anything in my way of living or the happenings of my life to unhinge my mind. Yet came a day when I, who loved my wife and watched her every movement with pleasure, I, who delighted in the sound of her voice, was irritated by her every word and action. Days went by in this moodiness. I sent my pupils home; I could not teach them. One day I struck my wife. She could not doubt that I was insane and was obliged to have me confined in the asylum at Verdun. In two weeks I was again in my right mind. The attack had lasted exactly three weeks and three days. They allowed me to visit my wife once a week. I was placed on my honour to return and did so. My wife simply told the pupils I was ill, and my daughter, my darling Fantine, took my place as teacher of music and dancing. She was only seventeen, but she could teach as well as I could. She did not undertake to teach the adult pupils. They must wait, she said, until her father was well, but she would teach all who were no older than herself. Two months went by and I was discharged apparently completely cured. I returned to my wife and child and to my work. For six months there was no return of the attack, but suddenly again I was a changed man. To my wife and my daughter it seemed as if there were a strange man in the house. This second attack was more violent than the first. I was taken to Verdun on the second day, and in twelve days after my arrival there my condition of mind became normal. Nevertheless, I remained there for three months. Then as there was no recurrence of the trouble I was again allowed to go home.

"Two years went by without any recurrence of my malady. Then my wife died. I cannot speak of my sorrow or my daughter's grief. We decided to come to Toronto and start life anew. Soon after our arrival in this city the owner of this house, Mrs. Walter Charm, a widow, and her three daughters, came to me for lessons in French. They were going abroad in three months. They would spend two years in France and wished to go there with a knowledge of French.

"'Close your house and live with us,' said Mrs. Charm. 'With you and Miss Leclerc in our house for three months we shall become quite French before we go to France. We can see that you are refined and educated and shall have confidence that we are learning the best French.'

"They were willing to pay us both liberally for three months and as we had not secured many pupils in Toronto the offer was attractive. We came to this house and lived with them as one family for three months. Before they left for France Mrs. Charm asked us to stay and occupy the house during their absence. She said they must leave someone whom they could trust in charge of the house. She had heard of a Montreal family who went abroad, leaving their home locked up. When they returned they found to their astonishment that their house, a handsome stone residence, was gone, not a stone of it left. Some adventurer had taken possession, removed all the furniture, and then advertised, offering the materials in the house for sale. He told a contractor who applied for information that he had bought the property and proposed to erect on it a large apartment house. The residence, handsome as it was, must be removed, but he wished to get as much as possible for the materials. A bargain was quickly struck; the contractor tore down the house and moved the materials away, not thinking it necessary to inquire whether the man who sold him the house for removal had really purchased the property. Mrs. Charm said she did not wish to come home after two years abroad to gaze on vacant land where her home once stood. Besides, she had a maid whom she did not wish to lose. She could not leave her in charge of the house, but if we were here her maid Susan could stay. She had noticed how well-kept our own home was, although Fantine did all the housework, teaching French and music as well. She would feel safe to leave the house in Fantine's charge with her maid Susan, who is a good cook, to help. She did not offer to pay us anything for taking charge during her absence, but said we could have house, food and servant free, while she would pay for the storage of our furniture. She would give Fantine the same monthly allowance for maintaining the house, including food, laundry and Susan's wages, as she had found necessary for herself, three daughters and Susan. Arrangements would be made with her banker to place this amount monthly to Fantine's credit and Fantine would be expected to pay Susan. If Fantine could save anything out of the allowance it would belong to her. She said I would be at liberty to give lessons in French, music and dancing, provided I did not put any sign on the house or mention it in an advertisement. If we found it advantageous to take one pupil to live with us we might do so. She thought with my general education, my knowledge of French and proficiency in music and dancing

I would have no difficulty in getting a pupil from outside the city if I could offer board and lodging. I have not until now taken advantage of this privilege. Mrs. Charm said she felt perfect confidence in us because in addition to her own acquaintance with us, she had friends in Montreal who had known us for twelve years. It was through their recommendation that she and her daughters had come to us for lessons in French in the first place.

"Although her Montreal friends had known us for so many years they had never learned of my affliction. I would not have thought it honourable to come to this house without an explanation had I not believed that I was completely cured of my malady, which had not troubled me for over two years. Alas! Three weeks ago my malady returned. I became savage with my darling daughter and struck her. My strange illness lasted only two days, and I have since been my normal self. What is it? I do not know. I am inclined to believe it is obsession by an evil spirit, who for the time being takes possession of me. I have said nothing to you about my religion. I am a Protestant and read my Bible. It tells me that men were obsessed by evil spirits in the days of Jesus. Why not now? It may be that some evil spirit formerly a man on this earth occasionally gets possession of me. Sometimes I think it is a malady such as afflicted Mary Lamb, the sister of Charles Lamb. You probably know that she, a girl of good disposition and refined tastes, possessing many of the admirable qualities of mind and heart that characterized her genial and clever brother Charles Lamb, was seized one day with a frenzy in which she killed her mother, and that afterward from time to time she was afflicted in the same way and had to be taken to an insane asylum, but would quickly recover her normal mind and would have long intervals of sanity between the attacks of insanity, so normal that she was a most congenial companion for her famous brother and helped him with his literary work. It seemed to me that in her brief fits of insanity there was an altogether distinct personality in control. Whether I am at times obsessed by an evil spirit or simply a sufferer from occasional fits of insanity, I tremble to think what might happen to my daughter if she were left alone with me during one of these terrible lapses from normality.

"You will understand why I ask you to come to live with us. I do not offer you free board and lodging because I have felt that you would not have it so, but I do not wish you to pay more than you are paying at present. I ask you to be my

daughter's friend and protector—to protect her against her own father if it should become necessary, but I hope it may never become necessary. Mr. Ruthier, will you do this great service for me and my daughter? She is worthy of your friendship. I have watched her grow from babyhood to womanhood. I say nothing of her beauty and accomplishments, of her proficiency in music and her grace in dancing; I speak only of her character, her unselfish devotion to her father, her truthfulness, her purity and modesty, all those qualities of mind and heart that make the character of a good and noble woman; in all of these I say she is worthy of your friendship. I feel that I can trust you to guard her and keep her safe from harm. Will you come to us with that understanding?"

"I shall come."

Mr. Leclerc rings the bell again and his daughter quickly appears.

"Fantine, Mr. Ruthier knows all. I have told him everything and he has promised to come to be your friend and protector—to save you from your father if need be."

"Mr. Ruthier, I beg you to believe that I never asked for a protector against my father nor desired one," says Fantine. "It was my father's own idea to have you come. I wrote the letter, it is true, but it was because his hand trembled and I wished to please him."

"She approved of your photograph, Mr. Ruthier. I would not have asked you to come without her approval."

"I do not mean that I disapprove of you. Since father has asked you to come we shall be good friends, and I shall tell you frankly that I agreed with my father that you had the face of a man who could be trusted, but, Mr. Ruthier, I want both you and father to know that I do not believe he will ever have that trouble again. Remember, at the beginning it came at intervals of six months and lasted each time several weeks. There was an interval of over two years between the last attack and the one before, and the attack only lasted two days. I am sure that shows a great change for the better, and I don't think it will ever occur again."

"Mr. Leclerc, I agree with Miss Leclerc that it will never happen again," says Jackson Ruthier.

He says it with a tone of conviction, but only half believes that he is telling the truth.

SCENE 4: JACKSON RUTHER DANCES WITH FANTINE LECLERC.

"I shall teach you the steps of the waltz while Fantine plays the violin. Afterward I shall play on the violin and watch how you and Fantine dance it together."

Mr. Leclerc does not attempt to teach the principles of dancing or analyze the steps. His method is to force the pupil to move in unison with him until the feet naturally make the movements. At first moving clumsily, Jackson Ruther glides more and more easily about the room guided by the dancing master. For half an hour they waltz together. Mr. Claude Leclerc no longer looks like an old man. All his troubles seem to have passed away. At last he says:

"You may have just one waltz with Fantine to-day, but first you must watch me dance with her. Note the way I hold her; note the way we move; and see how we become part of the music."

Jackson Ruther wonders who will make the music. As father and daughter start to dance they both begin to whistle. Clear and pure as the song of birds, every note seems true. They whistle in perfect unison and all their movements are in harmony with the music.

At the close of the half hour of dancing with Mr. Leclerc he feels that he could waltz easily with anyone. He does not realize to what extent his movements were controlled by the dancing master. If he had been called upon to waltz immediately afterward with a poor dancer or with even a moderately good dancer he would have discovered his mistake, but his second dance is with one who has as perfect a knowledge of the art of dancing as the dancing master himself and all the added grace and vivacity of girlhood.

"Remember, Mr. Ruther, that you and Fantine must be merged in the music; you must enter into the spirit of the music as if you were part of it," says Mr. Leclerc, as the young couple stand together ready to start at the first sound of the violin.

The violin music begins; Fantine whistling an accompaniment moves at the same moment; and Jackson Ruther moves with her, feeling that he and she and the music are one entity.

The first lesson in dancing is followed by many others, father and daughter co-operating to teach him the art, until one day Mr. Leclerc declares that Jackson Ruther dances more perfectly with Fantine than he does himself. Happy days for all

three, especially as they believe more and more with passage of time that Mr. Claude Leclerc will never again have an attack of his dreadful malady.

SCENE 5: A WOMAN WHOM JACKSON RUTHER DOES NOT LIKE.

Fantine has a woman friend whom Jackson Ruthier does not like. Her name is Camilla Guest, and she is five years older than Fantine. She comes to dinner usually about once a week. He wonders why Fantine cares for her. She seems to him entirely lacking in the refinement so characteristic of both Fantine and her father. Her remarks are commonplace. The few books she has read are trashy. Her whole attitude of mind seems to him vulgar. He is pleased to note that Fantine never calls on Camilla Guest. It is always Camilla who comes to her. Perhaps after all Fantine does not like Camilla although she allows her to come to dinner.

SCENE 6: JACKSON RUTHER INTRODUCES A FRIEND TO FANTINE

Jackson Ruthier receives a letter from his friend Frank Weldon, a young Canadian, who although only three years older than Jackson, already holds an important executive position with a large manufacturing company in Boston, Massachusetts. He writes that his company has decided to establish a large manufacturing plant in Toronto to serve the Canadian market, and that he has been appointed general manager of the Canadian branch. Jackson Ruthier reads the letter to Mr. Leclerc and Fantine. He asks permission to invite his friend to dinner immediately after his arrival. He praises Frank Weldon highly not only as a remarkably successful young business man, but as thoroughly honourable, kind hearted and generous. In conclusion he says that when Weldon went to the United States he felt that Canada was losing a good man.

Father and daughter willingly agree that Frank Weldon shall be invited to dinner. He comes and comes again. He is fascinated with Fantine, and when he is called back to Boston for a few weeks writes to Jackson Ruthier that he is determined to marry her and will propose to her as soon as he returns. This is an unexpected blow for Jackson Ruthier. He has never spoken of love to Fantine, but feels that his eyes must have told a tale that his tongue suppressed. He still addresses her as Miss Leclerc and she calls him Mr. Ruthier. He feels somewhat

angry when Frank Weldon refers to her in his letter familiarly as Fantine. But as he ponders over the letter certain facts that cannot be set aside come to his mind. Frank Weldon has a large salary and has inherited a fortune from an aunt. He would be in a position to marry at once and give Fantine a house as fine as the one in which she is living. He would make a good husband for Fantine and be kind and generous to her father. On the other hand his own small inheritance from his father is almost exhausted and he has not completed his education. His mother will be dependent upon him, and his brother, John, who is seriously ill, may die without any provision for his family. Jackson feels that it may be his duty to support his brother's family. He might win Fantine with Frank Weldon as rival. He almost believes that she would prefer him to any newcomer; but would it be honourable to ask her to wait many years for him or marry him in poverty when Frank Weldon could offer her more at once than he could ever hope to offer. He decides that he must step aside while his friend makes love to Fantine. She soon comes to the conclusion that Jackson Ruther, although devoted to her as a brother, will never be a lover, and when Frank Weldon again and again presses his suit after a first refusal she agrees to marry him, stipulating first that he shall hear her father's story.

SCENE 7: HUMPTY DUMPTY HAS A GREAT FALL

A year and a half after Fantine's marriage Dr. Jackson Ruther, now practising in Downmount, receives an invitation to spend the week-end with his friend Frank Weldon, who writes that his wife and his father-in-law will be as delighted as himself to welcome him to their home. He concludes his letter:

"Fantine says to tell you that all her hopes and your hopes for her father are realized. His health has been excellent ever since the night when you first called on them."

Dr. Jackson Ruther accepts the invitation. On his arrival Saturday afternoon he finds that his friend Frank Weldon has been unexpectedly called to Boston on business of his company, but Fantine and her father gladly welcome him and he agrees to stay until Monday. Sunday afternoon Mr. Leclerc lies down to take a sleep. The door bell rings and a maid announces the arrival of Miss Camilla Guest. Fantine excuses herself, saying she will return as soon as possible.

Dr. Jackson Ruther takes a seat on a verandah, book in hand. He does not read, for his mind is filled with thoughts of Fantine. It is not in his nature to covet another man's wife. His feeling for her is brotherly, but he thinks of her as his ideal of womanhood. He remembers her father's eulogy of her on the first night of their acquaintance, and thinks how true was his description of her character. His thoughts are interrupted by hearing through the open window voices in the sitting-room. He recognizes the voice of Camilla Guest talking to Fantine. She makes a vulgar joke about a baby that Fantine expects in about six months. To Dr. Jackson Ruther's horror Fantine laughs and makes an equally vulgar and unwomanly remark in reply. It seems in keeping with his estimate of Camilla Guest, but alas for his ideal of Fantine!

Neither of the women ever learns that Dr. Jackson Ruther overheard their conversation. Camilla Guest would have laughed if she had learned. Fantine would have blushed with shame, as indeed she does blush as she thinks of the conversation in her own room that night after Camilla Guest has gone, and kneels down to pray that no harm may come to her child because of the vile remark which, although it dirtied her tongue, seemed to her to have come from the mind of Camilla rather than from her own mind. She determines to quarrel with Camilla and refuse to see her again. She had never cultivated the acquaintance of this woman, and had never called on her, yet had received her in a friendly way when she called.

As Dr. Jackson Ruther goes homeward there runs through his mind an old rhyme:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Can never put Humpty Dumpty together again."

In spite of the fact that he knows this is merely a rhyming riddle referring to a broken egg his mind persists in thinking of Humpty Dumpty as a broken ideal, and ever afterward when he thinks of Fantine this rhyme runs through his mind.

He is glad for the sake of his friend Frank Weldon that he was in Boston that Sunday afternoon. He wonders how Frank would have felt if they had been sitting on the verandah together

and both had heard that vulgar remark and laugh coming from the mouth of Fantine. He wonders how he would feel himself if Fantine were his wife. Then he begins to make excuses for her. "It was not her true nature," he says. "It was a little bit of Camilla Guest sticking to her. How could any pure woman escape a little soiling when such a woman as Camilla touches her?" He wishes that Camilla Guest had died before meeting Fantine. He recites to himself all the virtues of Fantine and all the little acts of loving thoughtfulness for her father, which he had witnessed when he lived with them. He gives her full credit for all, and yet his mind repeats monotonously:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Can never put Humpty Dumpty together again."

PART SEVEN

THE DANCE IN THE OVERLAND BARN

CHAPTER I

THE PROGRAMME FOR THE BARN WARMING

"Susie, have you and Nancy arranged the programme for our barn warming?" said Mr. Overland as he sat at the head of the table carving a turkey the first Wednesday evening after Susie Reynolds' return from Chicago, Mr. Donaldson, Dr. Ruther and his mother having been invited to meet her.

"The dinner will come first," said Susie. "We propose to set three tables. The barn is so big that we can have dancing afterward without moving the tables, which will be placed at one end. The first thing on the programme will be a short address by Mr. Lawrence Overland congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Clark Murdock on the celebration of their golden wedding. Then he, as Chairman, must call on Nancy to sing 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie.' Grandpa Murdock is very fond of that song, partly, I suppose, because my Grandma's name is Maggie. Then George W. Johnson, the author of it, was born not many miles from here and used to teach school in Barton township. Afterward, he taught in the Central School in Hamilton and later still became one of the masters of Upper Canada College in Toronto. The singing will be followed by the recitation of the Khan's poem 'The Pioneer's Anthem,' at the request of Grandpa Murdock."

"Who is the Khan?" said Mr. Donaldson.

"Is it possible, Mr. Donaldson, that you don't know anything about the Khan?" said Nancy. "I thought everyone in Ontario had read his articles in the Toronto papers."

"I don't mean that I have never noticed the articles signed 'The Khan.' I have read some of them and they contain a good deal of common sense expressed in a humorous way. What I meant to ask was the real name of the Khan. Do you know anything about him?"

"The Khan is R. K. Kernighan of Rushdale Farm, Rockton,"

said Nancy. "His farm is not far from Dundas. We are going to try to get him to come over to our barn warming and recite 'The Pioneer's Anthem' himself. If he will not come I shall ask Timothy Dell to recite it. Timothy is better at recitation than any other boy I know."

"Timothy Dell is taking a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and is studying very hard," said Dr. Ruther.

"Never mind, he has written to Marjorie asking her to save a waltz for him at the barn warming, so he is sure to be here and I intend to make him recite something to pay for his waltz. If the Khan comes to recite his own poem I'll ask Timothy to recite one of Dr. Drummond's poems. Timothy is wonderfully good at reciting those French-Canadian dialect poems. I met Dr. Drummond when I was about fourteen years old while visiting Aunt Priscilla in Montreal. He was charming. I also had a talk with his brother, Mr. George E. Drummond, and liked him very much. Their courtesy to such a young girl as I was at that time impressed me greatly. Uncle said George E. Drummond was greatly respected by the whole business community of Montreal. He had been President of the Montreal Board of Trade and President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. I felt in talking to him that he had high ideals and was very patriotic. There was another brother, Thomas J., whom Uncle described as not only a keen business man, but very witty. I did not meet him. Uncle said the three brothers looked very much alike, but were very unlike in character, although they all had one quality in common, for the hearts of all three were full of the milk of human kindness and good fellowship. There was another brother named John who was said to be a mechanical genius, but Uncle had never met him as he did not live in Montreal. Aunt Priscilla said all the Drummond brothers greatly resembled their mother, whom she described as a remarkably fine old woman."

"It is interesting to hear something about the family of a Canadian poet whose fame has extended far beyond our Dominion," said Mr. Donaldson. "He died some years ago; did he not?"

"He died in the year 1907, soon after I met him," said Nancy. "His little son, of whom he was very fond, died before him. I was wondering the other day whether his beautiful poem 'The Last Portage' was inspired by the thought of the death of his little boy or whether he wrote it before he lost his only child."

Timothy Dell taught Marjorie how to recite that poem and she does it very well. If you would like to hear it Marjorie might recite it this evening."

"Let us settle the golden wedding celebration programme first," said Mr. Overland. "What comes after the recitations?"

"Dancing," said Susie.

"We propose to begin the dancing with the minuet," said Nancy. "Mr. and Mrs. Clark Murdock will join in that and Grandma is looking forward to dancing it, but I can't think of anyone to dance with Grandma. I want Father and Mother to dance together. I do wish you could dance, Dr. Ruther, and I should ask you to dance the minuet with Grandma."

"I shall be delighted to dance the minuet with Grandma Overland," said Dr. Ruther.

"Why, Dr. Ruther, I never knew you could dance," said Nancy. "I only thought of you as a partner for Grandma because she is so fond of you."

"I used to dance the minuet quite easily about fifteen years ago, and I don't think I shall disgrace your grandmother at the barn warming, Nancy, if she will accept me as a partner."

"I would rather dance with you, Jackson, than with anyone else," said Grandma Overland.

"That is settled, then," said Nancy with a wondering expression on her face as she looked at Dr. Ruther.

"What comes after the minuet, Nancy?" said Mr. Overland.

"Mr. and Mrs. Clark Murdock will say good-night and we shall give them a send-off. Grandma will go home at the same time, and Mother will go with her," said Nancy.

"Nancy offered to come away with Grandma and let me stay," said Mrs. Overland, "but I would not hear of it. You can come over to the house with us, Lawrence, and go back to the barn afterward, if you like. The young people will keep up the dancing to a late hour."

"I shall go back and stay to the end of it after bringing you and Grandma home," said Mr. Overland. "I want to be there to see that none of the vulgar modern dances are put on."

"We have nothing of the kind on the programme, Father," said Nancy.

"I know you and Susie would not, but the trouble is that when a lot of young people get together for a dance they may go beyond the programme. I shall be there to see that they don't. They all know that although I enjoy fun I should clean everyone out of the barn if they started anything of the kind.

Another thing. Everyone must be out of the barn and on the way home before midnight. I don't believe in all-night dancing parties."

"As I am to be Grandma Overland's partner in the minuet, I shall see her and Mrs. Overland home, Lawrence, so you can stay to keep order," said Dr. Ruther.

"You will come back to the barn afterward, Dr. Ruther?" said Nancy.

"Certainly. I shall return to the barn to see the dancing. I always enjoy watching dancing."

Just before the party left the dinner table, Mr. Overland suggested that Marjorie might recite Dr. W. H. Drummond's poem, "The Last Portage," before they went into the sitting-room. Accordingly, Marjorie stood up and recited that beautiful and pathetic poem:

"I'm sleepin' las' night w'en I dream a dream
An' a wonderful wan it seem—
For I'm off on de road I was never see,
Too long an' hard for a man lak me,
So ole he can only wait de call
Is sooner or later come to all.

"De night is dark an' de portage dere
Got plaintee o' log lyin' ev'ryw'ere,
Black bush aroun' on de right an' lef',
A step from de road an' you los' you'se'f,
De moon an' de star above is gone,
Yet somet'ing tell me I mus' go on.

"An' off in frönt of me as I go,
Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow—
Who is dat leetle boy dancin' dere?
Can see hees w'ite dress an' curly hair,
An' almos' touch heem, so near to me
In an' out dere among de tree?

"An' den I'm hearin' a voice is say,
'Come along, fader, don't min' de way,
De boss on de camp he sen' for you,
So your leetle boy's going to guide you t'roo.
It's easy for me, for de road I know,
'Cos I travel it many long year ago.'

"An' oh! mon Dieu! w'en he turn hees head
I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead—
Dead wit' de young blood in hees vein—
An' dere he's comin' wance more again
Wit' de curly hair, an' dark-blue eye,
So lak de blue of de summer sky—

"An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slippery log lyin' ev'ryw'ere—
De swamp on de valley, de mountain, too,
But climb it jus' as I use to do—
Don't stop on de road, for I need no res'
So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.

"An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again wit' de baby smile,
An' say, 'Dear fader, I'm here you see,
We're bote togeder, jus' you an' me—
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night.

"De boss on de camp w'ere I alway stay
Since ever de tam I was go away,
He welcome de poores' man dat call,
But love de leetle wan bes' of all,
So dat's de reason I spik for you
An' come to-night for to bring you t'roo.'

"Lak de young Jesu w'en he's here below
De face of ma leetle son look jus' so—
Den off beyon', on de bush I see
De w'ite dress fadin' among de tree—
Was it a dream I dream las' night
Is goin' away on de morning light?"

"I read Dr. Drummond's book, 'The Habitant' and was delighted with it," said Mr. Donaldson as Marjorie sat down again, "but I am quite sure that poem is not in it."

"It is not in the volume entitled 'The Habitant,' but is in 'The Voyageur,'" said Nancy. "If you would like to get a copy of the book, it is published by C. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York and London. Any Canadian bookseller could get it for you from New York. There are a number of other fine poems in 'The Voyageur' which you should not miss reading. Many

Canadians know Dr. Drummond simply as the author of 'The Habitant' and have never seen 'The Voyageur.'"

"The father in the poem is an old man," said Mr. Donaldson, "and his little son died many years before. I understand that Dr. Drummond was a comparatively young man, and that he died soon after his son's death."

"Yes," said Nancy, "but Dr. Drummond may have thought of himself as likely to live to be an old man. He was called away suddenly. I do not know whether he wrote that poem before or after his son's death, but I like to think that Dr. Drummond's little boy did meet him and show him the way in."

CHAPTER II

THE KHAN RECITES HIS POEM "THE PIONEER'S ANTHEM"

"The Khan! Do you see the Khan?"

"Where is he?"

"Sitting between Mrs. Clark Murdock and Nancy Overland."

There were many glances toward Mr. R. K. Kernighan and many whispered remarks as the dinner progressed. Mr. Overland's address of congratulation following the dinner was brief and he was more serious than usual. In conclusion he called on Miss Nancy Overland to sing Mr. Clark Murdock's favourite song, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." He said they would all appreciate the singing of it the more when they knew that Mrs. Clark Murdock's name was Maggie.

As Nancy sang Mr. Clark Murdock's left hand went under the table and took possession of Mrs. Clark Murdock's right hand. When Nancy sat down there were many repeated cries of "Encore," but she did not respond until Mr. Murdock said:

"Nancy, give us 'Annie Laurie.'"

As Dr. Ruther, sitting beside Grandma Overland, listened to Nancy singing "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," the thought in his mind was that if Nancy married Jack or Norman Donaldson, husband and wife could look back to the days when they were young together, but if she married a man seventeen years older than herself it could not be so. When Nancy began to sing "Annie Laurie" he noticed that her face was turned toward her grandmother and himself and he had the fancy that she was thinking as he was of the afternoon when they walked through the woods together and talked of love in a log cabin.

Yet as an accompaniment to this impression and dominating it there was the thought aroused by the other song that he could never sing, "When You and I Were Young, Nancy," and that to take advantage of their long and intimate friendship to persuade her to marry him would be to sacrifice her life for the sake of giving to his own the completeness which he felt it would always lack without her.

Dr. Ruther's thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Mr. Overland calling to order those who were showing too much enthusiasm over his daughter's singing.

"Enough of this noise," said Mr. Overland. "We must get a move on or the young married couple in whose honour we are celebrating will miss their train and their honeymoon. I shall now call on Mr. R. K. Kernighan, familiarly known throughout Ontario as the Khan, to recite his poem 'The Pioneer's Anthem.' That poem takes in the pioneers throughout vast Canada, but let us apply it to that part of Canada which we know best, the Niagara Peninsula of Ontario. Let us go back to the days when the first United Empire Loyalists settled in this garden of British North America, which I verily believe to be the most favoured fruit-growing district in the northern hemisphere. I have nothing to say against the American Revolutionists or the great republic which borders on Canada from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, but I wish to pay tribute to those loyal Britishers who left their comfortable homes in the well-settled Atlantic States, leaving all their possessions behind, and started life anew in the Canadian wilderness because they did not wish to live outside the British Empire. They are all gone, but a few of their children's children's children are still with us and among those few none are more worthy than Mr. and Mrs. Clark Murdock, who are now celebrating their golden wedding in a barn built by the great-great-grandson of a United Empire Loyalist—I see, ladies and gentlemen, by your applause, that you recognize the merits of the worthy if not humble builder of this dancing hall.

"Picture, if you can, the district between Hamilton and the Niagara river in the days when the first United Empire Loyalist settlers carried axes into the great hardwood forests, which have so completely disappeared that the present generation can hardly realize the conditions that existed in those backwoods days. Let us try to imagine the log cabins of the old settlers, gone like the men who built them, being replaced by frame houses, which in turn gave way in many cases to handsome resi-

dences of brick or stone, built by the younger generations, who despised the comfortable homes of their ancestors. Yes, the old log cabins are gone. I doubt if you could find one of them in all the country between Hamilton and the good old town of Niagara-on-the-Lake. If they were still in existence I wonder what stories their walls could tell of our ancestors, of those brave men and courageous women who faced hardships in the wilderness for the sake of British traditions. What a transformation has taken place throughout the whole Niagara peninsula. Where once stood the primeval forest there are now millions of peach, plum, apple and cherry trees, with thousands of acres in grapes, raspberries, canteloupes, water-melons, tomatoes and all kinds of vegetables, to say nothing of the fields devoted to grain and the pasture lands.

"It was with thoughts such as these, no doubt, that Mr. Clark Murdock requested that Mr. R. K. Kernighan be invited to come to-night. Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce to you the Khan, with whose humorous articles in the Toronto papers you are all acquainted. Listen now to his anthem."

When the clapping of hands subsided Mr. Kernighan recited:

"Our steps are growing feeble, our strength is failing fast;
We give a New Year's greeting and this may be the last.
Once we were strong of thought and thigh, once strong of
thumb and thew,
Once we were an army; to-day we are but few.
The open grave's before us, the staff falls from each hand—
To our children's children, and their children's children we do
bequeath this land!

"A land that's big with beauty, a land that's fair and free,
A land in sweet tranquility, a land that's good to see.
Thriving towns and cities, smiling farms on every hand—
To our children's children and their children's children we do
bequeath this land!

"We came to build, and building, a mighty structure grew,
And ever as we builded, builded better than we knew;
And through the darkening wilderness, lo! we were led in might,
Our log heaps made a smoke by day, a pillared flame by night.
Now, when across the continent we've seen our task expand,
To our children's children and their children's children we do
bequeath this land!

"Our country, O our country, the triumph of our toil!
Unto her God we give our souls, our bodies to her soil.
Standing by our graveside, this is our last command:
For our children's children and their children's children see
that thou keep this land!

"No more we'll feel the autumn leaves frosted 'neath our feet;
No more we'll see our fields and hills begoldened with the
wheat;
No more we'll smell the apple bloom when spring is here again;
No more we'll bring the milch cows home along the darkening
lane.
The battle time is over, and we must now disband—
To our children's children and their children's children we do
bequeath this land!

"Lord, Thou who led'st us hither, still ever with us be!
Now lettest Thou Thy servants depart in peace to Thee!
Hear Thou our last weak prayer—we hold Thee by the hand—
For our children's children and their children's children,
O Lord God, keep this land!"

CHAPTER III

DR. RUTHER AND MRS. RICHARD SWEDEN CREATE A SENSATION AT THE DANCE

It was with a feeling of wonder that Nancy watched Dr. Ruther step the minuet with her grandmother. She had never seen him dancing before although he had been present on many occasions when there was dancing. She expected that he would be a little awkward, but was surprised at his ease and grace. Nancy was not the only one who watched him with amazement, for the general impression throughout the Downmount district was that Dr. Ruther could not dance. It was generally known that his father, Daniel Ruther, had regarded all dancing as sinful and although Dr. Ruther himself had never been known to make any objection to dancing it was supposed that he had never learned to dance on account of his father's prejudice.

After the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Murdock, Dr. Ruther walked home with Grandma Overland and Mrs. Overland and then returned to the barn to watch the dancers without any

intention of participating. As he entered he noticed sitting beside his mother a young and pretty woman. A moment afterward he was with them and his mother said:

"Millie, you know my son, Dr. Ruther. Jackson, you will remember Mrs. Richard Sweden—Millie Mornington, you know."

Dr. Ruther was surprised. He had heard a great deal about the return of Millie Mornington as Mrs. Richard Sweden. He had thought of her as Jack Ruther did, picturing a matronly-looking woman on the lookout for a third husband. The woman who sat beside his mother looked very little older than Nancy. Slight, girlish-looking, it was difficult to imagine that she had been twice married.

"Will you excuse me, Millie?" said Mrs. Ruther. "I want to speak to Mrs. Doble at the other end of the hall."

"I was watching you dance the minuet, Dr. Ruther," said Mrs. Sweden. "I could appreciate how excellently well you did it because I was myself a teacher of dancing for a year."

"That is interesting to me, Millie? You don't mind me calling you Millie? You have altered so little since I last saw you although it is a number of years and everyone else I know has changed in that time."

"Of course you must call me Millie as you always did in the old days. I don't notice any change in you, Dr. Ruther, except . . ."

"Except what, Millie? Why do you hesitate?"

"I mean that your face does not look any older, but your hair is beginning to turn grey. I think I like it. That or something else has improved your appearance since I last saw you. As I watched you dancing with Nancy's grandmother I said to myself, 'What a distinguished-looking man!' and then I recognized my old friend, Dr. Ruther. You were saying that I have not changed, but if you had seen me a year ago you would hardly have known me. I had tuberculosis and all my friends thought I would die, but I was determined not to die. I took Christian Science healing, and here I am to-night glowing with health. Don't you think I look well?"

"Indeed you do, Millie. You attribute your healing entirely to faith?"

"Entirely, Dr. Ruther. I took no medicine."

"You believed fully in the Christian Science theories?"

"I didn't study their theories, Dr. Ruther. I just believed they could cure me and they did cure me."

"You were saying that you were a teacher of dancing for a year, Millie. Will you tell me about it if you do not mind?"

"When my first husband was killed in a street-railway accident I was left alone in Buffalo without any means of living. His salary was small and we had saved nothing. A dancing master advertised in the Buffalo *Daily Express* for a lady assistant. Dancing was the one thing that I excelled in and when I applied for the position he engaged me after dancing with me for half an hour. He was an elderly man of the old school and opposed to all license in dancing. While I assisted him with his classes I also took lessons from him during the whole time that I taught in his school."

As Mrs. Sweden paused the voice of a girl who was sitting with a young man a short distance away came to them distinctly.

"Her name is Millie Mornington Townley Sweden. The first two names are her own by right of baptism. The other two are relics of her husbands, for she has been married twice and is now looking for a third husband."

"That four-ply name reminds me of the Christian Science leader, Mary Baker Glover Eddy."

"Yes, and it is quite appropriate, too, because she is a Christian Scientist herself. All the boys are afraid to dance with her although she is as pretty as a picture and the best dancer here to-night if she hasn't forgotten how since she married. She will be a wallflower all the evening. I dare you to dance with her."

"I am quite content with my present partner."

"Never mind, Fred. She is setting her bait for a bigger fish. Did you notice how interested she is in Dr. Ruther?"

Mrs. Sweden blushed deeply as she said:

"Dr. Ruther, I know you heard them. This part of the barn seems to carry voices. I am glad they are getting up to dance."

"Never mind them, Millie."

"Dr. Ruther, I feel sometimes that fate is very unfair to me. Is it my fault that both my husbands died? My first husband was killed in a street-railway accident. The second died of consumption. I nursed him for months. The doctor said no trained nurse could have done so well for him, but I could not save him. It is true that he left me a large fortune, but I never thought of the money during his illness. Yet now everybody thinks of me as if I had murdered him for his money, and if I speak to a man or even look at one they say I am fishing for a third husband. She was quite right in saying that not one young man in this dancing hall will dare to ask me to dance.

They would not be so much afraid of me, but afraid that the whole neighbourhood would talk about them. They don't fancy the idea of being called Millie Mornington's third husband. If anyone did ask me to dance I would refuse. My dancing days are over. Nancy Overland is the only real friend I have in Downmount district, although I was quite popular before my marriage. Sometimes I feel a little bitter about it, but usually my Christian Science faith helps me to keep serene."

"Certainly Nancy Overland is your staunch friend. I have heard her praise you frequently."

"This evening before Mr. and Mrs. Clark Murdock left I was watching their faces. They looked so happy, Dr. Ruther. He was her first lover. They had a happy courtship ending in marriage and how lovely it is for them to be able to look back to all the years of their married life in which they have grown old together. But suppose that after appearing to be much in love with her for awhile Mr. Murdock had left Downmount without proposing to her. Suppose that he did not come to see her for months and when he wrote his letters seemed short and not lover-like. Then suppose that another man who loved her proposed and she liked him and, naturally wishing to marry, accepted him. Would you have blamed her? Then suppose the man whom she married was killed and after two years she met a man whom she admired and he became very fond of her. I just want to make it plain to you, Dr. Ruther, that the difference between dear Mrs. Clark Murdock and me is not so much a contrast in character as a contrast in luck. If my first lover had proposed to me or even if my second lover had lived after we were married I might have had a similar happy life experience and lived to be in my old age as sweet and lovable as she is, but as the result of circumstances over which I had no control I am fated to spend the remainder of my life alone, although I may live to be as old as Mrs. Clark Murdock or older. Nature intended me to be a wife and a mother. All my instincts crave that life. Why was I made to have these longings that never can be satisfied? I would not care so much if I had my little baby, but he died of scarlet fever one month after his father was killed in the street-railway accident."

"Millie, forget your troubles in a waltz. I have not danced for many years, but I don't think I have forgotten how."

"I know you have not forgotten. I am sure from the way you went through the minuet that you will waltz better than any other man in this hall. I thought I would never dance

again, no matter who might ask me, but I cannot resist the temptation, Dr. Ruther. The music is excellent, too. Isn't it?"

As they were starting Dr. Ruther noticed that Jack Ruther and Timothy Dell had arrived and that Jack and Nancy were dancing together.

Millie was about the same height and build as Fantine Leclerc. Like Fantine she had black eyes, black hair and clear, rose-tinged complexion. As a dancer she equalled Fantine, and nothing but Fantine's musical whistling was required to make it seem as if he were dancing again at 709 Jarvis Street, Toronto, with the French dancing-master's daughter.

Jack Ruther noticed Millie dancing with his uncle immediately after starting the dance with Nancy. He forgot all about his own partner but being an excellent dancer continued dancing mechanically. He saw that Millie was the same as when he last danced with her before her first marriage. All his old mad passion for her was suddenly revived. Fierce jealousy of his uncle raged in his heart. He tried to imagine that he was dancing with Millie Mornington instead of with Nancy.

"Jack, I cannot dance any longer," said Nancy at last. "I feel faint."

Jack led his partner to a seat and she sat there with her head in a whirl thinking of nothing but the fact that Dr. Ruther was dancing with Millie Mornington and with the feeling in her heart that she could never be happy again.

Nancy had told Mrs. Ruther that she knew her son, heart, mind and soul, as no one else knew him. Now she felt that she did not know him at all, that he had deceived her during all the years of their intimate friendship. If he had danced first with her she might have forgiven the long concealment, but she had first learned that he could waltz by seeing him dance with another woman as if he had forgotten everything in the world excepting his partner and the pleasure of dancing.

In all the tumult of emotion Nancy did not blame her friend, Millie Sweden. She felt that it would be unjust to do so, and after a few moments she recovered herself sufficiently to remember that she had planned to bring Jack and Millie Mornington together that night. She decided not to change her plans because of what had happened.

CHAPTER IV

DR. JACKSON RUTHER COMES BACK FROM THE YEAR 1897
TO THE YEAR 1913

The dancing of the minuet with Grandma Overland had revived in the mind of Dr. Jackson Ruther the fascination of music and motion; but in asking Millie to waltz with him he was moved by sympathy for her and a desire to help her forget her troubles at a time when all the young men present seemed to be afraid to dance with her and the sentiment of the women was antagonistic.

A moment afterward he almost forgot Millie as his mind went back to the days when he danced with Fantine Leclerc. To Nancy it seemed that he was absorbed in his partner, but in fact he was absorbed in living over again a brief period of his past life, forgetting for the nonce all that had come before and all that had followed.

The mind of Millie was also looking backward while she danced with Dr. Ruther—looking backward to the evening when she last danced with Jack Ruther six months before her first marriage, for at the moment of starting to dance she had seen Jack with Nancy.

Mrs. Ruther was not as much amazed as the other onlookers. She knew her son could dance well. He had written to her regularly during his stay with Claude Leclerc and his daughter Fantine, telling her everything. She had been somewhat relieved when she learned that Fantine was married. She had feared that her son would marry the dancing master's daughter. Yet she had not thought of the possibility of his dancing with Mrs. Sweden when she left them together, and while she watched him with admiration as he glided about the large hall with his partner she reproached herself for bringing about what she instinctively felt would pain Nancy as well as create an undesirable sensation. As the dance continued and she noticed his apparent absorption she trembled at the thought that possibly her son might become Millie's third husband.

When the dance was over Dr. Ruther came back suddenly from the year 1897 with its thoughts of Fantine Leclerc to the year 1913 and thoughts of Nancy Overland. He saw her face as she stood with Jack Ruther and the first impression created by

the expression of it was that Grandma Overland had died suddenly. He said to Millie:

"I am afraid that Nancy has received bad news. Look at her face! Let us go to her."

They hastened to her and Dr. Ruther said:

"Has anything happened, Nancy?"

Nancy never could explain to herself why she replied:

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

They looked at her in amazement, wondering if she had gone insane suddenly; yet Dr. Ruther dimly guessed that she was referring to his dancing. In fact the thought in Nancy's mind was that she had never dreamed that he could dance so perfectly. By some law of suggestion the word "dreamed" in her thought allied itself with the word "dreamt" in the Shakespeare saying, which she had often heard Dr. Ruther quote in an altogether different sense, and in her confusion she had repeated it aloud. She quickly realized her slip but instead of trying to explain said quickly:

"Millie, you remember Jack Ruther, and I know he is amazed to see that you have not changed in the least since he last saw you. Will you take my place with him in the last dance? I do not feel like dancing any more to-night."

As Nancy spoke a small boy came hurriedly toward them:

"Dr. Ruther, my mother is very ill," he said. "I think she is dying. Will you come quickly?"

"Are you ill, Nancy?" said Dr. Ruther.

"I am perfectly well, Dr. Ruther," said Nancy coldly. "Had you not better go at once!"

Dr. Ruther went with the boy after asking Jack to see Mrs. Ruther safely home. As he passed his mother he stopped just long enough to say to her:

"An emergency call, Mother. Jack will see you home. I am anxious about Nancy. She does not seem well. Please look after her."

Mrs. Ruther crossed the hall quickly to Nancy.

"Jack, you had better go home with Millie after the dance," she said. "I am going to stay all night with Nancy if she will let me."

"Certainly, Mrs. Ruther," said Nancy, but she did not add, "I would love to have you stay with me," as she had said on a

previous occasion when Mrs. Ruther stayed with her overnight. She would not have invited Mrs. Ruther this night of her own accord, although it was characteristic of Nancy that she did not experience any change of feeling toward Mrs. Ruther because of loss of confidence in her son.

CHAPTER V

NANCY DECLARES THAT DR. RUTHER HAS KILLED HER SOUL

There was no spare bedroom in the Overland house and when Mrs. Ruther proposed to stay overnight with Nancy she knew this meant sleeping with her. Her thought was that she might comfort Nancy at a time when her heart was troubled.

They undressed in silence, Mrs. Ruther trying the while to think of something to say. For the first time in her life she was angry with her son. When ready for bed she knelt down to pray silently for Divine guidance under difficult circumstances. She closed her prayer with these words: "Father of all love, help me to talk to her as her own grandmother might talk if she were in my place to-night."

Nancy watched her but did not kneel down herself. As Mrs. Ruther arose from her knees Nancy said:

"If you will get into bed I shall put out the light."

"Nancy, you have not said your prayer," said Mrs. Ruther.

"I can never pray again," said Nancy. "Dr. Ruther has killed my soul and if I live to be as old as Grandma I shall never be anything but a living corpse."

The moment she said it Nancy was sorry that she had given utterance to her thought. She had been accustomed to talking to Mrs. Ruther confidentially ever since the day when as a child she proposed that they have a secret agreement permitting her to call Dr. Ruther "Jackson" in talking to the mother. There was no one else except her grandmother with whom Nancy felt so safe in opening her heart.

"My own child," said Mrs. Ruther, "my darling daughter, for as such I have thought of you ever since you first came to see me."

She drew the young girl to the bed and they sat down together, each with an arm around the other's waist.

"Nancy, you have not ceased to love me, have you?"

Nancy clasped her tight as she replied, "I love you more than ever."

"If you still love me your soul is not dead. You could not love me if he had killed your soul. And I know you still love your sweet grandmother, your dear father and mother and your sister Marjorie who cares so much for you. If you love all of us why can you not love and pray to God who loves you more than all of us together do, loves you so much I verily believe that He is telling me now what to say to you as I asked Him to do in my prayer."

"He has deceived me all my life," said Nancy.

"Who has deceived you all your life?"

"Dr. Ruther has. Why did he never tell me he could dance that way—so perfectly? Do you remember when I was a child I gave up all the delight of pretending I was alive when he was a boy and that I was his little playmate. I gave it up because I would not deceive him for one minute."

"What I could never understand was why you did not wish to tell him."

"I did not know why then. I only half know why now. I think there was something in my heart that did not wish to let him know I cared quite so much for him as I did, but my child-mind could not explain it and my woman's mind only half understands."

"I think I see what you mean, Nancy."

"I felt as I said to you then that if I went on pretending without telling him I would be a *living lie* to him and so I gave it up. Yet he has been deceiving me for many years."

"It would have been absurd to have boasted to a little child that he was a perfect dancer."

"He need not have boasted. He could have told me without boasting. Perhaps not when I was a little child, but he might have danced with me any time during the last five years—ever since I was Marjorie's present age. He could have told me in that way. How did he tell me in the end? By dancing with another woman as if he were madly in love with her and could think of nothing but the ecstasy of it. He was so carried away by Millie's beauty that he could not help dancing with her, although he could watch me dancing for five years without having any desire to dance with me."

"Carried away by Millie's beauty! Nonsense, Nancy. You are twice as lovely as she is."

"He is evidently fascinated by her kind of beauty. He likes

mine well enough at a distance but is not swayed by it as he is by Millie's."

"I thought you were so fond of Millie!"

"I am fond of Millie. It is not her fault that Dr. Ruther is madly in love with her. Jack is too. I could see that all Jack's old love for her has revived, and I am glad for Millie's sake and his. I always hoped it would be so when he saw her again and have wanted them to meet for a long time. I wished to give her back her first lover."

"I am sure Jackson does not care a pin for Millie Mornington. Looking at your face and your hair is the greatest delight of his life."

"He looks at me as he would look at a landscape or at a picture that he proposed to give to some one else—to Jack or to anyone. His soul is filled with admiration for beauty. I don't care for that kind of admiration. Something might happen to take away my beauty any day. I should remain exactly the same to myself, but I should not be the same to him."

"Nancy, I am sure he loves you deeply."

"Actions speak louder than words or lack of words. He has had opportunities to tell me he loved me, but he never did. He put it in a letter once and it was such a lovely letter that I was deceived by it, but the love was not real enough to make him tell me of it. He never sent the letter to me, never even intended to send it to me. It was just a little sentimental writing to please his own mind. It was only by a misunderstanding that I read it when I found it on his bureau in an envelope addressed to me. I did not see then that it was nothing but surface love—a play of literary fancy—but I see it clearly now."

"He is a strong, determined man, Nancy, and when he makes up his mind what is right or what is wrong he is strong enough not to allow his feelings to overcome him. He is not one of those men who yield to every impulse. He can restrain his impulses when he feels it is wrong to indulge in them."

"He didn't think it necessary to restrain his impulse to dance with Millie. I suppose he thought it would be a wicked thing to let himself love me or even to dance with me. I used to think I knew him through and through. Now I see I don't know him at all."

"You know every bit of him except a brief period of his life that no one excepting himself and me knows fully. I am going to tell you the story so that you may feel that you do know him, from first to last."

The night was far gone when Mrs. Ruther ended the story of Jackson Ruther and Fantine Leclerc. Dr. Jackson Ruther had concealed nothing from his mother and she revealed everything to Nancy. There were some doubts in her heart as to whether it was right to repeat what she knew Jackson would have told to no one but his mother, but she believed that for the happiness of both Nancy and her son she was justified in telling all. It must be explained that Dr. Jackson Ruther had not repeated to his mother the remark of Fantine which he overheard, but had told her he had overheard Fantine saying something to Camilla Guest which made him feel that her association with that woman was doing her harm, something that shattered his ideal of her, although he still believed in her essential goodness when free from the evil influence of that woman.

"You think that he no longer cares for her?" said Nancy as Mrs. Ruther finished the story.

"I don't say that. In a certain way he does still care a great deal for her, but he is not in the least in love with her. At Christmas he always sends little presents to her and her children. She is now a widow and her father is dead."

"You said her husband was rich?"

"Yes; he left her quite wealthy and I am glad of it, for if she were poor Jackson might think he ought to help her."

"Perhaps he may marry her yet as she is a widow."

"Jackson will never marry her. He does not love her. You are the only one he cares for and he loves you ten times as much as he ever loved her. Now, Nancy, you know all about him from beginning to end."

"I do not know him. He is a stranger to me. All you have told me does not explain why he danced with Millie Mornington in that absorbed way after writing such a love-letter to me."

"Nancy Overland, I feel like shaking you," said Mrs. Ruther impulsively, but she did not remove her arm from the young girl's waist and Nancy clasped her even more tightly than before.

"Mrs. Ruther, I did not wish to hurt your feelings," said Nancy. "I know that he has been a good son to you and kind and generous to many. His one weakness seems to be that he attaches too much importance to mere beauty and certain kinds of beauty fascinate him, for instance that girl in Toronto long ago and Millie now. He admires my hair and my complexion, but his admiration of me is not impetuous, although his attitude toward me is quite proper, I suppose, in view of the fact that he has been trying to give me away to Jack for some months."

"Nancy, although I have no means of knowing positively, I have just now guessed why Jackson danced with Millie, and when I tell you I feel sure that you will see that I have guessed the truth. You know everyone was saying that no young man at the ball dare dance with Millie for fear of being called Millie Mornington Townley Sweden's third husband. One girl started it and it passed from mouth to mouth. I heard it and you must have heard it."

"I did hear it," said Nancy.

"I am sure Jackson heard it and that he was simply taking her side. You would have done exactly the same thing if you were a man, Nancy. You know you would have. How often have you stood up for her when mean things were said about her!"

"Yes. I suppose I should have done the same thing, but that does not explain why he was so absorbed in her."

"He is so fond of music and motion. He has always loved to watch good dancing. Can you not imagine that being able to dance so well, having once started again after so many years of abstinence he would be carried away by the ecstasy of music and motion?"

"I suppose that might be true," said Nancy.

"I forgot to tell you, Nancy, why he has not wooed you impetuously, why he did not send you the love-letter he wrote you—a letter I never read and can only guess at—why he encouraged you to marry Jack. The reason is simply that he says there is a gulf of years between you, and he thinks that it would be selfish for a man of his age to ask a young girl to marry him. It would be making a sacrifice of your life, he says. Of course he is not an old man, only thirty-seven, and he is full of health and vigour. As I look back he seems young to me. His heart is young.

"*A gulf of years!*" said Nancy. "I think if I were a man I would try to bridge a gulf if a girl I loved were on the other side of it. If he had built a bridge across the gulf I should have held out my hand to him when he crossed it—I should have done so once, but I would not now, because my love for him is dead. He killed it. I look back at myself when I loved him as I might look at another girl."

"My darling child, your love for him is not dead. Nancy, I cannot give you up. You are my child. I am your mother as well as his. I am your mother by right of my son's love for

you and by right of my own love for you. I love you, love you, Nancy."

"I know you love me and I love you. I know you would not care a straw if I lost all my beauty. You would love me just the same. I should be to you the same Nancy that I am now, but I should not be the same to him. You said yourself the last time I took breakfast at your house that his greatest weakness was worship of beauty in a woman and you predicted that if he attended the ball in our barn he would not be able to keep his eyes off the faces of the pretty girls. However, he was so attracted by the beauty of one woman that he did not even look at any of the others."

"Nancy, I could not have believed that you would be so jealous of your friend Millie Mornington."

"I am not jealous of her. I do not blame her in the slightest degree."

"Have you forgotten all the happy hours you spent with him as a child?"

Nancy burst into tears.

"My dear, you have thawed me out," she said after a few minutes. "I was solid ice when you came to me and I have melted in the atmosphere of your sympathy and love. To you I open my heart. I say everything that is in my mind; but you will promise me never to tell him anything I have said."

"Nancy, my child, I promise you faithfully. I should not be worthy of your love if I repeated a word of what you have said to me in confidence. And now, my dear, we must go to bed for it will soon be morning; but let us first kneel down and thank God that your soul is not dead and that your heart is still full of love."

Mrs. Ruther prayed in a low voice, but loud enough for Nancy to hear:

"Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the love in our hearts. If any cloud of misunderstanding still darkens the soul of this sweet girl dispel it with Thy light. I thank Thee for directing me what to say to-night, for I have had a sense of Divine guidance, and for the first time in my life I understand what Nancy's grandmother means when she speaks of the Peace of God that passes all understanding."

CHAPTER VI

A POEM ON FORGIVENESS

As Mrs. Ruther and Nancy were taking a late breakfast together a telegram was delivered to Nancy by a special messenger from the telegraph office in Downmount where it had been received the night before. It was from her Aunt Priscilla Ferguson in Montreal, and said that her cousin Lucy was seriously ill. Mr. Overland drove to the telegraph office immediately after breakfast with Nancy's reply, which read:

"I shall leave Toronto for Montreal to-night—Canadian Pacific Railway."

On arrival at the Windsor Street station of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal next morning Nancy found her Aunt Priscilla waiting for her and in reply to her anxious questions was told that her cousin was out of danger.

"It is the first time I have been out of the house for a week," said Aunt Priscilla, "but now the doctor says there is no further need for anxiety. The crisis was passed last night and she is wonderfully better this morning. We have a good nurse. Lucy wished so much to see you that we telegraphed."

Mrs. Ferguson's motor car was waiting for them on Osborne Street at the station entrance, and they drove quickly to the Ferguson residence on the Upper Level of Westmount. During the next two weeks Nancy acted as day nurse for her cousin, the trained nurse coming only at night. One afternoon Lucy asked her to read aloud.

"What shall I read?" said Nancy.

"There is a dear little book entitled 'Birds and Babies,' by Ethel Coxhead. You will find it among the small books on the top shelf of the bookcase in this room."

Nancy quickly found the book which was so familiar to her and sat down with it beside her cousin's bed.

"I bought it from Mr. Eben Picken, the bookseller on Beaver Hall Hill," said Lucy. "You will remember Mr. Picken, Nancy?"

"I remember Mr. Picken perfectly," said Nancy. "He is a dear old man. But why do you call him a bookseller? You should call him a booklover rather than a bookseller. He would rather talk about a book than sell one, Lucy."

"That is true," said Lucy. "Many a talk have I had with him about books new and old. I have often wondered that one

of the Montreal daily papers has not engaged him to conduct a literary column. I think he must know more about books than anyone else in Montreal, perhaps excepting the late George Murray who conducted 'Notes and Queries' in the Montreal *Daily Star* for so many years."

"The last time I visited Montreal I had several talks with him about books," said Nancy. "You were away at the time, you will remember. When I went shopping I used to walk down from the Henry Morgan department store on St. Catherine Street at Phillips Square to Beaver Hall Hill on purpose to have a talk with him about books. If I lived in Montreal I would not let a week go by without having a chat with him."

"I went in to buy a copy of Henry Drummond's booklet 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' You know that book, Nancy?"

"Yes. Dr. Ruther gave it to me long ago," said Nancy.

"I had given a number of copies away to friends and wanted another to send away. Mr. Picken remarked that the idea of love being the best thing in the world had been brought out very prettily in a poem by Ethel Coxhead before Henry Drummond gave his lecture 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' He handed me this copy of 'Birds and Babies' and called my attention to the first poem, 'The Best Thing in the World.' I bought the book. It is not a new copy as you will note. He had it in his library for years. He had pasted on the flyleaf at the front of the book a poem by Ethel Coxhead which he cut out of *Chatterbox*. It is entitled, 'The Elf and the Wren,' but might well be entitled 'Forgiveness.' Read that one aloud first, Nancy."

Opening the book Nancy found the clipping from 'Chatterbox' that Mr. Picken had pasted on a leaf opposite the title page. She read aloud as requested:

THE ELF AND THE WREN

"Far in the depth of a forest a little grey elf sat down,
Late on a day in October, when the leaves turn red and brown;
Above in the beech-tree branches a bird sat over his head.
'O Robin, come and listen,' the little grey Elfman said.

"Don't shake your feathers and fidget, but quietly hear me,
please.

You know the little Wren robber who stole my butter and
cheese;

Just now I passed in the forest that bad little thieving thing—
Caught in a noose on the alder, he swung with a broken wing.

" 'Yet only think of his coolness, he didn't mind asking me,
Though he had stolen my butter, to let him go safe and free;
As if I would help him really, when I count up every day
What lots of butter he wasted and the cheese he took away.'

" 'Little grey Elf,' sang the Robin, 'the long days fly away fast,
However far we may wander, we must come home at the last;
Each day when the shadows darken, the stars gleam out of the
sky,
No little bird can be perfect, but each little bird can try.

" 'Forgive, forgive,' sang the Robin above on the beech-tree
bough,
'However naughty the Wren was, perhaps he is sorry now;
The cool nights follow the sunshine, when the thirsty leaves
grow wet.
Little grey Elf,' sang the Robin, 'forgive what you can't forget.'

"The little grey Elf moved softly that the Robin might not see.
He crept through the leaves that rustled, blown down from the
high beech tree—

"The Robin is right,' he murmured, 'I was very wrong, I know,
For perhaps the Wren was hungry, and it happened long ago.'

"He pushed through the tangled bushes and came where the alder
stood.

Its branches bent to the ripples of the streamlet in the wood;
The snare hung over the water that glowed in the sunset red.
The Elfman crept away sobbing—the poor little Wren was dead.

"And far through the sunlit branches re-echoed the Robin's song,
'Forgive, forgive, little Elfman, for often we all do wrong;
We try each day to grow better, but it is not well to wait,
Lest when at last we are sorry, our kindness should come too
late.'"

When Nancy went up to her bedroom that evening she carried
Ethel Coxhead's poems with her and re-read the poem "The
Elf and the Wren."

Her association with her grandmother whose mind was so
accustomed to thinking of Divine guidance in everything, her
long conversation with Mrs. Ruthers the evening before she
left home, and Mrs. Ruthers's prayer before they went to
bed were no doubt responsible for the fact that she regarded
the finding of this clipping from *Chatterbox* in a copy of

"Birds and Babies" as Divinely planned. She felt that she had been summoned to Montreal at that time in order that she might read that poem on forgiveness.

"I do forgive him," she said to herself earnestly. "I think Mrs. Ruthier was right about what prompted him to dance, and then it was natural that he should live over again his last dance with his lost love—that girl Fantine."

She had intuitively guessed at that moment even more nearly than his mother had guessed the real reason why he was so absorbed in the dance, and it was easier to forgive him for being absorbed in the memory of Fantine than to forgive what she had at first supposed to be a sudden passion for her friend Millie. Then many little memories confirmed Mrs. Ruthier's statement that he was in love with herself and only refrained from proposing marriage because of the difference in their ages.

She wrote to Mrs. Ruthier that night telling about her arrival in Montreal, the improvement in her cousin's condition, and the clipping from *Chatterbox* which Mr. Eben Picken had pasted in the book "Birds and Babies." She made a copy of "The Elf and the Wren" and enclosed it in the letter. She did not make any reference to the influence of the poem on her attitude toward Dr. Ruthier, but concluded with the words, "Kind wishes for Dr. Ruthier."

As Nancy put the letter in an envelope she was thinking of Mr. Eben Picken and wrote the address:

Mrs. Daniel Ruthier,
Beaver Hall Hill,
Montreal.

She mailed the letter next day without noticing that she had written the address of Mr. Picken's bookstore instead of Mrs. Ruthier's residence in Downmount. After some delay in the Montreal post-office the letter went to the Dead Letter Office in Ottawa.

Mrs. Ruthier expected that Nancy would write to her as she usually did when she visited Montreal. Two weeks passed without a letter. Then Mrs. Ruthier wrote to her. Not knowing that the Ferguson family had moved to the Westmount suburb of Montreal, she addressed the letter to the house on St. Mark Street, where they lived at the time of Nancy's last visit to her relatives in Montreal. The house was vacant and Mrs. Ruthier's

letter followed Nancy's letter to the Dead Letter Office in Ottawa.

Mrs. Ruthier after waiting in vain for a reply to her letter said to her son:

"Jackson, I could not have believed that Nancy would be so unjust and so unforgiving."

At about the same hour, Nancy said to herself: "I wonder why she does not answer my letter. If I write again they will think I am trying to throw myself into the arms of Dr. Ruthier. That part of my life is dead and buried."

PART EIGHT

JOHN RANSOM

CHAPTER I

A BUDGET OF LETTERS

Miss Nancy Overland to Mrs. Lawrence Overland:

1163 GROSVENOR AVE., WESTMOUNT, P.Q.,

Dec. 27, 1913.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

Although I wrote you on Christmas Day thanking all at home for my lovely presents, I did not tell you how homesick I felt on that day in spite of all the love and kindness of Aunt Priscilla, Lucy, Uncle James and Cousin Brock. I think the homesickness was intensified by the knowledge that I shall not see any of you until after Lucy's marriage and that may not take place before May. Lucy has not yet recovered her strength, and there will be so much to do in making preparations for the wedding that Aunt Priscilla needs me, and yet I feel that it is hardly fair to leave all the home work for you and Marjorie. I am glad that you have a good maid to help you.

Love to all the family.

Your loving daughter,

NANCY.

Mrs. Lawrence Overland to Miss Nancy Overland:

DOWNMOUNT, ONT., Dec. 31, 1913.

DEAR NANCY,

While we miss you at home we all feel that you must stay until Lucy is quite well and the wedding over. You need not worry about Marjorie and me. We are both well, and Eliza, our new maid, is so good and dependable that we

are having quite an easy time of it. Then, you know, Mrs. Springer comes twice a week for general house cleaning.

I don't think anyone has told you that Mrs. Ruther has been very unwell ever since you went away. Dr. Ruther has been quite anxious about her, and now they have decided to take a trip to the British West Indies. They left here yesterday and go by way of Halifax. They may spend nearly a year in the tropics. Dr. Ruther thinks it will benefit her health.

Mrs. Ruther's uncle, in Vancouver, died three weeks ago. He was active and in good health to the last day of his life although almost ninety-seven. It now appears that he left her everything. He was rich, you know. So they can afford to travel, and Timothy Dell is to look after Dr. Ruther's practice while they are away. Their first address in the West Indies will be Queen's Park Hotel, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

Your loving mother,
BESSIE OVERLAND.

Miss Nancy Overland to Mrs. Daniel Ruther:

1163 GROSVENOR AVE., WESTMOUNT, P.Q.,

Jan. 1, 1914.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I was so grieved to learn from Mother's letter which I received to-day that you have been ill. I wondered why you did not reply to my letter, but now I understand. I do hope that the trip to the West Indies will have a wonderfully beneficial effect and I am sure it will. The change will give you renewed life. How interesting it will be for Dr. Ruther, too. I know he will be getting new information almost every minute.

Mother told me about your uncle's death. How fine it was to have good health to the very last of such a long life. If Dr. Ruther should live as long he will have nearly sixty years of life before him. Does not that make him feel young!

I am addressing this letter to the Queen's Park Hotel, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. I hope it will reach you safely.

With kind regards for Dr. Ruther and best wishes for your health I remain as ever,

Your own little girl,

NANCY.

Dr. Jackson Ruther to Miss Nancy Overland:

R.M.S.P. STEAMER "CHALEUR," Jan. 17, 1914.

DEAR NANCY,

We are on the Royal Mail Steam Packet Steamer *Chaleur* in the harbour of Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, about a mile and a half from shore, I judge. We have been ashore and driven about Port-of-Spain, but have decided to continue our voyage to British Guiana and make our stay in Trinidad later on.

We left Halifax at daybreak on January 2, and arrived at Bermuda about five o'clock in the evening of the fifth January. Learning that the *Chaleur* would not leave Bermuda before ten o'clock next morning we hired a negro with a horse and carriage to drive about the coral roads until dark and took a second drive with him next morning.

After leaving Bermuda we did not touch land again until we reached the twin islands of St. Kitts-Nevis belonging to the Leeward group of the British West Indies.

At all the islands between Bermuda and British Guiana with the exception of St. Lucia and Grenada the waters are too shallow for ships to approach close to the shore and it is necessary to anchor some distance out, the cargoes being transferred by small boats known as lighters. The passengers usually go ashore in rowboats and the stay at each island is long enough to allow them to drive about and get a general impression of the scenery and local characteristics. Mother and I have landed at the islands of St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbados, Grenada and Trinidad, and have been so favourably impressed that we have decided to return and become more intimately acquainted with each of them after visiting British Guiana. We shall probably make a prolonged stay in Barbados and also spend some time in Trinidad before going to Jamaica. We have been delighted with the scenery.

Mother's health has caused me a great deal of anxiety, but there has been an improvement during the past week and I have hopes that she will soon completely recover. The climatic conditions are favourable.

She has grieved because up to the time we left home she had received no letter from you although she had written you, and on all your previous visits to Montreal you wrote

to her soon after arrival. Whether you can find time to answer my letter or not, do write to her. Address letters to the Queen's Park Hotel, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. She intends to write you again as soon as we reach British Guiana.

I believe a long letter from you to Mother will do more than anything else to promote her complete recovery.

Yours sincerely,
JACKSON RUTHER.

CHAPTER II

A MEETING AT DOWNMOUNT RAILWAY STATION

Nancy Overland, homeward bound, was in the cheerful state of mind natural to her buoyant and optimistic disposition.

She had received Dr. Ruther's letter and had written immediately to both him and his mother. Letters from Mrs. Ruther written from British Guiana and Trinidad, which Nancy had received some weeks later, indicated that she had recovered her health and that she had received not only two letters which Nancy had addressed to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, but also the misaddressed letter of Nancy, which after going to the Dead Letter Office in Ottawa had been sent to Downmount and forwarded to Trinidad by Timothy Dell. While friendly relations had thus been re-established, Nancy had definitely decided that all thought of Dr. Ruther as a lover should be completely obliterated from her life.

"I have never been absolutely happy since the day he kissed me in the kitchen," she had said to that other self whom she had called "Matilda" since early childhood. "What I want is to get back to the old friendship just as it existed between us before that happened."

"That is common sense, Nancy," her other self had said. "Evidently it is not your fate to marry him. You never should have thought of marrying a man seventeen years older than yourself. If the right man should happen to come along, Nancy, one whom you could really love, you might after marriage resume the old friendly relationship with Dr. Ruther and his mother without even a shadow of regret to darken it."

"I am not expecting anything of the kind, Matilda," said Nancy. "Still, I don't intend to enter a convent or to die of a

broken heart. However, if I ever should agree to marry anyone I should tell him beforehand about my lifelong friendship with Dr. Ruther and make him promise to become as friendly to the Ruthers as I am. I would rather live to be a lonely old maid than give up my friendship with Dr. Ruther."

As the railway train neared the Downmount station Nancy looked out of the window, trying to descry familiar objects in the growing darkness of a rainy evening. She had telegraphed her father to meet her and was looking forward joyfully to his greeting and to the welcome she would receive from her mother, her sister and her grandmother on arrival at the Overland farmhouse. As the porter took her travelling bag and she stepped down to the station platform she was surprised that there was no one there but the station agent. The Downmount village omnibus usually stood beside the station waiting for the incoming train, and there were often carriages and even motor cars there, although the use of automobiles in country districts of Canada was not as general in the year 1914 as at the present time; but on this dark rainy evening there was no vehicle of any kind at the station. As the train moved away the station master said:

"I am delighted to see you back, Miss Overland, but what a pity you didn't let your father know you were coming. A motor car ran into the Downmount village omnibus this afternoon and it is laid up for repairs."

"Was anyone hurt?" asked Nancy anxiously.

"Fortunately there were no passengers in the omnibus at the time. The driver was slightly injured, but not seriously and will be ready for business as soon as the omnibus is repaired. But how are you going to get home this rainy, dismal evening?"

"I did telegraph to my father to meet me," said Nancy, "but I might have had sense enough to know that I should arrive before my telegram would get there. Even people living in the centre of Downmount village find that their telegrams are often delivered about a day late and as our farm is half a mile out delivery there is still more uncertain. It is a waste of money sending a telegram to a small place like Downmount. A letter would arrive sooner. I wish I had telephoned long distance although it is awfully expensive."

"You might go over to the Temperance Hotel and wait for a while. Your father may get here a little late. At the worst you can stay there overnight. Mrs. Endicott will make you very comfortable."

"I shall go over to see Mrs. Endicott," said Nancy. "If my father comes tell him where I am. If he isn't here in half an hour I shall arrange to stay all night at the Temperance Hotel. I have the check for my trunk, but I won't need it to-night. I have everything I want in my bag."

"Leave your bag with me, Miss Overland. It is too heavy for you to carry. I'll take it over to the hotel in about half an hour. But wait a minute. Here comes Mr. John Ransom, the new manager of the Downmount Knitting Mills. Do you see the light of his lantern? He always walks along the railway track in coming from the mills. He works long hours, but he is not as late as usual. He got his dinner at the hotel about seven o'clock this evening and went back to the mill afterward. He is living at the Temperance Hotel."

Nancy watched the light of the lantern and could soon distinguish the form of the tall man who carried it. In a few minutes he was standing beside them on the station platform and Mr. Hodgson, the station agent, was saying, "Miss Nancy Overland, this is Mr. John Ransom, the new manager of the Downmount Knitting Mills. Will you carry Miss Overland's bag to the hotel, Mr. Ransom?"

She looked up into the face of the most handsome man she had ever seen in her life. Nearly all the men of her acquaintance were clean shaven; her father wore side whiskers; this man had a full, brown beard, which seemed to harmonize perfectly with his face. It was not closely trimmed, yet it grew so evenly that not a hair seemed out of place. It gave an impression of manly strength that was not belied by his high, broad forehead, well-formed nose, firm lips and strong chin. Many a woman might have envied his clear, fresh, fair complexion and his dark-blue eyes. Nancy saw every feature of his face distinctly as they stood directly under a station lamp. She guessed that he was about thirty years of age. He took her bag and walked beside her to the Temperance Hotel, which was just across the road directly opposite the station. Mrs. Endicott met them at the door. Mr. Ransom said good-night and went upstairs to his room immediately.

"I never can persuade him to eat anything when he comes in late," said Mrs. Endicott, "but fortunately for his health he has a good appetite at meal times. He usually writes letters for a while after he comes in. When he goes to bed he reads for an hour or two. There is a little shelf on the wall just above his bed. I used to have books on it and the bed was at the other

end of the room, but he asked me to move the bed there and let him stand his lamp on the shelf so that he could read in bed. What do you suppose he reads in bed, Miss Overland?"

"I am sure I can't guess," said Nancy.

"Novels!" said Mrs. Endicott. "You would hardly suppose him to be that kind of a man. He is such a hard worker and they say he is the most capable manager the Downmount Knitting Mills have ever had."

"Well, I don't suppose the novels will do him any harm," said Nancy, "but I never could understand why people want to read in bed. I would rather sit up comfortably in an easy chair."

Mrs. Benjamin Endicott's Temperance Hotel was really a large, old farmhouse, built many years before there was a railway running past it. The Endicott farm was originally two hundred acres in extent, but as peach growing became popular in the Niagara peninsula, Benjamin Endicott divided his farm into ten fruit farms of twenty acres each, retaining one for himself and selling the others. His widow with the help of her youngest son, Tom, who remained at home after the other sons had scattered, continued to run the little fruit farm, growing peaches, grapes, strawberries and raspberries for the Hamilton market. Downmount village was half a mile from the railway station, and the Queen Victoria Hotel, its only hostelry, depending upon its bar for profits, did not offer very comfortable accommodation to travellers. One rainy night a commercial traveller, arriving at the Downmount station, looked across the road at the large comfortable-looking, well-lighted building and said to himself:

"Hotel or not, I am going to try to get in there for the night. I don't fancy going on to that wretched hotel in the village."

Mrs. Endicott did not turn him away when he appealed to her for accommodation, and he was so well satisfied with the meals, the clean, bright, well-furnished bedroom and the home-like atmosphere of the large sitting-room that he advised other commercial travellers to follow his example; and thus Mrs. Endicott became a hotel-keeper more because she had not the heart to turn the travellers away than because she needed the money she received for accommodating them. If she had depended upon the hotel business for a livelihood she could not have made it pay.

It has been noted that nearly every house in the village of Downmount had electric light and telephone and even some of

the farmhouses in the vicinity were supplied with these modern conveniences, but Mrs. Endicott had never considered them necessary. She still depended upon kerosene lamps, and when Nancy asked her if she might telephone to her father, said:

"I have never put in a telephone. I thought if I had one it would be ringing nearly all the time and I should be kept so busy answering the calls that I should never get time for my housework. You had better make up your mind to stay all night. Will you come to the dining-room and have something to eat? I always have something hot at this time of the evening in case there should be any commercial travellers coming in from that late train. I had two travellers from Toronto last night."

As Nancy had eaten nothing since noon she was glad to follow Mrs. Endicott to the dining-room, and as they sat together at the table she heard all the current gossip of Downmount. She wondered how Mrs. Endicott, living half a mile from the village and having no telephone, could get so much information about what was going on in the neighbourhood. Nancy learned among other things what the Downmount people thought of the marriage of Millie Mornington Townley Sweden to Jack Ruther.

"I suppose you know that Dr. Ruther has inherited a fortune and is taking a trip to the British West Indies with his mother," said Mrs. Endicott.

"Mother wrote me about it," said Nancy.

"He left Timothy Dell in charge of his practice," said Mrs. Endicott. "Timothy was at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, but he gave up his studies there to take up Dr. Ruther's work. Of course, you know he was already a doctor as he had graduated in medicine at Toronto University before he went to Baltimore. They do say that he learned more by being so chummy with Dr. Ruther than he learned in Toronto. Timothy bought my son Tom's mare, Spider, only yesterday. You know Spider is the fastest riding horse in the Downmount district except her sister, Hornet. Timothy tried to buy Hornet instead, but Tom would not sell her. Spider is two years older than Hornet, but they were perfectly matched. Tom would never have sold Spider if he hadn't known that he could get Fly from his cousin Percy, over in Saltfleet. Fly is another sister of Hornet, two years younger, and Tom says that when she is one year older she will be as perfect a match for Hornet as Spider is and much more gentle than either of them. He will train Fly for his wife, Jennie, to ride. He intended Jennie to ride Spider and bought a saddle for her, but Jennie never could

mount her and the saddle is hanging in my kitchen now. Tom brought it in from the stable thinking he would take it to Saltfleet and let Jennie try riding Fly before he bought her, but he changed his mind. Tom and Jennie drove over to Saltfleet this morning to see his cousin Percy about Fly. They are staying all night with Percy and I am all alone in this house to-night excepting you and Mr. Ransom as my maid got married last week. I am glad you came. I have been thinking all day of a dream I had about a month ago. It's funny I didn't think about it when Tom was talking of going over to Saltfleet and taking Jennie with him. I never would have let him leave me here alone if I had remembered my dream in time."

"What was your dream?"

"I dreamed that this house was burned down and that I was burned to death in it. The funny thing about it was that I seemed to be reading the account of the fire and my death in *The Weekly Gleaner*. Ever since that dream I have kept two large pails full of water at the foot of my bed and two just outside my bedroom door. If you should wake up in the night and find me on fire just rush in with those pails of water that are in the hall and pour them on me."

When Nancy went upstairs with Mrs. Endicott she noticed that there were two rooms at the front of the house and three rooms on each side of the wide hall which extended to the back of the house. Mrs. Endicott's bedroom was midway between the front and back of the hall and she showed Nancy to a room directly opposite her own saying:

"Mr. Ransom's room is next to yours but he is to move to-morrow, taking the two front rooms, which are connected by a door, as he wants both a bedroom and a sitting-room. If anything happens to me to-night don't forget the pails of water just outside my bedroom door."

CHAPTER III

A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY

Nancy awakened suddenly a little after midnight with the impression that a heavy body had fallen in the adjoining room, where Mr. John Ransom slept. Her own room seemed to be filling with smoke. Remembering Mrs. Endicott's dream she sprang from the bed and ran across the hall to the widow's room. There was no sign of fire there and Mrs. Endicott seemed to be sleeping soundly. There was more smoke in the hall than in her own room, but she could not see where it came from. She hurried back to her room, lighted a lamp, put on her dressing-gown and went into the hall again, lamp in hand. She noticed that smoke was issuing through the transom-window over the door of Mr. Ransom's bedroom. She set the lamp on a small table in the hall and then rapped loudly on Mr. Ransom's door. There was no response. She turned the door knob and pushed the door wide open. Flames were rising from the bed, which stood directly opposite the door.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" Her voice rang through the house.

Running across the hall to Mrs. Endicott's room, she caught up one of the pails of water, and, groping her way into Mr. Ransom's room through the blinding smoke, poured the water on the bed. As she came out with the empty pail she saw the frightened face of her hostess.

"I know I'm to be burned to death myself, but I won't let him perish in my house," said Mrs. Endicott.

She had a pail of water in each hand. Nancy took one of them, and the contents of both pails were quickly emptied by the two women. They had the satisfaction of noting that the flames were extinguished and that the smoke was less dense, having escaped to a great extent through the open windows of the bedroom and the hall.

Nancy brought the lamp, which she had placed on the table in the hall, and they saw John Ransom lying unconscious on the floor by the bed. His pyjama jacket had been burned away; his arms, chest and shoulders were badly burned; but most terrible of all was his head, the beard having been almost completely burned away from one side of his face, while on the other side of the face the beard remained untouched, giving him a grotesquely horrible appearance. There was a deep gash across his forehead.

One of the nails that held the shelf on the wall above the bed, on which the lamp stood while he lay reading in bed, had given way. The shelf still hung on the wall, but the lamp had fallen, striking his forehead and breaking into fragments, while the escaping oil caught fire from the lighted wick. He had evidently rolled in agony from the bed to the floor. Nancy handed the lamp to Mrs. Endicott and then, kneeling on the floor beside him, put her ear to his heart and felt his pulse.

"He is still alive," she said. "Mrs. Endicott, he cannot lie on this bed. We must carry him somewhere."

She wondered afterward from whence came the strength that enabled her with the help of Mrs. Endicott to lift this heavy man and carry him to the bed in the front bedroom. Mrs. Endicott seemed almost stunned, but obediently followed Nancy's directions.

"Mrs. Endicott, I must go at once for Timothy Dell," said Nancy. "You must stay with Mr. Ransom, but it will be necessary for you to leave him for a few minutes to get me a lantern to take to the stable. I shall ride Hornet. While you are getting the lantern and Jennie's saddle for me, I shall dress."

"Tom's mare is very wild with strangers," said Mrs. Endicott. "You will never be able to mount Hornet."

"Mrs. Endicott, I am not afraid of Hornet. I am accustomed to horses and we had a tamer on our farm who taught me how to hypnotize wild ones."

Nancy dressed quickly and was ready to go before Mrs. Endicott found the lantern and the saddle. As she stepped outdoors she noticed that it had stopped raining, the sky had cleared and there was a full moon. She was soon on Hornet's back speeding down the road from the station to Downmount village—past great elm trees planted by the roadside one hundred years before by Michael Endicott, Tom's great-great-grandfather; past an old stone house once occupied by Michael's son, Dunbar Endicott, but now in ruins and overgrown with Virginia creeper; past an old orchard of apple trees too old to bear, that might have been planted when the abandoned house was occupied; past orchards of peach trees; past long rows of plum and cherry trees, past vineyards; past strawberry patches; past farmhouses idealized outside by moonlight, but without lights inside because the people who lived in them were fast asleep. "And perhaps," thought Nancy, "I am just as fast asleep as they are, fast asleep and dreaming a horrible nightmare suggested by the dream of Mrs.

Endicott. How dreamlike everything looks under the fairy touch of moonlight."

They had reached Downmount and Hornet's flying feet rang on the hard macadam of the village street. Nancy's heart rejoiced when on arriving at Dr. Ruther's house she saw a light in the study. Timothy Dell had not gone to bed. As he opened the door in response to her violent ringing of the bell she said:

"Timothy, mount Spider and come with me!"

"Is Grandma Overland ill?" said Timothy.

"No. Fire in the Temperance Hotel, John Ransom burnt almost to death. Do be quick, Timothy."

The two mares parted so recently sped homeward side by side, going almost as fast up the road as Hornet had come down it. As they reached the hotel Nancy said: "I'll put the horses in the stable, Timothy. You go right upstairs."

Half an hour afterward as they stood outside the bedroom door Nancy asked: "Is there any hope, Timothy?"

"I think we can save his life, Nancy, but you must stand by me to the end. I want a nurse whom I know and can trust, a nurse with sense in her head and faith in her heart. You have the qualifications, Nancy, and if you will make the sacrifice we can save him."

"I shall do whatever you tell me to do, Timothy."

"There is another thing, Nancy. "It is a case for skin-grafting. I want soft, clear, healthy skin for his face. You and Marjorie have exactly the right kind of skin."

"Oh, Timothy! You may take mine, but do not touch Marjorie's. She is so young."

Her voice was firm, but her face was colourless.

"Nancy, I forgot that you know nothing about skin-grafting. It is not the dreadful thing you think it is to give your skin, my brave girl. I only want tiny bits of skin from your arms. You will hardly know that I have taken them and it will hurt very little. You know, Nancy, that I would not harm Marjorie for all the world."

At this moment Mrs. Endicott came upstairs with something Timothy Dell had asked her to get. "Dr. Dell," she said, calling him doctor instead of Timothy for the first time, "do you think we should telegraph to his wife?"

"His wife!" exclaimed Nancy. "Has he a wife? Why is she not here with him?"

"He expected her in two weeks," said Mrs. Endicott. "She is in Los Angeles, California. I have her address."

"The telegraph office will not be open at this hour, but I shall telegraph her early in the morning," said Timothy.

"Timothy," said Nancy, "as soon as you get into the village please telephone to my father. Tell him all about it and ask him to bring Mother and Marjorie to see me as I cannot leave here now. Here is the check for my trunk. Will you arrange to get it?"

Before Timothy left the house he cut the beard from that part of John Ransom's face that had not been touched by the flames.

CHAPTER IV.

ILLEGIBLE HANDWRITING AND MISSING PAGES MISLEAD "THE WEEKLY GLEANER"

The first person to whom Mrs. Endicott had an opportunity to tell her story of the fire was Clarence Gardner, who while attending Downmount High School was acting as reporter for *The Weekly Gleaner* after school hours. His father had purchased one of the subdivisions of the Endicott farm, and living near at hand, Clarence called at the Temperance Hotel nearly every morning on the way to school to see if Mrs. Endicott had any news. On the morning after the fire she told him everything that had happened from the time of Nancy Overland's arrival.

Edwin Lyman, linotype operator of *The Weekly Gleaner*, had often remarked that Clarence Gardner was a good reporter, but that in all his printing experience he had never known anyone whose handwriting was so difficult to read. He thought he should receive double pay for setting up such copy. On this occasion Clarence wrote very hurriedly as he sat in Mrs. Endicott's sitting-room. When his article was finished he looked at his watch, and, noting that he was likely to be late for school, snatched up his copy and started down the road, reading his manuscript as he walked.

As he read the pages he put them one by one in a pocket of his coat. Being somewhat absent-minded, he did not notice that, while he had put most of the pages in the right-hand pocket, three pages had been placed in the left-hand pocket. On arrival at the *Gleaner* office he ran upstairs and, finding no one but the linotype-operator, jerked his copy from the right-hand pocket and, handing it to the operator with the remark, "Hot copy and

I am late for school," ran downstairs, three pages of the manuscript remaining in the left-hand pocket of his coat.

The Weekly Gleaner was twelve hours late, the press having broken down. Emerson Radcliffe, editor and proprietor, had worked all night with the pressman and having at last got the press in order, both had gone home for breakfast. Mr. Radcliffe had said to the linotype-operator before leaving, "Lyman, if Clarence Gardner brings in anything good set it up and get it in."

As Edwin Lyman glanced at the copy which Clarence Gardner had handed him he said:

"It is hot and I must get it in. The idiot hasn't even numbered his pages right, but I'll make something out of it."

What he did make out of it ran as follows when printed in *The Weekly Gleaner*:

"The most horrible calamity in the history of Downmount occurred at the Temperance Hotel a little before one o'clock this morning. Miss Nancy Overland, who has been in Montreal visiting relatives for about six months, arrived at the Downmount station on the evening train. There was no one to meet her, for although she had telegraphed to her father the message had not been delivered in time. Deciding to stay all night at the Temperance Hotel she went to bed about eleven o'clock, but it appears that after retiring she began to read in bed a novel in which she was interested. There was a little shelf over the bed and she found that by placing a lamp on this shelf she had a good light on her book while lying in bed reading; but horrible to relate, a nail supporting the shelf gave way and the lamp fell, smashing to pieces on Miss Overland's head. The blazing oil ran over her head, face, neck, shoulders and arms. Her head and face were most terribly burned. The hair was completely burned off one side of her head and the skin was burned from one side of her face. It is believed that some parts of the flesh of her face have been deeply burned.

"Mrs. Endicott had a strange dream about a month ago. She thought that she read in *The Weekly Gleaner* an account of her own death by horrible burning in a fire at the hotel. Although she actually escaped unharmed in last night's fire she thinks the dream was something more than a coincidence.

"Between midnight and one o'clock this morning she heard Miss Overland screaming 'Fire, fire, fire!' As a result of the warning dream she had placed pails of water in the hall and in her bedroom. Snatching up one of these pails she ran into Miss

Overland's room and threw the water on the blazing bed. Pail after pail was emptied until the fire was extinguished but it was too late to save Miss Overland, who, in the agony of pain, had rolled off the bed to the floor. She was still alive but unconscious when Dr. Timothy Dell, who was summoned as quickly as possible, arrived.

"It is reported that Dr. Dell thinks her life will be saved, but Mrs. Endicott says her face will be horribly disfigured and it is probable that the hair on one side of her head will never grow again. One eye may be blind.

"Miss Nancy Overland had the reputation of being one of the most beautiful women in Canada. She was greatly admired in Montreal when she visited relatives in the commercial metropolis of Canada, as she frequently did. In Downmount itself she was popular with everyone, and there are few of our citizens who will not remember her many little acts of kindness and of love."

"It was a fine piece of work making sense of that copy," said the linotype operator to himself as he locked up the form, "and that last paragraph which I added was the right finish for it. Every word of my tribute to her beauty and goodness was well deserved and it would have been a mistake to have published the report without adding something of the kind. Clarence Gardner ought to give me his salary for six months for putting his copy into shape."

When Emerson Radcliffe got the first copy of *The Weekly Gleaner* and read the article he went to his desk, marked the paper heavily with a blue pencil, wrapped it up for mailing, and addressed it to Dr. Jackson Ruther, Queen's Park Hotel, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies."

Looking at his watch he said to himself: "If I mail this at once it will be just in time to catch the train making connection with the West Indies mail."

He put another copy of *The Weekly Gleaner* in his pocket, went to the post office, and then walked over to Dr. Ruther's office to interview Dr. Timothy Dell. Returning to the office half an hour later he gave orders that every copy of *The Weekly Gleaner* printed that day should be burned. Only two copies escaped destruction—the one he had mailed to Dr. Ruther and the one he gave to Dr. Timothy Dell.

The Weekly Gleaner went out to its readers two days late that week and a little paragraph explained that the reason for the delay was a breakdown of the press.

CHAPTER V

THE COMING OF JOHN RANSOM'S WIFE

"If it can possibly be avoided do not leave Mrs. Endicott alone with him, Nancy," said Dr. Timothy Dell. "She is good-hearted, but she has no faith and already she has let him know that she thinks his face will be horribly scarred for life. It will not be. Medical science and Christian faith combined will accomplish miracles and if you and I can make him believe in his complete recovery our skin grafting will be successful."

"What I am most afraid of is the coming of his wife," said Nancy. "Instead of looking forward to it with pleasure he seems to fear it. I am afraid there has been some coldness or unpleasantness between them."

"Try to get at the bottom of it, Nancy. If you can learn exactly how matters stand we shall know what to do. If we act in the dark we may make some mistake. A man will sometimes tell his troubles to a woman when he would not tell them to a man, and you have a face, Nancy, that any man—"

"Never mind my face, Timothy. It is his face we must think about and his poor wounded heart. I could not bear to probe it and hurt his feelings."

As Nancy sat beside the bed an hour later looking with pity at the burned face, John Ransom opened his eyes and looked at her. She responded with a smile of sympathy and good cheer.

"You do not shrink from my face," he said. "Do you think she will find it very repulsive?"

Nancy saw light in the darkness.

"Never imagine such a thing," she said. "Your face is not repulsive even now and Dr. Dell is sure it can be restored. He is young and you may think him inexperienced, but he has been trained from boyhood by a great doctor and he has distinguished himself at the University. He has the science of the old doctors without their prejudices, and he knows, too, the wonderful power of faith, that force which Jesus used in all his miracles and which is as universal in its operation to-day as it was when the great Master lived on earth."

"I have confidence that Dr. Dell will do all that can be done."

"He says you have naturally a good constitution and that you are certain to recover your full health, energy and strength in a few months."

"I feel more sure about the recovery of my strength than my

beauty," he said with a nervous little laugh. "You may think it strange that I care so much about my looks. You may think I should be thankful to escape death and recover all my energy and strength even if my face is horribly scarred for life. The only reason I care so much is on account of my wife."

"A woman cares more about strength and force and energy in a man's face than about skin-deep beauty," said Nancy. "In all the great essentials your face will be as fine as ever even if Dr. Timothy Dell cannot prevent it being a little scarred. Why do you think your wife will care so much about your looks? She will be so glad your life is saved that she will not care a fig about the damage to your skin that Dr. Dell is going to repair."

"Miss Overland, I do not know why I am so ready to lay my heart bare to you. I never before talked to anyone else as I am talking to you. My wife before her marriage had two lovers. I was one and the other one was a better man than myself. I had nothing, but he had great wealth inherited from his father."

"Wealth counts for nothing in love," said Nancy.

"We were about the same age, and curiously we were remarkably alike in appearance in many respects. We were distantly related, fourth cousins I think, and from some common ancestor we had inherited many of the same characteristics. It was often remarked that anyone looking at us from a distance might easily mistake one for the other. Even close at hand anyone walking behind us had difficulty in distinguishing between us; in our faces the resemblance was not so marked although there was a similarity of features, but even if the features had been exactly the same we would never have been mistaken for each other because his face had been badly pitted by smallpox. He was my superior in athletics; made a higher record at the university; was proficient in music, of which I knew nothing; in fact he was a better man in every way than I was."

"All these things count for nothing as compared with character," said Nancy.

"His character was at least as good as mine. He knew her before I knew her and loved her before I loved her. We were good friends and when we learned that each loved the same girl we were fair to each other. He suggested that we draw lots to decide who should propose first. I won, but I felt that as he had known her first it was unfair for me to have the first chance. I suggested that we both write to her and mail the letters together so that the two letters would reach her by the same

mail. We did so. She accepted me. If my face had been pock-marked like his she would have accepted him. I have always felt that it was unfair to him. Now my face is disfigured more horribly by fire than his was by smallpox. I love her. Do you wonder that I fear to lose her love?"

"I don't believe it was just the pock-marks that made her reject him and accept you. Men worship beauty; women are different. She will care just as much for you as before, perhaps more. Your good looks may have influenced her in the first place, but not now. A dear old lady in Montreal whom I call Grandma Ferguson because she is my cousins' grandmother, told me that Mr. Ferguson courted her for some time before he proposed. One evening when he called she fully expected him to propose. He wore a very ill-fitting and unbecoming coat that evening and looked so awkward that she made up her mind to refuse him. He did not propose that evening, and when he called to propose ten days later he wore a becoming coat and she accepted him. 'However,' she said in telling me about it, 'there came a time when I loved him equally well in any kind of a coat. When his coat made such a difference it was because he was outside my heart; afterward he was inside my heart, and although I always liked to see him dress well and even made him do so it made no difference in my love for him.' Mr. Ransom, if you ever got inside your wife's heart, and I feel sure you did, she will love you more than ever because of your burned and disfigured face. But now you are tired; we must not talk any more. You must go to sleep and remember that every hour and every minute while you are asleep and when you are awake the health force within you that Dr. Timothy Dell has told you about is working intelligently and persistently to restore your face. It is stimulating each tiny piece of skin that was taken from my arms to expand on your face. Those little particles of skin are growing toward each other in a wonderful way; they will soon connect and completely cover the wounds. You need not be ashamed of a skin like that on my arms. Just look at my arms with my sleeves rolled up high! Admit that they are pretty! You will soon be as vain of your face as I am of my arms. The new skin is growing, growing, growing and expanding; every minute, every second makes a real improvement. Now you are getting sleepy. Your health intelligence will be working all the night while you are fast asleep, stimulating the growth of those tiny little patches of skin."

When Dr. Timothy Dell came twenty minutes later Nancy met him in the sitting-room and whispered in his ear:

"Timothy, he is fast asleep, and it is all right if she is all right. When will she get here?"

Timothy Dell stepped into the hall and beckoned to Nancy, who followed him.

"She will be in Hamilton to-morrow morning and I am to meet her there with a motor car," he said. "On the way from Hamilton to Downmount I shall have time to explain everything and impress on her mind two things, first that his life may depend upon her showing that she loves his disfigured face, and second that abiding faith in the success of my treatment will have a marvellous influence in promoting recovery."

"Timothy, I wish we could have Grandma here when the wife comes," said Nancy. "If the wife should fail him Grandma would know better what to say to comfort him than I should. Telephone Father to bring her over. She is very energetic and likes to go driving. It does her good to go about. I am longing to see her."

When Mrs. John Ransom arrived at the Temperance Hotel the next afternoon Grandma Overland and Nancy received her in the sitting-room adjoining her husband's bedroom. She was decidedly pretty, but Nancy thought she looked cold. She drew back stiffly when Grandma Overland bent to kiss her.

"I think I'll go in to see him at once," she said coldly. "Dr. Dell has explained everything."

As she entered her husband's bedroom she left the door slightly ajar. Grandma Overland and Nancy seated themselves by the window at the far end of the sitting-room. Nancy handed her Grandmother a book, but she herself sat with folded hands, looking out of the open window. Nancy was thinking, "She will kill him; such coldness will freeze all the faith and all the hope in his heart;" but as they sat there a clear, sweet, gentle voice came to them distinctly through the open door of the bedroom:

"Your little wife has come to nurse you, John. "I'll have to kiss you on your mouth now. You know you didn't like it when I used to turn my cheek to you. I'll get so used to kissing your mouth while your face is getting well that I'll never be able to kiss you any other way."

"Oh, Nettie, can you care for me with such a face? I was afraid of losing your love."

"What a goose you are, John. I love your face better now

than I ever loved it before. Why, my love has been getting hotter with every mile I travelled across the continent from Los Angeles to Downmount, and when I look at your burned face I am all on fire with love for you."

"You rejected Roland because he was pock-marked and I look much worse now."

"I didn't reject him because he was pock-marked. I rejected him because I loved you. Perhaps your handsome face did help you to win entrance into my heart, but I believe at this minute, John, that if I had met you for the first time just after you had this accident I would have fallen desperately in love with you. However, I wonder that with such a lovely nurse you could spare one single thought for your little wife in far-off Los Angeles."

"Nettie, she has the face of an angel and I owe my life to her, but it is a curious fact that in all the time she has been ministering to me I have had constantly the wish that you were my nurse. Every little act of kindness on her part seemed to intensify my desire that she were you. At times when I was only half conscious I confused her with you and thought my wife was really watching tenderly over me."

Ninety-one years of Grandma Overland's life had passed and this was the first time she had ever listened to a conversation not intended for her ears. She would not have thought it possible that she could be guilty of such a thing, and Nancy had been trained to look at things in the same way; but the old woman and her granddaughter had both felt that they were on guard against an enemy. The thought that they were eaves-dropping coming to the two women at the same moment, their eyes met with mutual understanding, and they hurriedly left the room, taking seats in the wide hall.

Half an hour passed. Then the young wife came forth. Grandma Overland arose, advanced toward her and opened her arms. She rushed into them and burst into tears.

"I was so afraid that I should break down before getting to him that I could not speak a word to anyone," she said.

PART NINE

THE SECRET ROOM OF MARTIN TUPPIN

CHAPTER I

MARTIN TUPPIN AND AUNT MARGARET CARLING

At the time Martin Tuppín engaged Mrs. Carling as housekeeper he was twenty-three and she was forty-five. She was teaching music in Downmount and did not find it very remunerative. She had known his mother intimately and when she saw his advertisement for a housekeeper in the Toronto newspapers she immediately made application by letter. He remembered that she was a friend of his mother and called to see her. They were mutually attracted at this meeting and it was arranged that she should take charge of his house at once. The death of Stella Kay coming soon afterwards aroused all the sympathy of her motherly nature. One day she said to him:

"When you were four years old you called me Aunt Margaret. I wish you would call me Aunt now."

From that time he called her Aunt Margaret and she called him Martin. As the years passed by the relationship between them became as closely as possible that of aunt and nephew. Perhaps in her heart the feeling was more nearly that of a mother for a son. With all the instincts of a mother she had never had children.

With this close relationship existing between them, it is not surprising that it troubled her heart to think that he had a secret. There was one room of the house which she was never allowed to enter. Often did she lie awake at night trying to solve the mystery of this room in which he spent much of his time.

She had once attended a spiritualistic seance while on a visit to Philadelphia, and she firmly believed that she had received a communication from her husband on that occasion. She had also been present at the house of a friend when experiments with a ouija board were being made and had been greatly impressed with the apparently veridical messages received. On

returning to Downmount she had bought a ouija board at Grafton, Maine & Company's general store, but had never used it.

Martin subscribed for the *Journal of the British Society for Psychic Research* and bought a number of books on the subject of spiritualism. Mrs. Carling read all these publications. She had read that Sir William Crookes, the inventor of the Crookes tube, a scientific man of such high standing that he was elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and President of the Royal Society, was thoroughly convinced that the spirit of Katie King materialized in his home from time to time during a period of three years.

Thinking about the secret room, she persuaded herself that it might be possible that Martin Tuppin had discovered some way of bringing the spirit of Stella Kay to this room, and that during the many hours he spent there he was talking to her.

One day Martin said to her: "Here is a book about reincarnation by a French author, Leon Denis. I know you read French easily and I think you will enjoy this, for whatever one's opinions about reincarnation may be there are interesting thoughts in this book."

Afterward he brought her books by other French writers who believed in reincarnation, including Camille Flammarion, Charles Bonnet, Dupont de Nemours, Ballanche, Jean Reynard, Henry Martin, Pierre Laroux and de Rochas. These were followed by writings of Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, all expressing belief in reincarnation. Mrs. Carling was particularly impressed with the fact that her favourite poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, believed in reincarnation. Martin never expressed any decided opinion on the subject. One day she said to him:

"What do you think of it all, Martin?"

"No opinion, Aunt Margaret. It is against my preconceived notions; yet there are times when I half believe in it. What do you think of it yourself? You have read all the books on the subject that I have read."

"I wish you had never brought me one of those books to read, Martin. Like you I half believe in it, although I don't like it at all."

CHAPTER II

DOROTHY WELCOME CLIMBS DOWN A LADDER

Dorothy Welcome remained in New York with her uncle and aunt the greater part of a year. May was well advanced and the trees in blossom when she returned to her home near Downmount. The evening after her return she was very tired and went to bed unusually early. Awaking about five o'clock in the morning she got up and went to the window. She was surprised to notice a ladder, the top of which reached the sill of her bedroom window.

"I wonder if Father was thinking of having the window frames painted," she said. "We were talking about it the day I left for New York. They certainly need painting. I suppose he intended to surprise me, but I got home a little too soon. It is a perfectly lovely morning. I shall get dressed, climb down the ladder and pick some flowers for the breakfast table before anyone else is up."

She dressed quickly and was soon climbing down the ladder. As her feet touched the ground, while her hands were still on a rung of the ladder, a man's arm was thrown around her. Dorothy clung to the ladder with both hands and called for help. She thought that possibly by exerting all her strength she might hold fast to the ladder until some one would come out of the house. Her father was an early riser and she hoped he might come in time to save her. She was afraid to turn her head to look in the face of the man whose arm was clasped about her waist, but she suspected that it was Albert Ellerton. Suddenly a handkerchief was placed to her nose and she noticed a strong odour of chloroform. The next moment she became unconscious.

As Dorothy supposed, her assailant was Ellerton, who had placed the ladder, intending to climb to her room. He carried the unconscious girl to a stolen motor car, gagged her mouth with a towel, which he tied behind her head, and bound her feet and hands. Then leaving her he ran around the house to the kitchen and put his head in the open window. He had previously placed under the kitchen table a large quantity of straw saturated with petroleum and had poured petroleum on the table and other kitchen furniture. He now twisted a newspaper into a torch, which he lighted and threw into the straw under the table, setting it aflame. Then snatching up the

empty petroleum can he ran back to the motor car, drove rapidly away, and was soon on a road leading toward the house of Martin Tuppin on the "mountain" brow. He entered the grounds by an almost unused driveway leading to a door in a part of the big house that had never been occupied. He unlocked the door with a key from his pocket, after looking carefully around to see that he was not observed. The door opened into a wide hall. Returning to the car he carried his helpless captive into the house, and walking a short distance along the hall, passed through an open door into a room almost full of shingles, which had been placed in separate piles with passages between them. While not weather stained they were covered with dust, which seemed to have rested on them for many years. Ellerton laid his burden on the floor behind a pile of shingles and then looked around. There was another door in the room opposite the one by which they had entered, and Ellerton, crossing the room, tried it with his hand to see if it was locked. Finding it secure he looked carefully around the room and behind the piles of shingles, after which he returned to the girl, removed the towel from her mouth and unbound her feet and hands.

Dorothy had recovered from the effect of the chloroform and, having some confidence in her influence over him, was about to make an appeal to the better part of his nature when their ears caught the sound of a key in the lock of the door which he had tried. Concealing himself behind a pile of shingles near the door through which they had come, Ellerton listened intently. The lock was rusty and did not yield easily to the key. The two listeners awaited the result almost breathlessly. As the grating of the key continued Ellerton crept outside the door and drew it almost shut just as the lock of the door on the opposite side of the room yielded to the key and a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking man entered. He had a dark-brown beard which reached to his waist and seemed strangely out of keeping with the almost youthful freshness of his face. The beard, although long, was not unkempt. The whole appearance of the man was clean, neat and bright from head to foot. He took two shingles from one of the piles, knocked them together to shake off the dust, and then putting them down clapped his hands to get rid of the dust which clung to his fingers.

"The top ones are dusty," he said, "but those underneath will answer the purpose excellently. They will do as well as scrapbooks. I shall put Judson to work on them, but first I must have them dusted or he will have a dirty job."

Dorothy sprang to her feet and stood looking at him over the top of the pile of shingles in front of her. He did not notice her. His face and voice inspired confidence, and she was just about to appeal to him for protection when he suddenly turned and left the room, shutting the door behind him. Dorothy's usually active mind had failed her. She wondered why she had not cried out. She was about to follow him, as she noticed he had not locked the door, but Ellerton, who had crouched in the hall, peering through the partly open door, jumped forward and caught her in his arms. She cried loudly for help, but no one heard her except Ellerton, who said:

"Stop your noise or I will tie up your mouth again."

He carried her up two flights of stairs and opening a door set her down in a room much smaller than the one below. This room was furnished, but everything was covered with dust as if long unused.

"I am going to lock you in, dearie, but don't feel lonely. I will come back to-night."

She heard his footsteps as he went hurriedly down the stairs. A few minutes later she again heard footsteps that seemed to be coming up the stairs.

"Help! Oh, help me! Let me out!" she cried.

The footsteps came to the door, a key was inserted and as the door opened she saw the grinning face of Ellerton.

"I will always come when you call, dearie," he said. "I have brought you a basket of food. I had this in the car for you. You had no breakfast and you will be hungry before night."

He set the basket down on a dusty table and without further remark hurriedly left the room, locking the door after him.

Ellerton's stolen car still stood at the door and he was afraid it might be noticed. He drove quickly away, intending to return late at night after Martin Tuppin's household had retired.

CHAPTER III

LOCKED IN

Left alone Dorothy looked about the room. There was one window. This interested her as a possible means of escape. The window panes were covered with dust and cobwebs. The upper part of the window was down about a foot at the top so that the room was well aired. She raised the lower half of the window as high as possible and looked out. The fact that she could put her head and half her body out of the window gave her a sense of freedom, although the distance to the ground below was so great that to jump or drop from the window would probably mean that she would be crippled for life if not killed. She looked at the wall of the house below the window. There were no projections. She could see nothing that would assist her in climbing down. If there had been a bed in the room she might have tied the bedclothes together to make a rope. She wondered if she could make her own clothing serve the purpose if she tore it to pieces and tied them together, but soon decided that this would not be practicable.

There was a door opposite the one by which she had entered. Opening this she found a closet with shelves, on one of which was a large pile of tissue paper. The first sheet was dusty but the rest were clean. It occurred to her that she might use this paper to dust the window and the furniture, which included a table, two chairs and a large lounge. After dusting one of the chairs she stood on it to clean the window. She noticed a marble wash basin in one corner of the room, and when she turned the tap water flowed freely. She wet some of the paper and used it to wash the window. Then she dusted all the furniture. She was afraid to call for help immediately lest Ellerton might hear her and come back. A little later in the day there would be less danger, she thought, as he would probably go away and not return before night. In the meantime dusting the furniture would keep her occupied. "I should go crazy," she said to herself, "if I sat down in this dusty room doing nothing."

When the dusting was completed she began to feel hungry, having had no breakfast. Opening the basket which Ellerton had brought she found it well filled. There was a large bottle of milk, on which cream had gathered, chicken sandwiches,

bread and butter, and a large jar of peaches. Dorothy thought there was enough for three or four meals.

"There is no sense in starving," she said. "I shall be stronger for any emergency if I eat. Now that the room is dusted I can take breakfast in decency."

After breakfast she put her head out of the window and called for help until she was tired. There was no response. She pounded on the door. No one heard her. Tired out, she lay down on the lounge and fell asleep. When she awakened she had no idea of the time of day. Looking out of the window she concluded it must be some time in the afternoon. Again she called loudly for help.

Suddenly the thought came to her that while she had called many times for human aid she had not prayed to God for help. Kneeling down she prayed earnestly. As she arose from her knees she noticed that there was a key in the door of the closet from which she had taken the tissue paper.

"I wonder if that key would unlock the other door," she said.

She took the key quickly. Her hand trembled as she inserted it in the lock of the other door. The key moved easily in the lock, and as she turned the handle of the door it opened.

I do not ask any reader of this narrative to believe that Dorothy Welcome's discovery of the key was the result of her prayer. Opinions will differ, and each reader must decide the question for himself, but there was no doubt about it in the mind of Dorothy and she will always believe that the thought of the key came to her in response to her prayer. Afterward when she told her father about her adventure and the finding of the key he remarked that Chinese Gordon, the famous British general, believed that he had been guided safely through some of the most dangerous situations of his life as a result of prayer.

CHAPTER IV

DOROTHY SEES A GREAT PAINTING

As Dorothy stepped out of the room in which she had been imprisoned she noticed the stairway up which Ellerton had carried her. Running down the stairs she was soon in the room where the shingles were piled. Crossing this room quickly, she reached the door through which the bearded man had entered early in the morning. It was still unlocked and yielded readily to her hand. Passing through the door she found herself in a wide hall. She was hurrying along this hall when it occurred to her that she had left the door open and if Ellerton came back quickly he might follow her. Returning, she closed the door carefully and locked it. Turning again she noticed another door a short distance along the hall. Opening this door it seemed to her that she had stepped out of the house and it was night. A roadway lay before her and across the roadway was a zigzag rail fence. Although the night was dark there was light enough about the fence for her to see it clearly. A corner of the fence was in the very centre of the road and there, with her head against a rail, lay a young girl. She moved forward a few steps to look at the face of the girl, and had the sensation of feeling that she was looking at herself.

"It is all a strange dream," she said. "I shall awake very soon and find myself at home in bed. I am dreaming over again the story that Nancy Overland told me about the death of my Aunt Stella."

Determined to make the most of the dream before awaking she stepped forward to look more closely at the face of the girl so like herself. She had only taken a few steps when the scene blurred, and in another moment she found herself almost touching a huge canvas covered with paint. While in New York she had spent a number of hours in the art gallery and this experience helped her to understand that she was now looking at a painting. The discovery did not entirely remove the impression that she was dreaming. She stepped back to the place near the door where she had first seen the painting and looked at the girl lying in the corner of the fence. It did not look like a picture. It seemed perfectly real. She again moved toward the picture. Then hearing the door behind her open, she turned and saw the bearded man who had entered the room full of shingles in the early morning. He stepped toward her.

"Star, Star!" he exclaimed. "Am I indeed Pygmalion or has much sorrow made me mad?"

Again her visit to New York helped her to understand, for she had seen there the play of "Pygmalion and Galatea," in which the artist's statue came to life. She stood still looking at him in amazement. He put his hands to his forehead and said:

"Oh, God, give me back my reason. It is a sweet delusion, a joyous madness, but it can end only in dark despair. Better far to wait in my right mind for the real meeting even if it be long years before I die and see her face to face."

He turned his face away from her, saying to himself:

"When I turn around the vision will be gone. I must not, I will not, lose my reason."

After a moment he turned toward her again.

"Star, my darling," he exclaimed. "It is insanity, but even in my madness I must tell you how I loved you."

"You are not insane, sir," she said. "It is only a dream and we shall awake in a moment."

He stepped forward, caught her in his arms and kissed her hair, her forehead and her lips.

"I never told you how much I loved you. The years have gone wearily since you were killed. I painted your picture looking as you lay there in the roadway dead. I had never painted before; I had no teaching; but love made me an artist. Now I clasp you in my arms and kiss you for the first time, and it seems real, but I know it is all imagination and I am mad, mad."

Dorothy freed herself from his embrace. He did not attempt to hold her against her will.

"You are not mad, sir," she said, "and I am not Star. I thought at first it was all a dream, but I understand now. You are Mr. Martin Tuppin and you mistake me for my Aunt Stella who was killed as the result of a Hallowe'en joke. I have been told that I look very much like her. I was born on the very night of her death. My name is Dorothy Welcome."

On hearing these words the artist's first sensation was a feeling of relief. He felt like a man saved from a great calamity, for insanity seemed to him a horrible affliction. Then came a feeling of shame and embarrassment on account of having laid his heart bare to this young girl and especially because he had embraced her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I hope you will understand."

"I think I do understand," she said. "You mistook me for

my Aunt Stella Kay whom you expected to marry if she had not been killed. I am very sorry you should have such a distressing experience."

"But how do you happen to be here?"

She told him the story of her adventure from the time she saw the ladder at her window until her meeting with him.

"You were born on the night that Stella Kay was killed?" he asked, when she had concluded her story.

"Yes, the very same night."

"After all, I believe you are Stella Kay returned to me through reincarnation. She had scarcely entered the portals of death when she returned to life as Dorothy Welcome. Look at that scene, that midnight tragedy. Does it not all come back in your memory? Do you not feel that all this happened before?"

"It would be strange if I did not remember it," she said, "for Nancy Overland told me all about it as she got the story from her mother. You are not mad, but you may go crazy if you persist in this strange notion that I am a reincarnation of my Aunt Stella. I assure you that I am Dorothy Welcome, and no one but myself."

"A year ago I thought the theory of reincarnation ridiculous, but I have recently read books on the subject that have somewhat changed my point of view. Even before meeting you I was half persuaded to believe in the possibility of reincarnation. The great minds of India are ages ahead of us in the study of psychology and they thoroughly believe in reincarnation. Even in Europe and America there are now many believers."

"Mr. Tuppin, I should go home. My father and mother will be alarmed about my absence. But I dare not go home alone. I am afraid of Albert Ellerton. Will you send for my father to take me home?"

"I shall let your father know at once. In the meantime my housekeeper, Mrs. Carling, will care for you. I shall take you to her. Do not hesitate to ask her for anything you want. To me she is more like a mother than a housekeeper. I call her Aunt Margaret. She was well acquainted with Stella Kay, who took music lessons from her. You can trust her in every way, but do not tell her of this painting. She has never seen it. The door of this room was left unlocked to-day for the first time. No one but you has ever seen my painting. Tell her the story of your adventures without mentioning this picture."

They found Mrs. Carling in the library reading. As she looked up and saw Dorothy she exclaimed:

"Stella Kay!"

Her thought was that Stella had materialized in Martin's secret room.

"Aunt Margaret, this is Miss Dorothy Welcome. I do not wonder that you mistook her for her aunt, Stella Kay, as I did myself. She is the daughter of Arthur and Clara Welcome, whom you used to know. She was born on the night Stella was killed. This morning Albert Ellerton, a coloured man formerly employed by her father, kidnapped her, chloroformed her and brought her to this house, thinking, I suppose, that in one of the unoccupied rooms he could keep her concealed until he could conveniently carry her elsewhere. She escaped. She will tell you all about it. Will you take care of her until her father comes for her?"

Mrs. Carling, after hearing Dorothy's story and getting her to write a letter to her mother, made her go to bed. She asked Judson Chammon to deliver Dorothy's letter and one written by Martin Tuppin. After he had left with the two letters, Mrs. Carling said:

"Martin, did you say Dorothy Welcome was born on the night Stella was killed?"

"Yes, on the same night, several hours afterwards I have heard."

"Martin, she is wonderfully like Stella. Do you think it possible that she could be a reincarnation of Stella? You know they say in the case of premature deaths reincarnation sometimes takes place immediately."

"It is strange, Aunt Margaret, that we should both have the same thought."

"Martin, answer me one question. I have for years half believed that you were talking to the spirit of Stella in that secret room. If Stella came to you in spirit she cannot be reincarnated in Dorothy Welcome."

"Aunt Margaret, I have never seen or communicated in any way with the spirit of Stella, but like you I am half inclined to believe that she has come back to me now as Dorothy Welcome. To-night I shall show you my secret room and explain everything. I should have done so before."

"Martin, reincarnated spirits do not readily remember their past lives, but sometimes events and associations may be recalled. She would remember you better if your beard and moustache

were short and close as they were at the time she died. Why not trim your beard at once before she gets accustomed to thinking of you as you now are. She will dine with us to-night. Come to the table looking as much like your old self as possible."

"I shall do so, Aunt Margaret."

As Martin Tuppin went away to trim his beard Mrs. Carling began to weave a romance. Martin would marry Dorothy. The unfinished part of the house would be completed and furnished. Later on there would be children and surely Martin would allow them to call her grandma.

Meanwhile Dorothy Welcome, asleep in the bed where Mrs. Carling had placed her, dreamed that she was still locked in the room where Ellerton left her and that Judson Chammon came with a ladder to rescue her. Judson was carrying her down the ladder when she awakened.

CHAPTER V

THREE MORE GO DOWN THE SAME LADDER

Dorothy's father was half dressed when he noticed that the house was filling with smoke. He ran to the kitchen stairway. It was in flames. Returning to the bedroom he roused his wife, caught up their baby boy, Dan, from his crib, and taking the arm of his wife, who was still in her nightdress, hurried to his daughter's room.

"We must get Dorothy and then escape from the house," he said.

They found Dorothy's room vacant and were about to hurry out of it when Mrs. Welcome noticed the top of the ladder resting on the window sill.

"Here is a ladder," she cried. "Some one has helped Dorothy to escape. Let us go the same way."

Arthur Welcome made his wife go down the ladder first and then followed with the child.

It has been said that a burning farmhouse seems almost as isolated as a ship on fire at sea, but on this morning it happened that many farmers were driving to town along the main road and there were soon a number of men working to prevent the spread of the flames. They could not save the house, but none of the other buildings were damaged.

No anxiety was felt about Dorothy in the first place, as it was

supposed she had escaped by the ladder that the others came down, but when the excitement attending the extinguishing of the flames was over they began to wonder where she had gone. Both her father and her mother thought it strange that she should have gone away without waiting to see if her relatives were safe. It seemed so unlike Dorothy. To the question, "Did anyone see Dorothy?" there was no response.

"It would be much more like Dorothy to rush back into the flames to try to save us than to go away forgetting us," said her mother, who had returned to the scene of the fire after borrowing clothing from a neighbour.

Arthur Welcome rushed into the still burning ruins of his home. He was quickly followed by two young men, sons of a neighbouring farmer, who dragged him back. One of them said:

"You can accomplish nothing that way. Let us all go to work together systematically and clean out everything. Mrs. Welcome and Dan must go to our house."

They worked with frantic haste for hours, pouring on water and searching the ruins. In the end they were all convinced that Dorothy must have escaped. Just as they reached this conclusion Judson Chammon arrived on horseback with letters from Martin Tuppin and Dorothy. Martin Tuppin's letter was addressed to Arthur Welcome and read:

"You are no doubt filled with anxiety about your daughter who was kidnapped from your house early this morning by Albert Ellerton, formerly your hired man. She escaped from him without harm or injury and is now in the care of my housekeeper, Mrs. Carling, whom you know to be thoroughly reliable. Mrs. Carling thinks she should stay here and rest until to-morrow. I am sending you also a note from your daughter. Will you come for her or shall we take her to you?"

Dorothy wrote to her mother: "I shall tell you all about my strange adventure when I see you. I am safe and well with Mrs. Carling, the dearest old lady, who has been keeping house for Mr. Tuppin for many years. She says you and my Aunt Stella took music lessons from her when you were children. She wishes me to stay overnight. Will Father drive over for me to-morrow?"

CHAPTER VI

A DRESS SUIT CAUSES SOME EMBARRASSMENT

When Martin Tuppin was living with his grandfather in England he was always expected to dress for dinner. When he returned to Canada he continued the custom in his own house. After the death of Stella Kay Mrs. Carling encouraged him to keep up the practice because she thought this attention to dress might help to keep his mind normal. "If he were poor and had some regular business to keep his mind occupied it would be different, but being rich with a permanent annual income he has no incentive to regular habits," she said to herself. Mrs. Carling took great pains to always dress becomingly herself. When Judson Chammon was called to dinner the first evening after he was engaged as secretary by Martin Tuppin he was somewhat embarrassed to find that Mr. Tuppin had dressed for dinner. He would have bought a dress suit when he received his first month's salary, but he had promised his mother to send her money and knew she actually needed it. Mr. Tuppin's long beard concealed so much of his shirt front that the difference in dress was not very noticeable. Nevertheless Judson never sat down to dinner without wishing he could afford to buy a dress suit. When he returned from delivering the letters of Martin Tuppin and Dorothy to Mr. and Mrs. Welcome, Mrs. Carling said:

"You will just have time to get ready for dinner, Mr. Chammon. I suppose Miss Welcome's parents will let her stay all night?"

He told her briefly about the fire, and said Miss Welcome's father would call for her the next morning.

When Martin Tuppin came into the dining-room, dressed for dinner and with his beard and moustache closely trimmed, he looked so different from the long-bearded artist with whom Dorothy had talked a few hours before that she failed to recognize him.

"You have not forgotten Mr. Martin Tuppin," said Mrs. Carling quickly, "and this is Mr. Judson Chammon, Mr. Tuppin's secretary."

Again Dorothy thought herself dreaming. "It is so like a dream," she thought, "for a man with an immense beard reaching to his waist to be suddenly transformed into a gentle-

man in a dress suit with a beard trimmed quite close to his face."

But when they were seated at the table Mrs. Carling said to Dorothy: "You see men are just as ready to change the style of their beards as we are to change the style of our dresses. One hour you see a man with a long beard; the next hour it is closely trimmed; and perhaps the day after he may have a clean shaven face. A woman never knows what to expect."

Dorothy had bowed stiffly to Judson Chammon when introduced to him. She had not forgotten that she had seen him shooting brave Tom Markman who saved the railway train. She had not forgotten that he carried her on the mountain slope, and her dream of the trial was still vivid in her mind. Nancy Overland had not yet told her Markman's story as the two girls had not met since Dorothy's return from New York. As she looked at his face she remembered Tom Markman's remark that perhaps the man who shot him thought he was trying to wreck the train.

Mr. Tuppin felt more embarrassed than either Dorothy or Judson. He was sorry that he had trimmed his beard, and felt that it was a mistake to wear a dress suit when dining with a farmer's daughter who had been kidnapped that morning and whose home had been destroyed by fire. He thought, "I wonder that Aunt Margaret did not warn me not to dress for dinner, but I should have had sense enough to think that it would be better not to do so under the circumstances, and it was certainly a mistake to trim my beard."

Judson Chammon understood why Dorothy had bowed so stiffly when introduced to him. He remembered the horror in her face as she looked at him just after the shooting of Tom Markman and the astonishment in it afterwards when she regained consciousness as he carried her to Dr. Ruther's buggy. He felt a strong desire to explain to her, but was determined never to betray Markman, for Nancy in telling the story had asked him not to repeat it.

Dorothy wondered why Mr. Tuppin had trimmed his beard. She thought for a moment that there was a little lack of courtesy on the part of both Mr. Tuppin and Mrs. Carling in dressing for dinner when they knew she could not do so, but she put the thought away when she remembered how kind Mrs. Carling had been. Nevertheless, she felt a little tie of sympathy between herself and the young man on the opposite side of the table who wore only a black sack coat, such as he might have

worn without notice when dining at any farmhouse in the Downmount district.

Fortunately Mrs. Carling, Mr. Tuppin, and Dorothy were so much interested in Judson's story of the fire that all thought of dress quickly passed from their minds.

Next morning Dorothy's father and mother came for her. After a long talk Mrs. Carling persuaded them to allow Dorothy to remain at Elspeth Lodge until the new Welcome house was built. Mrs. Welcome agreed to this more readily than she would have done if she had not been well acquainted with Mrs. Carling, though she had seen very little of her since the days when she and her sister, Stella Kay, took music lessons from her.

It was arranged that Dorothy should go with her father and mother to look at the ruins of their home and discuss plans for a new house. In the evening her father would bring her back to Elspeth Lodge. Fortunately the Welcome house and furniture were well insured. The Flemings, who owned the farm adjoining that of Arthur Welcome, had said it would cause them no inconvenience to give accommodation to Arthur Welcome, his wife and little Dan if arrangements could be made elsewhere for Dorothy.

"Mrs. Carling's invitation to Dorothy seemed quite providential under the circumstances," said Mrs. Welcome to her husband as they drove away with their daughter.

"Father," said Dorothy, "may I have money to buy some new dresses as all my clothing was burned? Mrs. Carling and Mr. Tuppin dress for dinner every evening after the English fashion. I felt a little awkward the way I was dressed."

"You and your mother can go to the dressmaker this morning. Get everything you need, Dorothy. I don't want you to be ashamed of your dresses when you are dining with Martin Tuppin and Mrs. Carling."

CHAPTER VII

THROWING KISSES IN AARON ISAAC'S LANE BRINGS DISGRACE
TO JUDSON CHAMMON

Everyone who has visited Downmount should know that Aaron Isaac's Lane lies between Peninsula Street and King Street. It is called Aaron Isaac's Lane because Aaron Isaac bought the back half of Bill Parton's lot and built a little house and workshop fronting on the lane. Bill Parton's house fronted on King Street and he was quite ready to sell the back half of his lot to Aaron Isaac because, as he explained, his wife would not be eternally asking him to make garden when there was no land left to cultivate. Besides, the money he would get from Aaron Isaac in payment for the land would enable him to get a drink of whiskey when he wanted it without asking his wife for money. Aaron Isaac had agreed to make payment in weekly instalments extending over six months. That suited Bill Parton better than receiving full payment at the time of sale. "You see," said Bill to his friends in the bar-room of Michael Kelly's Queen Victoria Hotel, "if I had got the money all at once my old woman would have wanted to put it in the bank; and where would I be? Would I be able to ask you all to take a drink with me? No. I would have to go nearly on my knees to her to get the price of one drink, although she has the scrubbing of the floors of every store on Peninsula Street and is well paid for it."

The office of *The Downmount Weekly Gleaner* fronts on Peninsula Street, but the back entrance to the printing office is by way of Aaron Isaac's Lane, and that is why Judson Chammon was walking along the lane the day after the kidnapping of Dorothy Welcome. He chose the back entrance because he had stopped at Aaron Isaac's shop to get his knife sharpened, and it was more convenient to continue along the lane to the back entrance of the printing office than to retrace his steps to Peninsula Street. Martin Tuppin had asked him to get some headings printed for convenience in pasting newspaper selections on shingles. Thus one set of shingles was to be devoted to newspaper clippings about Irish Home Rule, and it would be convenient to have this heading on each shingle bearing such clippings. Another set of shingles would have the heading, "Navies of the World," while a third set would be labelled "Germany's Export Trade." Mr. Tuppin had already

chosen fifty headings, and he said Judson could add to them as the work of making newspaper clippings and pasting them on shingles progressed. This method of filing seemed queer to Judson Chammon, but he thought it wise to follow his employer's instructions without comment.

Just before reaching the back entrance to the *Gleaner* office Judson Chammon noticed two small children, a boy and a girl, standing on the opposite side of the lane. They belonged to a house fronting on King Street, whose backyard reached to the lane with no fence between the yard and the lane. He crossed the lane to speak to them. Judson always found it difficult to pass children without stopping to talk to them. The boy, who appeared to be about seven years old, was eating an apple. His little sister, probably two years younger, was eating a soda biscuit. Judson took a cent from his pocket and said to the little girl:

"Will you give me your biscuit for a cent?"

The child looked at the cent which he held out to her and then at the biscuit, of which only half remained. She promptly handed him the biscuit and took the cent.

"She stole it, the rascal," said the boy.

"Where did she steal it?" said Judson.

"She stole it out of mother's cupboard, the rascal."

"Did you steal the apple you are eating?"

"No. She stole it, the rascal, and gave it to me."

"Adam," said Judson to the boy, "you are just as ready to put the blame on Eve to-day as you were when you lived in the Garden of Eden."

"My name is not Adam and I never lived in the Garden of Eden," said the boy.

Judson handed the biscuit back to the little girl. She offered to return the cent as she took the biscuit, but he told her to keep it. As he crossed the lane and entered the *Gleaner* gateway the children watched him with interest.

Half an hour later he stepped into the lane again. He might have gone out the front way to Peninsula Street, but being interested in the children, thought he might see them again.

The children had walked a little way along the lane, and were intently watching the unloading of goods from a wagon into the back of Grafton, Maine & Co.'s general store, which fronted on Peninsula Street but extended back to Aaron Isaac's Lane. The little girl was so absorbed that she did not notice

Judson Chammon. She had the middle finger of her right hand in her mouth. Her face was very serious and thoughtful. Judson put the middle finger of his right hand into his mouth and stood watching her almost as intently as she watched the men unloading the goods. Almost as intently, but not quite, for he managed to take a side glance at her brother. The boy's face was smiling. He looked at his sister, then looked at Judson and winked. The boy and the man waited for the girl to take notice. Suddenly she saw Judson, noticed the finger in his mouth, and understood. Her face, which had been so serious, lightened and her eyes danced with merriment. Judson went on his way rejoicing in his heart. After going a short distance he turned to look at them. The two children were still gazing at him with smiling faces.

It had been arranged that he should return to the *Gleaner* office in an hour to get an estimate of the cost of printing the headings and it happened that he entered the printing office at the very moment that Dorothy and her mother stepped into Grafton, Maine & Co.'s general store to look at dresses. The estimate was not ready and he had to wait some time for it. When he came out into the lane again the children were not in sight, but immediately afterward he noticed them playing in their backyard. As there was no fence between the yard and the lane they saw him at the same moment and the little girl waved a hand to him. He threw her a kiss. She threw one to him. He threw her another. She sent it back. The part of the lane in which he stood throwing kisses to the child was quite close to Queen Street. Mrs. Welcome and her daughter, having come out of the store and turned off Peninsula Street into Queen Street, were passing Aaron Isaac's Lane at the very moment that Judson was throwing kisses to the child. Mrs. Welcome, being somewhat short-sighted, did not notice him. Dorothy saw clearly that he was throwing kisses, but she did not see the children. Their eyes met and Judson knew from the expression on her face that she thought he was flirting with a woman.

"A bad man in more ways than one," said Dorothy to herself. "It is strange that he has such a good face and such beautiful, honest, straightforward looking eyes."

CHAPTER VIII

A CURSE IN THE MOUTH OF A CHILD

During the first five months after he entered the service of the Downmount Knitting Mills Tom Markman applied himself with all the intensity of his nature to the study of bookkeeping. At the end of that period he felt that he had learned all that the Dore Business College could teach on the subject, and as he was not at once taken into the office of the mills, he dropped his studies. The memory of Nancy Overland's encouraging words was not present in his mind so constantly as it had been when he first began his new life, and after dropping his evening studies, having nothing to occupy him after factory hours, he began to feel greatly depressed. There was no home life in the house of the Partons. Mrs. Parton worked very hard sweeping and scrubbing the premises of a number of Downmount business firms and sometimes washing for private families. With the help of her little daughter, Sisera, she kept her own house scrupulously clean, but it seemed to Markman that when at home she was always scolding her child or her husband, Bill Parton, a drunken loafer. He soon learned that Parton was Sisera's stepfather, and as the child seemed afraid of him, Tom wondered if he sometimes beat her when drunk.

With his usual disposition to blame capitalism for everything Markman grew indignant over the hard life of Mrs. Parton. He did not wonder that she came home cross-tempered after a long day's work, washing or scrubbing floors; but he felt even more pity for the child, who worked nearly as hard as her mother and never seemed to get a word of encouragement from anyone.

One Sunday afternoon he decided to walk to the scene of the drama in which he had taken so strange a part. An intense desire to look at that scene again in all its aspects possessed him. As he approached the place he suddenly thought of the field glass. He wondered whether it was still there, and looking beside the track near where he had piled the stones, found it.

He could not stand where he stood when he first saw the face of Dorothy Welcome as the ground had slipped away in the landslide, but he found a new point of observation from which he could look down the Overland Road to the ruins of the Welcome farmhouse. Building operations on the new

house had not been commenced, and the sight of the charred remains of a happy home added to his feeling of despondency and desolation.

He noticed that the outer track, on which he had piled the stones, had been removed and there was nothing to indicate that it had ever been there. Rails had been laid on the new track and trains were running over it. The landslide and the removal of the track had completely altered the appearance of the place, and the thought came to him that the scene of his drama was as different from the present locality as a dream is from reality. How he wished that he could believe that what had happened was all a dream.

He hurried back to the Overland Road and walked up it toward the "mountain" brow. The Overland Road reached the summit near the point where Downmount Creek falls over the escarpment. The waterfall looked very insignificant, but Markman's keen ears could hear the sound of it as it fell on the rocks below. Looking across the deep gorge he said to himself:

"What a roar the water must have made when a real river at full flood poured over in the days of long ago. I suppose that originally the rock over which the water fell was in line with the general face of the mountain, but in course of years, or perhaps I should say ages, the water wore away the rock, making this deep ravine."

He walked along the bank of the ravine, passing on the way a small cottage. Reaching the outer end of the ravine bank he stood for a moment on the "mountain" brow, looking down over the broad plain to the point where Downmount Creek enters Lake Ontario. Then turning, he looked across the ravine and noticed on the opposite bank a large house, which he rightly guessed to be the residence of Martin Tuppin and the present home of Judson Chammon. He put the field glass to his eyes and examined the house and the grounds carefully. He observed that the grounds were neglected and overgrown with long grass, but there was a well-worn path leading toward the "mountain" edge and then turning downward. He was unable to follow the path farther with the field glass, but, wondering what it led to, soon noticed on the face of the cliff a huge, flat, projecting rock around which an iron fence had been built about a foot from the outer edge, the iron posts having been cemented into holes drilled in the rock. From the appearance Markman

guessed that the rock had originally projected only about three feet, but that the hill at the back of it had been cut away, widening the exposed rock to about six feet. A cement stairway, much cracked with age and exposure to the weather, led upward from the rock, and Markman assumed that it connected with the path of which he had lost sight. Evidently the intention had been to make an observation point where a party of friends could stand in perfect safety with nothing to obscure their view of the plain below with its many orchards of peach trees, its vineyards, and its pasture lands, stretching to Lake Ontario. He afterwards learned that it was known to the people of Downmount as Observation Rock, but that very few of the villagers had ever stood on it.

He turned back again, and feeling very thirsty, decided to go to the cottage which he had passed and ask for a drink of water.

He knocked at the door and a pleasant-faced, fair-haired young woman opened it wide. In reply to his request for a glass of water she said:

"Certainly. Come in and sit down. I will get it for you fresh and cold from the well."

A lovely child about two years old stood inside a cage.

"I have to keep her in a cage," said the woman. "She is getting to be so active that she might fall over the cliff if I let her go free."

He sat there in silence waiting for the water. Many men would have tried to make friends with the child. Markman did not, but he looked at her wistfully and she looked at him. Suddenly he was startled to hear a baby voice say in soft, clear, sweet tones:

"God damn you."

The child was actually merely repeating, parrot-like, words which she had often heard coming from the lips of her father, but to the conscience-stricken man who had come from the scene of the greatest drama of his life, much depressed in spirit, it seemed as he looked at the innocent, lovely face of the child a curse that would follow him through life.

The woman returned with a glass of water. He drank it quickly and, thanking her, hurried away. He had been gone ten minutes before she noticed that he had left his field glass on the table. She ran out of the house with the field glass in her hand to look for him, but he was out of sight.

If Markman had known that the woman who gave him a glass of water was Mrs. Weckon, to whom Dorothy Welcome was carrying a basketful of provisions when she walked up the Overland Road on the day Albert Ellerton shot her, his experience in the little cottage might have had an even greater influence on his mind than it did have.

CHAPTER IX

LITTLE ALICE WECKON DISCOVERS A MAN WITHOUT A BREATH

Annie Leslie was an English orphan girl who had been sent to Canada by a charitable organization and had found a happy home with the Welcome family, with whom she lived for ten years before her marriage to Joe Weckon. Mrs. Welcome had told Annie that she was altogether too good for Joe Weckon and that she should not be in a hurry to marry, but Annie had made up her mind and could not be influenced to change it.

Joe Weckon was not bad-hearted, but he had a strong liking for whiskey, and although he was very seldom actually drunk he never allowed a day to pass without taking at least one glass of liquor, and about once in three months he would have a spree lasting for several days. He was never unkind to his wife even when under the influence of liquor and was fond of his baby daughter, but was greatly addicted to the use of profane language. It grated harshly on Annie's ears in the first place, but she soon got accustomed to it and thought little of it until the baby began to talk and one day astonished her by saying, "God damn you."

Owing chiefly to the fact that his occasional sprees made him unreliable Joe had no regular employment, but he had a team of horses and often got jobs among the farmers or in teaming for Downmount Sheet Metal Products Limited.

Dorothy from time to time carried a basket of provisions to Annie, and she was very fond of Annie's baby, but owing to her long stay in New York she had not seen the child since she began to talk.

After buying a ready-made dress and some dress materials and taking the materials to a dressmaker, Dorothy said to her mother:

"I want to take a basket of provisions to Annie. I have not seen her since I went to New York. If Father will take me

there and then leave my parcels with Mrs. Carling at Elspeth Lodge I can walk over afterward."

This plan was carried out and after her father drove away from Annie Weckon's house Dorothy insisted on baby Alice being taken out of her cage. The child was seated on her lap when there was a rap at the door, and Mrs. Weckon, opening it, admitted Judson Chammon, who asked if Mr. Weckon was at home.

"Mr. Tuppin has decided to have the grounds cleaned up and laid out in accordance with plans made many years ago," he said, "and I have called to see if I can get Mr. Weckon to assist with the preliminary work of cleaning the grounds."

"I think he will be glad to get the job," said Mrs. Weckon, looking at the clock. "I expect him home any minute now. I wish you would sit down and wait for him."

Judson took the chair she offered him. He had bowed to Dorothy as he entered, but she did not return the bow. As he sat there a short distance from her he looked at the baby in her lap, but did not even glance at Dorothy's face. Dorothy had the feeling that he was entirely ignoring her presence and concentrating his attention on the baby.

The child seemed to be greatly interested in the strange man, and after a few moments, in which she appeared to be studying his face, said:

"I want to go to him."

Dorothy paid no attention to this, but, putting her hand on the baby's head, began to gently stroke her hair. Mrs. Weckon had left the room to get something.

"I *will* go to him," said the child with determination.

Judson arose from his seat, stepped over and took the child, who was stretching out her arms to him. Dorothy had an impulse to hold her forcibly, but did not do so. As he stepped back to his chair and sat down the thought passed through her mind, "I don't wonder that the baby wanted to go to him," but the next moment she was reproaching herself for such a thought and thinking, "How terrible it is that I have such feelings toward a man who must be essentially bad."

As Mrs. Weckon returned to the room the baby stood up on Judson's knees, put her arms about his neck and kissed him on the mouth. Then she drew back and, her hands resting on his shoulders, looked smilingly at him as she said in her sweet baby voice, "God damn you."

Dorothy was shocked, and the thought in her mind was not

unlike that which came to Markman with a different application. "Something awfully wicked in the man has called forth this curse," she thought, but the next moment she heard Judson say: "No, no, dear, you must not say that. Say, 'God loves you.'"

"It sounds terrible coming from her," said the mother, "and I can't make her stop it. She got it from her father. He does not say it wickedly. He really doesn't. The men he was with when he was a boy talked that way and he got so accustomed to it that he says it without thinking. He means no more harm than I mean when I say, 'Goodness gracious!'"

"God loves you," said the child. She put up her little hands and gently stroked Judson's face.

"I am glad you taught her that," said the mother. "Whenever she says the other I will tell her that. How strange that I never thought of doing it myself."

Dorothy arose from her seat as she said:

"I must bid you good evening, Annie. It is getting late and I have to walk over to Mr. Tuppin's house."

"Miss Welcome," said Judson Chammon, "I think you will have to wait for me. I could not allow you to walk over to Elspeth Lodge alone. The distance is greater than you think it is, and if that man Ellerton should be lurking anywhere in the neighbourhood there is no telling what might happen."

"Oh, I think I must hurry on," said Dorothy, not looking at him, but at Annie Weckon. "Mrs. Carling expects me."

"If you insist on going," said Judson, "I shall have to go with you. Mrs. Weckon, I hope you will keep your husband at home until I come back. I am very anxious to get him for this work as Mr. Tuppin wants to begin improvements at once."

"I suppose," said Dorothy resignedly, "that I shall have to wait. It would be a waste of time for you to come back again as Mr. Weckon will be home in a few minutes."

She sat down again. Annie Weckon felt uncomfortable. She could see that there was coldness between her callers and she did not understand why. However, her embarrassment did not last long as Joe soon arrived. Judson explained what he wanted and Joe readily agreed to begin work next morning. Little Alice still clung to Judson and he said to her:

"Will you kiss me good-bye?"

She kissed him on the lips and then drawing back to look

at him as she did when she kissed him before, said in a tone of surprise:

"He has no breath!"

The mother took the child and after a brief farewell Dorothy stepped out doors with Judson. As they left the house they heard the child say:

"I want to see him go!"

The mother came to the door with little Alice in her arms. Judson turned and threw a kiss to the child. He did it with Dorothy in mind, for he thought that her intuition would suggest to her that when she saw him throwing kisses in Aaron Isaac's Lane he was only flirting with a little child. He guessed rightly, for Dorothy's instant thought was: "It was probably just a baby to whom he was throwing kisses in that lane."

"Mr. Chammon," she said as they walked away, "why did the baby say, 'He has no breath' when she kissed you?"

"I suppose she is so accustomed to the smell of liquor in her father's breath that she imagines that to be one of the characteristics of a man, but as I never tasted liquor in my life she did not find this manly characteristic in me and was surprised. I am very glad that you were willing to wait for me as I was afraid Joe Weckon might be away before I got back, and I did not wish the work of improvement to be delayed now that Mr. Tuppin has decided upon it after so many years of neglect. He is going to proceed with his original plans for the construction of the big house, too. He got out the plans this afternoon and intends to get into communication with a building contractor to-morrow. It will cost a great deal more to complete the house now than it would have cost in the first place as both materials and labour are more costly. However, cost is of little consequence to him as he is rich."

Judson proceeded to describe to her what the grounds would look like when the improvements were completed. He thought this was a subject he could talk about to her without any danger of embarrassment. He felt more at ease with her than he would have felt had he not known that Nancy Overland would soon tell her everything and her suspicions would pass away.

CHAPTER X

DOROTHY WELCOME WINS A FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED FRIEND

"Dorothy," said Mrs. Carling, after Judson had gone upstairs, "I am so glad you are back. I know all your dresses were burned in the fire, and I want to alter one of my dresses for you. It will require very little alteration to fit you. I have always made my own dresses and am almost as proficient as a professional. We shall dine later than usual this evening, and there will be plenty of time to make the alterations before you have to dress for dinner."

Dorothy's first impulse was to decline, saying she had bought a dress that afternoon, but she thought it more tactful to accept, adding, "To-morrow I should like to have your opinion about a new dress I bought this afternoon. It is in one of the parcels father brought."

As Mrs. Carling was fitting the dress on Dorothy she said:

"What is your second name? Perhaps you haven't one."

"My full name is Stella Dorothy Welcome. You see Dorothy is really my second name but I was never called Stella."

"How strange, how very strange!" said Mrs. Carling. "The same face, the same voice and the same name. I hope you will let Martin and me call you Stella or Star in memory of the girl we both loved."

"I suppose there can be no objection to your calling me by my first name if you really wish to do so, but it will seem strange to me to be called anything but Dorothy."

The dress which Mrs. Carling altered for Dorothy was much more expensive than the one she had bought that afternoon, and she had the satisfaction of thinking that it fitted her perfectly and was very becoming.

Mrs. Carling decided that as she was going to call Dorothy by her first name it was better to begin at once, and as she felt that Judson Chammon would think the change of name strange unless some explanation was made she said at dinner:

"Martin, I have learned that Dorothy's full name is Stella Dorothy Welcome, and as I prefer her first name to the second I have asked her to let us call her that."

Martin Tuppin looked startled, but said nothing and Mrs. Carling thought that perhaps she should have spoken privately to him about it. "However, if I had spoken to him he would have opposed it," she reasoned silently. "Now we are committed to it and they will both soon get accustomed to it." From that

time forward whenever she addressed Dorothy or referred to her she called her Stella.

After dinner, Mrs. Carling said to Martin Tuppin:

"It is amazing how quickly Rab has become attached to Stella."

As she said this a huge dog which had laid itself down at Dorothy's feet stood up and looked at her.

"It is most fortunate," said Martin Tuppin, "that you have so quickly won the love of our Rab. He does not usually make friends with strangers very quickly, but anyone who wins the affections of Rab will have a friend for life."

"His name reminds me of the great dog that Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh described in his beautiful sketch 'Rab and His Friends.'"

"We got the name from that book," said Martin. "I am glad you have read it."

"Dr. Jackson Ruther gave it to Nancy Overland and Nancy lent it to me," said Dorothy.

Martin walked over to where Dorothy was sitting with the dog standing before her and said:

"Rab, this is Miss Stella Dorothy Welcome. She is now your mistress. I give you to her and you are to follow her wherever she goes to guard and protect her from all harm."

"We are already great friends; are we not, Rab?" said Dorothy, placing a hand on the dog's head.

"Stella," said Mr. Tuppin, "we think Rab understands what we say although he cannot talk back. You may feel perfectly safe in going about anywhere with him as your companion. I would not like you to feel that you dare not step outdoors for fear of that man Ellerton."

"I did have that fear," said Dorothy, "and I shall be glad indeed to have Rab as a companion."

"Just see what he will do if you go out of the room," said Mrs. Carling. "I am sure he knows that he belongs to you now and is to follow you everywhere. Just run up to your room and see if he will follow."

Dorothy went out of the room. Rab followed at her heels and went upstairs after her. Dorothy was not sure that Rab did understand all they said, for he had followed her about in the morning before her father called for her and had greeted her affectionately and followed her about when she returned in the evening. As she came back followed by the dog she said:

"I think that Rab discovered at first sight that we are affini-

ties. You know he did not wait for you to introduce me but made advances immediately and he has followed me about ever since."

"He is what is called a mongrel, being a mixture of several breeds, but the St. Bernard blood predominates and we think he gathered unto himself the good qualities of all his ancestors of different breeds," said Martin. "Of this you may be sure: if any man tried to harm you Rab would tear him to pieces."

"Oh, I would not like that," said Dorothy. "I don't wish to see anyone torn to pieces."

"Don't be alarmed about that. Rab will obey your every word, but it would be far better for Rab to kill a man like Ellerton than allow him to carry you off."

When it was bedtime, Mrs. Carling told Dorothy that as the next day was Sunday they would not have an early breakfast.

"Ten o'clock is our usual hour for breakfast on Sunday," she said, "but if you are an early riser you can take a walk with Rab before breakfast. Jessie, the maid, will give you a cup of coffee and a bite to eat before you go out. Be sure to get back in time for breakfast."

When Dorothy went to her bedroom Rab accompanied her. He did not offer to go into her room, but lay down in front of the door.

"I did not like the way they both called me Stella," said Dorothy to herself as she was undressing. "It made me feel as if I were somebody else. I would rather be myself."

CHAPTER XI

AUNT MARGARET CARLING SUGGESTS A COURSE OF ACTION TO MARTIN TUPPIN

"Martin, I was glad to hear you call her Stella," said Mrs. Carling after Dorothy had said good-night.

"I have followed your lead, Aunt Margaret, with a great deal of doubt in my mind. I could not help feeling as I sat at the table and watched those two young people sitting opposite each other that Judson Chammon would be a much more suitable match for her than an elderly man such as I am."

"How old are you? Only forty, I know, and now that you have trimmed your beard you don't look more than thirty—not a day more than thirty, although you did look forty-five with that patriarchal beard. You know that before she came I almost

believed in reincarnation, although I hated the thought of it, and now I am thoroughly convinced that Stella Kay has really come back to us."

"I have the same feeling; but suppose it should be a mistake. Suppose she is not Stella Kay, what a terrible mistake we should be making."

"I don't see it at all. Stella Kay was taken from you, but Fate has sent you Stella Welcome to take her place. Whether she is the same Stella or not she has been sent here to restore you to life."

"To restore me to life! What do you mean, Aunt Margaret?"

"I mean just that. Have you not been dead to the ordinary life of this world for seventeen years? You are a man of wealth and ability. What use are you making of your talents? You might be a leader in the community. Already Stella has awakened you to life. You speak of Judson Chammon as a suitable match for her. True, he is big and strong and honest and pleasant to look at, but he is not nearly as handsome as you are. And what has he to offer her? Absolutely nothing. He is poor, with no prospects of being able to support a wife for many years, and I believe he has relatives dependent upon him to some extent. Then he is handicapped by deafness."

"His deafness is not extreme and he told me that a specialist he consulted said it was not likely to grow worse," said Martin.

"She would be making a great sacrifice if she married him. You have everything that he lacks. But why should we begin supposing that she is not Stella Kay come back when all the facts indicate that she is. Have you thought what an extraordinary thing it is that she should be brought back to this house by the man Albert Ellerton and should meet you in that room with the realistic painting of her death before her to remind her of her former self?"

"It is certainly a strange coincidence."

"It is more than a coincidence. Whether she is Stella Kay or Dorothy Welcome, fate brought her to you at the right time, and it is intended that you shall marry her. Do not throw away the great good that God has sent you."

"What do you think I should do, Aunt Margaret?"

"I think we should in every possible way suggest to her mind that she is actually Stella Kay come back. The suggestions may recall to her recollection scenes in her former life, now completely forgotten."

"Aunt Margaret, I shall take your advice."

CHAPTER XII

A VISION IN THE EARLY MORNING

The night before the arrival of Ransom's wife at the Endicott Hotel he had been very restless, and Nancy had been up all night as there was no other nurse. About seven o'clock in the morning she lay down on a lounge in the adjoining room, and was soon fast asleep. As she slept she dreamed that she saw Tom Markman standing on the edge of a rock near the "mountain" top, apparently about to throw himself down. She tried to cry out to him not to do it, but could not utter a sound.

To her dreaming mind it seemed that a long period of time passed as he stood there intending to jump, yet hesitating. It seemed to her that his life was passing in review before him, and he could not jump until all the events of it had passed before his eyes in the form of moving pictures; she felt that there was a long, long procession of them, and that years were passing in the review; but at last the scene on the railway track seemed to be approaching with its dramatic action, the piling up of the stones on the track, the removal of them afterward, and his going down with the landslide, as Judson Chammon had described that drama to her. She thought that as the picture of the ground cracking and slipping away from the rock on which the railway track rested passed before his eyes he would jump from the rock where he stood and fall to his death in the ravine below.

CHAPTER XIII

DOROTHY WELCOME LOOKS THROUGH THE FIELD GLASS

Dorothy arose early, having in mind a walk around the ravine to see Annie Weckon, whom she knew to be an early riser. The unexpected coming of Judson Chammon had cut short a personal conversation with Annie and she wished to continue it. It was just seven o'clock by her watch as she stepped outdoors with Rab at her heels.

As she walked along the road leading to the Weckon cottage she recalled the walk on the same road with Judson Chammon.

"It is strange," she thought, "how safe I felt with him—as safe from Albert Ellerton and all other harm as I feel with Rab. I suppose there has been in my heart if not in my mind a feel-

ing all the time that although I saw him shoot Tom Markman he could not have done it with evil intent. It isn't reasonable to feel that way. I suppose it is what is called intuition as opposed to intellect. I wonder whether my intuition or my intellect is right."

It did not take long to complete the discussion of the matter about which she and Annie were talking when interrupted by Judson, and she was about to hurry away, saying she had promised to be back for breakfast, when Annie called her attention to the field glass which Tom Markman had left. As Dorothy did not know how Markman had looked at her through the field glass she did not associate it with him, and Annie's description of the young man who forgot it was not sufficiently definite to remind her of him. She looked at her watch and said:

"Annie, I shall have time to walk to the mountain brow and look at the view. It is such a bright, clear morning that one can see a great distance. Lend me the field glass for a few minutes and I shall leave it here on my way back."

As she reached the brow she turned the glass in the direction of the opposite bank and noticed Observation Rock. When she looked at the rock and the iron fence around its outer edge she saw something that fixed her attention in horrified interest. A big man was standing close to the fence grasping a smaller man who stood on the narrow margin of rock outside the fence, apparently struggling to get free. Looking at their faces she recognized Judson Chammon and Tom Markman. Whether Rab, who stood beside her, saw what she saw or was merely affected by her emotion, he emitted a deep growl.

The next moment Tom Markman was suspended in the air, still struggling in the grasp of Judson Chammon.

"He failed to kill him with his rifle and now he is murdering him in a more horrible way," she thought.

She threw down the field glass and started to run back at full speed, with Rab close beside her. She did not stop at Annie Weckon's cottage, and reached the bridge over the creek above the waterfall completely out of breath. It was impossible to run any longer, and as she walked slowly along the road she thought that even if she could run all the way it would be useless to hasten, for Tom Markman must be lying dead in the ravine unless Judson Chammon had relented. All that it was possible for her to do, she thought, was to immediately denounce the murderer.

CHAPTER XIV

A NEARER VIEW OF THE DRAMA ON OBSERVATION ROCK

Judson Chammon, looking out of his window that morning, had seen Dorothy Welcome walk away with Rab. He was just about to go out for a walk himself, as he usually did before breakfast on Sunday mornings. He thought that if he were on terms of friendship with Dorothy how pleasant it would be to join her in the walk. He believed that they soon would be friends, for he felt sure that Nancy Overland would tell Dorothy all she knew as soon as they met and her suspicions would vanish. As he watched her until she was out of sight he said to himself:

"I have been strangely attracted to her ever since our eyes first met. She is not as pretty as Miss Overland—not nearly so pretty—and yet there is something in her face, her eyes and her voice that draws me to her, and I have the curious feeling that I have lost some part of myself when I am away from her. I think Mr. Tuppin must be attracted to her in the same way that I have been, for he watches her every movement. Why did he trim his beard so suddenly after leaving it untouched for years? Undoubtedly on her account, and it is because of her coming that he has decided to improve the grounds and finish the big house according to his original plans."

He began to think of himself and Martin Tuppin as rival lovers and to compare himself with his employer. He was poor and there was no prospect of saving money in the near future as his mother and sisters needed all the help he could give them. If Dorothy Welcome married Martin Tuppin she would never have an anxious thought about the cost of living and every wish could be gratified. How different it would be if she were his own wife. A few weeks before Judson might have felt that he had the advantage of youth, but now he reflected that the trimming of Mr. Tuppin's beard had transformed him into a young man with a handsome, distinguished-looking face. He compared his own somewhat irregular features as he had seen them reflected in mirrors with the regular features of his employer. But he regarded his partial deafness as the greatest drawback of all. He had never had any difficulty in hearing Dorothy's voice, but he felt that she must notice how frequently he had to ask Mr. Tuppin to repeat what he said and that he did not always understand Mrs. Carling. When there was a general conversation, although he heard distinctly every word that Dorothy said and

three-fourths of what Mrs. Carling said, the whole conversation often depended upon some remark of Mr. Tuppin which his ears did not catch. Thus he was often obliged to sit in silence while the others talked and he felt that it made him seem stupid.

In these reflections there was no feeling of hostility to his employer, whom he regarded as kind-hearted, generous, fair-minded and worthy of any happiness that might come to him.

As he stepped outdoors a few minutes afterward Jessie, the maid, followed him and called his name. He turned around and stood still.

"You always go so fast," she said, "that it is hard to catch you. Had you not better take a cup of coffee and some biscuits before you go. It is not good for you to go walking on an empty stomach."

She was a pretty girl and always had a smile for him.

"No, thank you, Jessie," he said. "I am not hungry, and I shall be back in good time for breakfast."

He took the path leading to Observation Rock and walked rapidly down it. Rapid movement was natural to him. He often found himself passing everyone when walking on a city street. Anyone watching him as he walked down that path might have supposed that he had a purpose in view and that every moment was of consequence; but if he had known how important every second of time really was he would have been running instead of walking fast. He went down the steps more slowly, and had reached the bottom step before he noticed Tom Markman standing on the margin of rock outside the fence. He jumped across the rock and seized the collar of Markman's coat. The next moment Markman sprang forward and Chammon was jerked so violently against the iron fence that his body felt bruised and sore for several weeks afterward.

The morning was rather cool. Markman had been troubled for several days with a cold accompanied by chills and he had on a sweater with his coat buttoned tightly over it. As Judson grasped the collar of his coat he felt the sweater underneath and the thought flashed into his mind that with the sweater and the coat collar both in his grasp there was little danger of the clothing tearing away under the weight of the man's body, as he struggled in the air after throwing himself forward.

Judson did not see Dorothy standing on the opposite bank of the ravine looking at him with the great dog Rab at her side. Perhaps it was well that he did not see her as he might have been unnerved and lost his grasp on the man who was strug-

gling to throw himself down. But he did see far below a little party of sightseers who were just about to enter the ravine with the intention of walking to the falls. They had come from Hamilton in a motor car, which they had left on the road not far away. At the moment he saw them three of the party, a man and two women, were standing on a bare rock, which divided the little stream. Someone had placed planks over the two tiny branches of the stream, connecting the rock with the shore on each side. A young woman was standing on one of the planks, camera in hand, taking a snapshot of the little group on the rock. Judson Chammon had unusually good eyesight and he saw clearly what they were doing, although they looked to him almost like pygmies. He wondered how soon they would look up and see what was going on above them. If they did see they would think he was trying to throw Markman down instead of trying to save him, and if his strength should not hold out they would see the suicide falling to death and be witnesses against him in a murder trial.

As Markman struggled in the air he did not know who had grasped him from behind. The determination to destroy himself obsessed his mind, and he was blind to everything else except a feeling of dull resentment against the person, whoever he might be, who was trying to prevent him from disposing of himself as he thought he had a right to do. Suddenly he seemed to see Nancy Overland with an expression of reproach on her face and to hear her say:

"Tom Markman, remember your sister Nancy."

He ceased to struggle. The weight of his body seemed to lighten. Judson Chammon with a great effort lifted him to the top of the rail and pulled him down to safety on Observation Rock.

It is worthy of note that while to the dreaming mind of Nancy Overland years seemed to pass, and even to Judson Chammon, wide awake as he was, a long time appeared to elapse, Markman was struggling in the air not more than four minutes. Judson had looked at his watch when he left the house and when he looked at it again as he left Observation Rock with Markman he was astonished to find how short must have been the time during which his strength was subjected to that strain.

CHAPTER XV

ONE PERSON WHOM TOM MARKMAN PITIED MORE THAN HE
PITIED HIMSELF

As Dorothy was about to enter the grounds of Elspeth Lodge she met Judson Chammon and Tom Markman coming out of the gate. She stopped and, looking straight into the eyes of Judson, said:

"So you changed your mind at the last moment?"

Not knowing that she had seen the struggle on Observation Rock and not associating her remark with it, he said:

"I do not understand what you mean, Miss Welcome."

"I mean that I saw everything. I suppose you got frightened of the consequences and decided not to murder him in such a conspicuous place. It is the second time you have tried to murder him."

"Tom Markman, tell her the truth," said Judson.

"After all that has happened," said Markman, "I should be a wretch if I did not tell you the truth, Miss Welcome. I had made up my mind to end the misery of my life by jumping from the rock into the ravine far below. He caught me and pulled me back. He saved my life."

Dorothy's attitude of mind changed instantaneously, and Judson knew from the look in her eyes that all her suspicions of him had been dispelled. He said:

"Miss Welcome, will you ask Mrs. Carling and Mr. Tuppin to excuse me. I am going for a walk with Mr. Markman and will not be at breakfast this morning."

As Dorothy went to her room to get ready for breakfast she determined that she would have no more secrets. She would not break her promise to Markman that she would not tell what she had seen on the railway, but she would tell Mrs. Carling and Mr. Tuppin all about the struggle on Observation Rock. She did tell them at the breakfast table.

Meanwhile Judson Chammon and Tom Markman walked along the road toward Downmount. At first they were silent and embarrassed, neither knowing what to say. At last Markman said abruptly:

"I had a vision."

Judson's first thought was that Markman was going crazy, but he said:

"What was your vision?"

Markman told him what he had seen and heard. He explained that to encourage him and help him Nancy Overland had told him he might think of her as his sister and call her Sister Nancy. He had thought that the remembrance of her face and what she said to him would always keep him from evil, but when the temptation to throw himself down came he did not think of her face, and it was not until he was struggling in the air that he saw her and heard her so distinctly that he felt she was actually present.

"Where did she seem to be when you saw her?"

"That I do not remember, but I have a vivid impression of seeing her face and hearing her voice."

"The most probable explanation seems to be that a vivid recollection of her face and voice came to you," said Judson, "although I have recently read in a scientific book in the library of Mr. Tuppin about some visions as extraordinary as yours that seemed to actually represent the presence in some psychic way of the persons seen. But whether Miss Nancy Overland was actually present in spirit or not there is no doubt that if she had known what you thought of doing and could have sent you a message not to do it she would have sent it. That is the important thing and it should influence you as much as belief that she was actually present."

"I know that. Yet somehow I did not seem to think of her until I saw her face and heard her voice. What would you advise me to do to keep from—"

Tom Markman did not finish his sentence.

"To keep from what?" asked Judson.

"I don't know what. Miss Overland said I was blinded by passion so that I could think of nothing but the one thing that aroused my passion; but I was not in a passion then. I was only depressed."

"Your depression seemed to have the same effect as your passion. The one emotion so absorbed you that you thought of nothing else. Is that what you mean?"

"I think that is what I mean. What would you advise me to do?"

"You mean what can you do to save yourself from being controlled by emotions?"

"I suppose that is what I mean."

"It is as if you were captain of a ship and when a storm arose you allowed the winds and the waves to take possession of the ship and sweep it to its destruction or to the destruction

of some other ship with which it might collide, without making any effort yourself to guide and steady it. Why not say, 'I am the captain of this ship; I will not allow the waves of emotion to overwhelm it?'

"It is easy to say that, it is easy to think it now, but when the emotion takes possession of me I think of nothing else. Is it my fault that I have such emotions and such passions suddenly taking possession of me? I was born that way. If there is a God it seems to me He is very unjust, making life so much more difficult for one man than for another."

"In the little village of Linklater where I was born, there is a physician who is in some respects very like Dr. Ruther and in other respects very unlike him. His name is Dr. Joy Cougles. I have had many talks with Dr. Cougles and during one conversation the very question you raise was discussed. Dr. Cougles has a theory that God is Law as truly as God is Love. Law, he says, is part of the Divine nature. It is a law that God cannot force a man to be good without destroying his free will and without free will men would be mere machines incapable of higher development. Men will become grander and nobler if they are allowed to work out their own destinies, but when many people, each having free will, come into relation with each other their mistakes sometimes bring about results which temporarily seem very unfair to certain individuals, but there is a great Law of Compensation and we who are mere specks in the universe, knowing little and seeing only things close at hand in time and space, should not be too ready to declare that God, the Soul and Mind of all, is unjust. The Law of Compensation may adjust and make perfect all that seems imperfect now to our narrow vision. Dr. Cougles says that while all men have certain evil impulses those impulses are certainly stronger in some men than in others, but that every man has the power to try to do right, and in the final outcome a man's character will depend upon the effort he puts forth rather than upon the measure of success he achieves in overcoming inherited evil qualities in this world, which, he says, is but the starting point of a race through eternity. It may be harder for one man to resist temptation than for another, but he thinks the mere act of trying strengthens the character. The man who seldom has to make an effort is more likely to stand still or advance slowly. The degree of effort required to overcome temptation exactly measures a man's weakness, and the greater the effort made, the greater is the accumulated spiritual power produced by it. The man who

is always trying to resist temptation is always growing stronger in character and gaining on the one who seldom has to resist temptations, so that they will ultimately stand on the same plane if each responds to the teaching of his conscience and puts forth the full strength of his will to overcome the weaknesses in his nature. That is Dr. Cougles' theory of the evolution of character, and he says that man is highly distinguished from all other works of God in being allowed by forming his own character to create himself."

"That is something like what Miss Overland told me about a monk named Augustine, who said that of our vices we may frame a ladder if we will but tread beneath our feet each deed of shame."

"Yes; it is the same idea. There is a tendency in the present age for men and women to think that they must yield to every impulse with which they are born, making no great effort to overcome the evil impulses which we all have to a greater or less extent."

"If you will tell me how to overcome my evil impulses I'll try."

"Tom Markman, have you ever in your life pitied anyone more than you pitied yourself? I know that you have thought a great deal about the sufferings of the poor as a class and you have often grown passionately indignant in talking to me about the capitalists who were responsible for their woes, according to your belief; but that is pity in the abstract. What I mean is do you know personally any one person for whom you have felt such pity that you completely forgot yourself even for a little while?"

"I think I did feel that way the other day about Mrs. Parton's little daughter Sisera."

"You mean Bill Parton's child."

"No. Bill Parton is not her father. He is her stepfather."

"So Bill Parton is Mrs. Parton's second husband. I fancy she often wishes that she were still a widow."

"No, I think Bill Parton is her first husband, but Sisera was born before her mother met Bill Parton. That is not Sisera's fault. She has a hard time of it."

"How old is Sisera?"

"I don't now. About twelve, I guess."

"Does Bill Parton beat her when he gets drunk?"

"I don't know. I have never seen him beat her. If I did see him beat her I think I would kill him."

"That wouldn't help Sisera—not in the least. It would harm her. The one thing you must think of is how you can really help Sisera now and in the future. Try to make life easier for her. If you feel a passion or a tendency to depression coming on throw it off for her sake because in order to help Sisera you must be cheerful, hopeful, and self-controlled, and you must make your way upward in spite of every obstacle. Keep in your mind the idea that you are captain of a ship on which Sisera is a passenger and if you allow the waves of emotion to overwhelm the ship she may be lost."

Under ordinary circumstances Markman might have hotly resented the remarks of Judson, but the vision of Nancy had subdued his passionate nature for the time being. He had pitied Sisera, but the thought of being actively helpful to her had never occurred to him. He did not at the moment receive the suggestion very enthusiastically, yet it kept coming up in his mind all day and when he went to bed at night it was his last thought before he went to sleep. He had not yet decided to accept the suggestion. He was only thinking of it.

As Judson walked home after saying good-bye to Markman he wondered whether he had acted rightly or wrongly in making that suggestion about Sisera. Judson felt that the thought of Nancy Overland would become more or less of an abstraction to Markman as time went on. He would see little of her; he could do nothing for her, and while the remembrance of her face and her personality might be helpful it would probably grow dim. He had no mother, no sister, no one to think about but himself. If he could be stimulated to take an active, helpful interest in this unfortunate child whom he pitied it might be a permanent influence for good. These were the thoughts that had caused Judson to make the suggestion; but as he thought about it afterward he was not sure that he had spoken with wisdom.

CHAPTER XVI

"THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES FOUGHT AGAINST SISERA"

"How old am I, Mother, and when is my birthday?"

It was not the first time that Sisera had asked her mother this question, but she had never received an answer.

"Sisera Madeline," said her mother, "I told you never to ask me that question again. I don't see why you can't think of something pleasant. I have enough worry with the troubles of my life since I married Bill Parton without being reminded of those I had before I was married."

Sisera subsided into thoughtfulness. She was washing and wiping the dinner dishes, while her mother was watching her closely.

"Sisera, I never in my life knew anyone else who took so long to wash dishes as you do," said Mrs. Parton after a moment's pause.

"A watched kettle never boils," said Sisera. "If you would go away and let me wash the dishes without watching me I would have everything cleaned up in no time."

"You are the most awkward child in all Downmount."

"How can I help being awkward when you watch every movement of my body and even the motion of my eyelashes?"

"You are the most ungrateful child. There is not a morning of your life that you do not have cream on your porridge. Some mothers would give you nothing but skim milk or even watered milk, but you have never once missed getting cream for breakfast since Dr. Ruther told me, four years ago, to give you cream on your porridge to make you relish it."

Mrs. Parton knew that when Sisera's heart was hardening against her after a scolding the best way to soften it was to refer to the cream on the porridge, for Sisera regarded it as a daily proof that her mother really loved her in spite of all the fault finding; else why should she go to the expense of buying cream when watered milk would cost so much less? The only thing that made the eating of oatmeal porridge tolerable for Sisera was the creamy milk of which she was very fond.

When Mary Madeline Perth's great trouble came at the age of eighteen she ran away from the little village where the name of Perth was respected, and thereafter was known as Mrs. Mary Madeline until she married Bill Parton. Bill did not know that she had a baby until a week after their marriage when she dis-

appeared one morning and returned with Sisera, whom she had left with a friend in Hamilton.

"Where did you get that baby?" said Bill in astonishment.

"She is my baby. Her name is Sisera. I suppose I have a right to have a baby of my own!" said Mrs. Parton brazenly, for being decidedly pretty at that time she knew her power over Bill Parton.

Bill grumbled a good deal about it. When Mrs. Parton proposed that Sisera should be baptized Sisera Madeline Parton he objected in the strongest terms. He said she never would have the honoured name of Parton, which had come down in the family Bible for a hundred years.

"I suppose you would like me to write her name among the Partons in our family Bible with my own hand," said Bill.

"I would like that," said his wife.

"Well, I never will. You will have to call her simply Sisera Madeline."

"Thus when Sisera went to school she was registered on the rolls as Sisera Madeline, and when she wrote her name in scrawling letters in her first school book "Sisera Madeline" stretched across the page.

As time went on and Mrs. Parton's beauty faded as a result of hard work her influence over her husband decreased and the grievance grew in his mind until he attributed all his own failings to it.

"People blame me for drinking," he would say to a group of loungers in Michael Kelly's Queen Victoria Hotel, "but if your wife came home with a baby that did not belong to you would you not drown your sorrow in liquor?"

Thus everyone in Downmount knew that Sisera was born out of wedlock, and even the school children felt that there was something sinister in that. The teacher of the class in school soon found that none of the other girls wished to sit with Sisera, and she was given a seat alone until it occurred to the teacher, a woman of shrunken heart and cramped visualization, that the best way to punish any naughty girl in the class was to say: "If you don't behave I shall make you sit with Sisera Madeline."

Scolded at home and scorned at school, life was very hard for this child who had never known the pleasure of a birthday.

One day Sisera said to her mother: "Why was I called Sisera? Where did my name come from?"

"It came out of the Bible," said Mrs. Parton. "One Sunday morning soon after you were born I went to a church in

Hamilton. I was thinking about my troubles and did not notice much about what the minister was saying, but I heard him read something from the Bible about Sisera. As soon as I heard the name I liked the sound of it, and as I was wondering what to call you I chose that. It is a pretty name and a good Bible name. You may thank your mother for it. I might have called you some heathen name."

"Tell me where to find it in the Bible."

"I don't know where to find it. I never saw it, but I heard the minister read it out of the Bible."

Sisera knew that Bill Parton had refused to write her name in the family Bible, and she felt proud of the fact that her name was there in spite of him, not written in by the hand of Bill Parton, or his father or grandfather or great-grandfather, but in the original Bible. She determined to find it. Beginning at the first chapter of Genesis and reading several chapters every day, she finally came to the fourth chapter of Judges and read how Sisera, captain of the army of King Jabin of Hazor, going out to battle against the Israelites, was defeated and his army scattered, and how leaving his chariot he fled on foot to the tent of Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, whom he supposed to be his good friend. According to the Bible narrative, Jael went out to meet Sisera "and said unto him, 'Turn in, my lord, turn in to me, fear not,' and when he had turned in unto her in the tent, she covered him with a mantle. And he said unto her, 'Give me, I pray thee, a little water to drink, for I am thirsty.' And she opened a bottle of milk, and gave him a drink and covered him. Again he said unto her, 'Stand in the door of the tent, and it shall be when any man doth come and enquire of thee and say, 'Is there any man here?' that thou shalt say, 'No.' Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him and smote the nail into his temples and fastened it into the ground, for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died. And, behold, as Barak pursued Sisera, Jael came out to meet him and said unto him, 'Come and I will shew thee the man whom thou seekest,' and when he came into the tent, behold Sisera lay dead and the nail was in his temples."

How real it was to the child Sisera Madeline! She saw in imagination the fleeing army of King Jabin of Hazor. She saw Captain Sisera getting out of his chariot and running swiftly on foot toward the tent of Jael. She saw him drinking milk from the bottle Jael gave him, and wondered whether there was

cream on the milk. And then, as he lay fast asleep, she saw the treacherous woman creep stealthily to him with a hammer in one hand and the great nail in her other hand. "It must have been a very big nail to be driven through his temples into the ground and it must have been pointed and very sharp," thought Sisera Madeline. All her sympathies were with the defeated captain of King Jabin's host. She abhorred the treachery and cruelty of Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite.

With unabated interest she went on to the fifth chapter of Judges, describing how Deborah and Barak, the son of Abinoam, composed and sang together a song glorifying the Israelitish victory and the deed of Jael. She read this chapter somewhat mechanically until she came to the passage: "They fought from heaven: the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." That attracted her attention and remained fixed in her memory. Then a little farther on in the same chapter she read that the mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice, "Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?" As she thought of the mother expecting her son to come home victorious in his chariot, not knowing that he was lying dead in the tent of Jael with a great nail driven through his temples, the child Sisera Madeline burst into tempestuous weeping.

When the storm of sympathy for the slain warrior and his bereaved mother, who lived and died thousands of years before she was born, was over, Sisera went outdoors to look at the sky studded with stars, and she said to herself: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. I wonder are they fighting against me."

Sisera had never heard of astrology, but under the influence of that Bible passage she wondered whether in some mysterious way those shining orbs were sending down evil influences to spoil her life.

Yet this forlorn child, for whom the future seemed hopeless, had a great mission in life. It was her destiny to be the salvation of Tom Markman and in saving him to win happiness for herself.

It was not long after she had read the dramatic Bible story of Sisera, captain of Jabin's army, that Markman came to live with the Partons and was given a room adjoining that of Sisera Madeline.

As Mrs. Parton swept the floors of Grafton, Maine & Co.'s store every morning before the store was opened, and sometimes scrubbed them, she did not take her breakfast until after this

work was done. To Sisera was assigned the task of making coffee and porridge for Markman and cooking an egg for him. They took their breakfast together, but said little to each other, yet Sisera felt that he was friendly to her.

One thing troubled the mind of Sisera as she watched Markman on the other side of the table. Her mother before going to her work in the morning always placed a little pitcher of cream on the table beside the plate of Sisera, while beside the plate of Markman she placed a pitcher of skimmed milk, which Sisera suspected was sometimes watered. On the morning after Markman attempted suicide he entered the dining-room still undecided whether or not to devote his life to making Sisera happy as Judson Chammon had suggested. Sisera did not notice him at first and he stood just inside the door watching her for a moment. He saw her empty most of the milk from his pitcher into a jug. Then she took her own little pitcher and poured its contents into his pitcher, afterward filling her pitcher from the jug. She started guiltily when she saw him, but smiled and bowed. As he sat down at the table opposite her the thought came to his mind that it was a pleasant thing to have this pretty child as a companion for breakfast every morning.

He poured some of the creamy milk into his coffee and drank it before eating his porridge. He noticed what an improvement it made in the flavour. He was about to pour cream on his porridge when he realized that Sisera had given him her cream and taken the watered milk for herself. He said:

"Sisera, you have made a mistake. You have given me the wrong pitcher. I will not take your cream."

"Mr. Markman," said Sisera, "Mother forces me to take the cream as a medicine. Dr. Ruther told her to give it to me, for breakfast, four years ago, and I have had to take it ever since. If you had been taking a medicine every morning for four years wouldn't you get tired of it? If you will take the cream every morning before Mother comes in she won't know the difference and I won't be scolded for not taking my medicine."

Markman looked at her with amazement. He knew that she was lying, for he had often noticed with what pleasure she ate the porridge so long as her cream lasted and how reluctantly she finished any part of it that was left after the cream was exhausted. He had sometimes wondered why Mrs. Parton, who seemed always to be scolding the child, gave her cream, while he got only watered milk.

"Sisera," he said, "I agree with your mother in thinking you should take that medicine every morning, but I have made up my mind to buy a little jar of cream every day for myself, and I'll arrange with the milkman to-day to leave it for me."

And as they sat there looking at each other the same recording angel, who, after writing down the oath of Uncle Toby, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever, was so absorbed in watching the glowing face of Sisera Madeline and the light in the eyes of Tom Markman, while taking never-fading pictures of them, that he did not even notice that deliberate lie; but there was present one of the angels of light whose special duty is to glorify those thoughts of love, which, flowing from human hearts to human lips, touch chords of sympathy in other hearts that lift them up toward heaven; recognizing with loving appreciation that the lie was but an ugly casket, within which was enclosed a gem of purest ray, the angel took the jewel and placed it in the flowing hair of Sisera, where, unseen by mortal eyes, it shone resplendently for those angelic onlookers who watched with sympathetic interest the beginning of a life drama in which Sisera Madeline and Tom Markman would help each other upward.

CHAPTER XVII

MARTIN TUPPIN'S COURTSHIP

Mrs. Carling did not neglect to impress on the mind of her young visitor the train of circumstances which, according to her view, surely indicated that Stella Kay lived again in the person of Dorothy Welcome. Born on the night of Stella Kay's death, having the same face, the same voice, the same name, and coming to Elspeth Lodge in that strange way to be found by Martin Tuppin in his secret room looking at her own picture, what stronger proofs of her identity could there be, said Mrs. Carling.

"Do you really think I look exactly the same as my Aunt Stella?" said Dorothy. "My mother said I did not. She said there was a strong resemblance, but that if we stood side by side she was sure anyone would notice the difference."

"Of course, there is a difference, but that is to be expected," said Mrs. Carling. "The body is not exactly the same, but the soul is the same."

"I don't know," said Dorothy. "My own feeling is that my

body is much more nearly like her than my soul is. I feel that my soul is myself and that I am quite different from anyone else."

Dorothy had naturally an unusually good ear for music, but had never taken lessons. When Mrs. Carling began to teach her she learned very much more quickly than her aunt had learned. The teacher gave special attention to pieces of music which she had taught Stella Kay many years before, and when Dorothy's quick ear enabled her to play, after one or two lessons, a piece which had taken Stella Kay two weeks to learn as perfectly, Mrs. Carling said:

"I don't wonder that you learn that easily now as you practised it assiduously years ago."

Neither Mrs. Carling nor Dorothy said anything to Mr. and Mrs. Welcome about these talks in reference to reincarnation, but Mrs. Welcome had noticed how young Martin Tuppin looked, and when she heard that the big house was being finished and the grounds improved she guessed that Dorothy's resemblance to her aunt had impressed him.

"I won't be surprised, Arthur, if she comes home engaged," said Mrs. Welcome to her husband, "and if when our new house is finished we have to open it with a wedding, I won't cry over it."

Arthur Welcome agreed that it would not be a matter for crying if Dorothy should become the wife of a man like Martin Tuppin and the mistress of Elspeth Lodge.

"When she was visiting in New York and stayed so long," he said, "I feared that she might be persuaded to marry some American and leave us altogether. If she married Martin Tuppin she would be almost at home."

Martin Tuppin proceeded vigorously with the completion of his big house and the improvement of the grounds. The work was carried out by contractors according to plans prepared over seventeen years before, with slight modifications, but he devoted a good deal of time to supervision of the work, and often invited Mrs. Carling and Dorothy to walk through the rooms with him and make suggestions. On the first occasion Dorothy noticed that all the shingles had been removed from the big room in which she first saw Martin Tuppin. She afterward learned that they had been put in the attic, and that when Judson Chammon required any of them for filing newspaper scraps he went there for them. She wondered what Judson himself thought of this queer method of filing newspaper clippings. Martin was as much interested in the furnishing of the big house as he was in

its architecture. While he had consulted Mrs. Carling and Dorothy about it he had his own views and they both felt that he knew more about the proper furnishings for a palatial residence than they did, for his life in England with his wealthy grandfather had made him familiar with many things with which they, living all their lives in a Canadian rural district, were unacquainted.

"Of course, Stella," said Mrs. Carling in a confidential talk with Dorothy when Martin was not present, "there are many homes in Toronto as grandly furnished as any house Martin ever saw in England, and if you and I had to select everything we could go to Murray-Kay's or Eaton's or Simpson's and they would tell us exactly what we should have, for they have everything at those great department stores that anyone could want; but I am content to let him decide what is required if you are, Stella."

Ignoring Mrs. Carling's hint that the selection of the furniture was a matter of personal interest to herself, Dorothy said:

"I think he should decide for himself how his own house is to be furnished."

Martin was especially interested in the selection of pictures for his new house, and after a good deal of correspondence on the subject with a New York picture dealer decided to go to New York to examine certain paintings that had been recommended. He announced his decision to Mrs. Carling and Dorothy one Monday afternoon, and said he would leave Elspeth Lodge at an early hour Tuesday morning as he proposed to take the New York train at St. Catharines.

It had become the custom for Mrs. Carling, Martin and Dorothy to take a walk about the grounds and down to Observation Rock every evening, and on such occasions Mrs. Carling often found some excuse for leaving Martin and Dorothy to finish the walk alone. He never lost an opportunity to relate incidents of his boyhood and manhood in which Stella Kay as a child or a young woman had been associated with him. He had seen much of her before he went to England. He had many little stories to tell about Stella Kay as a child, and told them in an entertaining way. He always tried as tactfully as possible to convey to Dorothy's mind the impression that she herself was that child of whom he had so many memories. Nearly everyone has had the experience of feeling after something has been said or done that it happened before. This is due to some reflex action of the mind. In the same way, while Dorothy did not at

the time he told these stories recall anything of the kind, it sometimes happened that in thinking of them afterward there would rise in her mind what seemed to her a shadow of a memory or a shadow of the story he had told her. Was this shadow really a dim memory of the past or merely a reflection of her memory of his tale, she wondered. She could not help being interested in the stories about her aunt, especially those relating to her childhood, but these shadows of the stories gave her an uncanny feeling.

The evening before his proposed visit to New York, Martin and Dorothy walked down to Observation Rock together. Mrs. Carling had excused herself from going with them. She said she had a bad headache and wished to lie down.

Fearing that Martin would reopen a discussion on reincarnation, and hoping to divert his attention from that subject she said to him:

"What do you think of Browning's poems? Do you find them difficult to understand?"

"I am a lover of Browning," he said. "I have seldom found anything that I did not take a meaning out of, but whether or not my interpretation was always right I cannot say."

"I have not read a great deal of Browning," she said, "but there is one little poem which I have in my memory that I should like you to explain as I do not understand it."

"Will you repeat it?" he said.

She recited:

"All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
Like the angled spar,
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" he exclaimed.

"It may be wonderful," said Dorothy, "but I don't see any meaning in it."

"I meant it was wonderful that you should remember that so well," he said. "The day before your tragical death I copied that poem, underlined the last two lines, and mailed it to you. I never knew whether you received it or not. As regards the meaning of it I never analyzed it very closely. I am not sure that it would stand close analysis of every line, but I interpreted it to mean that when his friends talked of a star they meant one of the orbs in the firmament above them, but when he thought of his star he meant the woman whom he loved. He did not feel that he knew her fully. Sometimes she presented herself to him in one aspect, sometimes in another, now a dart of red, now a dart of blue, yet he felt that she had opened to him the window of her soul as she had opened it to no one else, and therefore he loved her. That was my interpretation of it, and as I had called you my star when you were a little girl, and because of various confidences that had passed between us when we were children and even after I returned from England I thought you would understand what I meant."

Never before had he so distinctly assumed that she was actually Stella Kay. As she listened to him a feeling of deep pity for him welled up in her heart. She thought of his boyish love for the little girl whom he called his star, of his remembrance of her while living with his grandfather in England, of his return to Canada on purpose to see her, and the building of the great house of which he expected she would be mistress; and then the tragedy that ended all his hopes and brought his life to a standstill; she thought of the long, dreary years that had followed, relieved only by the painting of a great picture expressive of his love and loss; tears came to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks; and as he saw those tears and associated them with the great tragedy of his life his mind went back so vividly to the night of Stella Kay's death that he could not restrain his emotion. As she watched the convulsive movement of his face through her own tear-dimmed eyes she felt for a moment that she was really Stella Kay. Stepping toward him quickly she placed a sympathetic hand upon his arm. He turned suddenly, caught her in his arms and kissed her as passionately as he had done when he first found her in his secret room standing before his painting of the Hallowe'en tragedy.

They were alone on Observation Rock and as he held her in his arms and kissed her face she was possessed by a strange feeling that all the present was merged in a forgotten past and an unknown future.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE THOUGHTS THAT CAME AFTERWARD

When Dorothy awakened next morning the first feeling was one of relief in thinking that Martin Tuppin would be away when she went down to breakfast, and before it would be necessary to face him again she would have time to consider all the circumstances, analyze her own feelings, and decide what it was right and best to do. She remembered hearing her mother say that no nice girl would allow a man to kiss her unless she knew he wished to marry her and was willing to accept him. She knew that she had allowed Martin Tuppin to kiss her, not only without protest, but with such an emotion of sympathy that he might feel that she was more than passive in his arms. Yet in the sober reflection of after thought, while the morning sunlight, coming through the window, flooded her bedroom, the whole scene of the night before seemed unreal to her. The actuality of her personality as Dorothy Welcome was the dominant feeling. She could not believe that she was in reality Stella Kay. She began to wonder how she would have felt if Judson Chammon had caught her in his arms and kissed her in the same passionate way. She put the thought away from her quickly as something wrong to think of. Judson had appeared to avoid her ever since the day when she charged him with attempting to murder Markman. They sat opposite each other at the table, but she had never had an opportunity to tell him that Nancy had described to her in full detail both acts of the drama on the railway track in which Markman and himself had been actors, and the strange dream in which she saw Markman trying to throw himself to death.

In thinking of the later scene on Observation Rock in which Martin Tuppin and herself had been the actors, Dorothy felt that she must consider Martin more than anyone else. She had by her sympathetic response to his emotion the evening before given him the right to expect that she would marry him, and what a terrible thing it would be for him if all his life hopes should be annihilated a second time. Yes, she would have to marry him. She must regard that as settled. And then to her mind came the thought of herself as mistress of Elspeth Lodge. It was a pleasant thought. When the house was completed and furnished and the newly-planted trees and shrubs about the grounds fully grown there would be nothing in or near

Downmount to compare with it—not even Janverson's mansion that everyone talked so much about. And how unique the situation on the "mountain" brow with the wonderful view from Observation Rock of the fertile plain below with its orchards, its vineyards, and the great blue lake beyond. Abruptly these thoughts were brought to a conclusion by the question coming from her conscience, "Am I allowing the attractions of Elspeth Lodge and the pride of being its mistress to influence my decision?" The answer was, "No. I am sure the only deciding influence was pity for Martin Tuppin."

But there came another question: "Supposing after our marriage he should come to the conclusion that I am not really Stella Kay. Will the memory of her prevent him from loving me? And how shall I feel if that memory divides us as if the ghost of my Aunt Stella stood between us? He will expect me to remember those scenes in which he and his Star were actors long ago, and I never can remember them. They mean so much to him. They mean nothing to me. I never can feel that I am or ever was that little girl who so lives in his memory. I wish I had told him last evening that I never saw that poem of Browning about the star until the day before yesterday when I found it in one of the books in his library and committed it to memory."

Meanwhile Martin on his way to St. Catharines to take the train for New York was thinking not only of the emotional scene on Observation Rock the evening before, but of the whole course of events from the time he found Dorothy Welcome in his secret room. He had tried again and again to convince himself that Dorothy Welcome was Stella Kay, but he had never fully believed it until he saw her tear-stained face and caught her in his arms as they stood together on Observation Rock. He knew Stella Kay far more intimately than Mrs. Carling ever knew her, and he saw in Dorothy Welcome, as he watched her, not only physical differences, but still greater differences in personality. Yet she had for him a charm of her own. In thinking of her now, with all the emotions aroused the previous evening still influencing him, he reflected how little anyone knows what any other person would do or say under absolutely different conditions. He never had lived in the same house with Stella Kay and he thought that possibly if he had seen her under exactly the same conditions as he saw Dorothy Welcome he might have noticed some of the characteristics that seemed to him so different. There came to his mind the soliloquy of Charles

Dickens under the title of "Night Shadows" in "A Tale of Two Cities:" "A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly-clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest to it! Something of the awfulness, even of death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasures and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbour is dead, my love, the darling of my soul is dead. It is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial-places in this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?"

The great novelist's soliloquy brought home to his mind graphically the mystery of human nature and the difficulty of identifying anyone with absolute assurance under changed circumstances after a lapse of years. But afterward it occurred to him that every human being was a composite whole, made up of many characteristics unknown to others, yet having a unity reflecting all the characteristics and constituting an individuality different from any other. All the features of a face need not be studied in order to get a distinct and accurate conception of the whole. So many of the characteristics, many of the secrets of the soul might be unrevealed, yet each of them affected in some degree the general aspect, and all combined produced a picture of personality as real, as representative, as the picture of a face; and as he placed his picture of Dorothy Welcome's personality beside that of the personality of Stella Kay he could not help feeling that they were not the same, not at all the same.

CHAPTER XIX

JUDSON AND DOROTHY MEET IN MARTIN TUPPIN'S
SECRET ROOM

Rab, who slept outside Dorothy's bedroom door every night, had never attempted to enter the room when the door was open either by night or by day; but the night after Martin Tuppín's departure for New York Dorothy was suddenly awakened by Rab pulling at the bedclothes. She was somewhat frightened for a moment at this unusual intrusion, and, jumping out of bed, turned on the electric light. The dog pulled gently at her nightdress, plainly wishing her to follow him out of the room. She had such confidence in Rab that after putting on a dressing gown and slippers, she accompanied him, feeling sure that there was some good cause for his solicitude. As she left her room she noticed a smell of smoke, which seemed to come from below. Hurrying downstairs with the great dog she found the smoke becoming quite dense. She turned on the electric light in the hall, and, walking toward the door which opened into the big house, saw that the smoke was coming through the transom-window over that door. Throwing the door wide open she was almost blinded by the smoke. She closed the door quickly and cried, "Fire, fire!" No one heard her.

Suddenly it occurred to her that Martin Tuppín's secret room was nearer to the room from which the smoke came than any other room in the old house. Thinking what a tragedy it would be for Martin Tuppín if his great painting were destroyed during his absence, she tried the door, not expecting it would yield to her as it was usually locked, but she found it unlocked. Rab understood perfectly that he was never permitted to enter that room, and he did not attempt to follow her when she passed in. She often wondered afterward why she did not hurry to alarm Mrs. Carling, Jessie and Judson Chammon. She had turned on the light as she entered the room, and stood before the picture wondering how she might save it from the flames. She had often prided herself on her presence of mind, but now she stood there unable to think of anything. Her mind seemed to be a blank. Rab whined outside the door. Suddenly he turned and ran upstairs to the room of Judson Chammon. The door was partly open; he pushed in, barking loudly. Judson Chammon, in spite of his deafness, heard him and springing

from bed, noticed the smoke. He ran to Dorothy's room. Finding it vacant he awakened Mrs. Carling and Jessie, exclaiming:

"The house is on fire. Escape by the front door. Miss Welcome is not in her room. I am going downstairs to find her.

Rab was pulling impatiently at his pyjama jacket, and he quickly followed the dog downstairs. When he entered the room from which the smoke had been pouring he could see no flames, but, turning on the light, noticed a pile of smoking wood. Apparently the wood had been carefully piled over shavings which had been set on fire, but it had ended in smoke. It is a strange fact that while a match accidentally dropped may start a conflagration, a fire carefully set for the purpose of burning down a house sometimes goes out. In this case it was found afterward that the only damage done was the charring of a small portion of the floor. Judson quickly got a pail of water and emptied it on the smoking wood.

Meanwhile Rab, who had followed him into the room, tugged vigorously at his pyjama jacket until he turned and accompanied the dog to Martin Tuppin's secret room. He saw that there was a light inside, and guessing that Dorothy Welcome was there in some trouble of which the dog was aware, he opened the door and entered. He had never been told about the great painting even after Martin Tuppin showed it to Mrs. Carling, and he knew nothing about the Hallowe'en tragedy. Dorothy stood there looking at the painting as if dazed or entranced. He did not know the meaning of what he saw. Dorothy turned suddenly and greeting him with a joyful exclamation said:

"Save it! Save Mr. Tuppin's great painting from the flames."

"The fire is out, Miss Welcome," he said, "and you had better go back to bed."

After Mrs. Carling, Dorothy and Jessie had returned to their beds, Judson carefully examined every room in the big house. He tried all the doors and windows and found every one of them locked. He looked in cupboards and closets, under furniture and everywhere else that a man might possibly hide himself, but could find no one. He decided to stay up all night and guard the house with Rab as a companion.

Next morning at breakfast as they discussed the mystery of the fire that failed to burn, Judson said:

"The fire must have been started by some one who has a key, giving him entrance to the new house, for all the doors were locked. Who has a key?"

"I think Albert Ellerton must have one," said Dorothy, "for he had no difficulty in getting in the day he carried me here."

"I shall bring Aaron Isaacs here this morning," said Judson, "and get him to change every lock in the house. If he cannot finish the work to-day, Rab and I must stand guard again to-night."

Aaron Isaacs came early, bringing a number of locks with him, and did not leave until every door through which anyone could enter the house had a new lock.

That evening, Mrs. Carling having learned of the meeting in Martin Tuppins's secret room, thought it advisable to tell Judson the story of the Hallowe'en tragedy, the painting of the picture and Dorothy's resemblance to her aunt. She said nothing about her belief that Dorothy was a reincarnation of Stella Kay.

CHAPTER XX

ANOTHER SCENE ON OBSERVATION ROCK

Awakening about three o'clock next morning, Dorothy heard someone walking about downstairs. She got up quickly and finding that Rab was not lying at her door as usual, donned dressing-gown and slippers and tiptoed softly to the door of Judson Chammon's room, which was partly open. She listened there intently, but could hear nothing. The sound of walking below had ceased. She tapped gently on the door, fearing that if she knocked loudly whoever might be downstairs would hear her, but there was no response, and, knowing his deafness, she stepped inside the room, pressing the electric-light button as she did so. The bed was unoccupied. There was no one in the room. He had evidently been sleeping in the bed, yet from the appearance of the bedclothes she got the impression that he had turned them back deliberately and had not been roused by a sudden alarm.

"He has probably just gone downstairs with Rab to look around and see if everything is all right, and it was his footsteps I heard," she said to herself. "He will likely get back in a minute and I must not let him catch me here."

She fled quickly to her own room and went to bed again, but could not sleep. For two hours she lay awake listening, but heard nothing more. A little before five o'clock in the morning she arose and dressed herself completely, even putting

on her hat. A foreboding of evil dominated her. A picture of Judson Chammon lying dead or wounded on the floor in one of the rooms of the big house arose in her mind. If he were badly hurt how dreadful it would be to lie all alone with no one to help him, she thought. She felt almost certain that he had not returned to his room. Tiptoeing again to his room and looking through the door, which she had left wide open on her previous visit, she saw in the early-morning light that his bed was still unoccupied.

She went downstairs softly, and, finding the door opening into the big house wide open, passed through it and walked from room to room with palpitating heart, but in the morning light she had far less fear than she would have had in the middle of the night. Certain at last that neither Judson Chammon nor the dog was in the house, she was about to turn back when she noticed that a key, which she was sure was in the lock of one of the doors the evening before, was missing. She tried the door and found it locked. "Someone has taken the key and locked the door on the outside," she thought. She went to the nearest window and looking out saw Judson Chammon and Rab standing together under a big tree. Judson had a rifle. She unlocked another door on the opposite side of the house, stepped outdoors, and walked around to where they stood, greatly to the delight of Rab.

"What do you mean by getting up at such unearthly hours and frightening everybody?" she said.

"I got uneasy about midnight and decided to go on guard duty," he said. "I don't intend to allow this house to be burned down during Mr. Tuppin's absence. When he returns he can decide himself what protective measures are necessary. I think you know that he has engaged a gardener—an old soldier—who will come this afternoon. I shall ask him to go on guard duty from nine o'clock this evening until 12.30, when I shall relieve him."

"There are electric lights in every room of the house now," said Dorothy. "You know the work of installation was finished the day before Mr. Tuppin went away. Why not turn them all on this evening and keep the house a blaze of light all night. Ellerton or anyone else intending mischief is far less likely to make an attack when the house seems full of light and life."

"That is a bright idea in more senses than one," he said. "We shall follow that suggestion. He would soon discover what

it meant, of course, but for one or two nights it might have a great effect."

"I suppose all danger is over as daylight has come," she said. "Will you lend me Rab to walk with me to Observation Rock—or if you don't want to part with him, come along and share him with me. I followed your example and locked the door through which I came. I have the key with me."

"I would rather go shares in Rab than part with him, Miss Welcome," he replied.

They walked together down the path toward the rock, followed by the dog. The air was full of the balmy freshness and ozone that usually characterize the early hours of a July morning in Canada. A song-sparrow that had stationed itself on a low-hanging branch of a tree near the walk told them with its cheery notes that life was worth living. A gentle breeze was blowing.

"Why don't we get up this early every morning in summer?" she said. "We never know how lovely the world is until we see it at such an hour."

As they stood on Observation Rock a few minutes afterward Dorothy could not help thinking of the passionate scene enacted there a few evenings before. It seemed to her like a strange, disordered dream as compared with the normality of this quiet morning.

"This rock is a stage," she said, "on which strange dramas have been enacted."

He supposed she referred only to the attempted suicide of Tom Markman, which he knew she had seen from afar.

"It is indeed," he said. "That act in which I had a part was sensational enough for a moving-picture audience, but no one saw it excepting you."

"And Nancy Overland," she said.

"You have heard of Tom Markman's vision?" he questioned.

"No," she said. "Did he have a vision?"

He repeated what Markman had said. She then told him of Nancy's dream which had been related to her when she called at the Endicott hotel one day. "How would you explain it?" she said in conclusion. "Was she actually present in spirit?"

"There is positive evidence that some people have the clairvoyant power of seeing things at a distance, but it is one of the mysteries of life of which we have no certain explanation. As regards his vision of her I can imagine that by some process

of telepathy her dreaming thought of him might reach him and his imagination would transform it into a picture of her."

"There is another thing I must tell you," she said. "Nancy told me all about what happened on the railway track before the shooting. This is the first opportunity I have had to tell you, for we never see each other except at meal times; and in view of the way I treated you I think it is only fair to tell you now that at the bottom of my heart I always felt that you were good and true and honourable."

"I thank you for telling me."

"Mr. Chammon," she said, abruptly changing the conversation, "do you believe in reincarnation?"

"I asked Dr. Ruther the same question," said Chammon.

"Then you half believed in it yourself?"

"No. I had not the slightest belief in it myself, but on the recommendation of Mrs. Carling I had read a number of books on the subject in Mr. Tuppin's library, and I wanted to know the opinion of a thoughtful medical man of wide experience such as I knew Dr. Ruther to be."

"What did he say?"

"He said he had never found anything in his experience to justify the belief, and that during the whole period of his practice he had been impressed with the dominating influence of heredity not only as regards the physical body but as it affects the heart, mind and soul, and all those qualities that constitute human personality. He added, however, that he never liked to be too positive about anything. He realized that he might be wrong. There might be some factor that he overlooked."

"How like Dr. Ruther to make that qualification after expressing his opinion. Your own opinion is against reincarnation in spite of all those books that Mrs. Carling made you read?"

"Decidedly against it."

"I am very glad," she said. "I hate those books. I don't want to think that I am anyone but myself."

As she said this the memory of Mrs. Carling's story of the Hallowe'en tragedy and Martin Tuppin's great painting came to his mind. In an instant he knew exactly what she meant.

CHAPTER XXI

LITTLE ALICE WECKON REFORMS HER FATHER AND RAB
DIES FOR DOROTHY

As the Sunday breakfast hour at Elspeth Lodge was ten o'clock, Dorothy had got into the habit of taking walks with Rab before breakfast. On the Sunday after the events recorded in the last two chapters, she was up unusually early and decided to walk over to the opposite side of the ravine to ascertain whether the field glass which she had borrowed from Annie Weckon was still where she dropped it when she saw Judson Chammon and Tom Markman on Observation Rock. She found the field glass and, calling on Annie, returned it, saying that she had been in such a hurry to get home the day she borrowed it that she had neglected to call and leave it. Annie accepted her brief explanation without question. Dorothy herself felt that it was a truthful statement and yet did not reveal the secrets of Tom Markman.

Annie told Dorothy that ever since Judson Chammon's visit whenever baby Alice heard her father say, "God damn you," she would repeat what Judson Chammon had said to her: "No, no, dear, you must not say that. Say, 'God loves you!'"

"How does her father take it?" said Dorothy.

"The first time he was astonished. It was almost as if an angel had reproved him. I think he was greatly impressed. I did not tell him where she got it. He watches his words now and has almost got over his bad habit. He is trying to stop drinking, too. I never saw such a change in a man. I am so thankful."

Before Dorothy started on her homeward walk Annie gave her a cup of coffee, marmalade and biscuits.

As she walked rapidly toward Elspeth Lodge with Rab at her side she thought of Martin Tuppin and Judson Chammon, and was greatly perplexed in mind as to what she should do when Martin came home.

She had just passed the Downmount waterfall when she saw in the distance along the road a motor car, which seemed to be standing still. She noticed particularly that the car was completely open, having no top. As Dorothy and Rab approached the car she saw that there was no one in it, but a man was bending down on the other side of the car near the front. She fancied that there had been a breakdown and that he was trying to fix

something. Suddenly the man stood up, came from behind the car, and approached her. She recognized Albert Ellerton. He paused under a large maple tree by the roadside, evidently afraid of the dog, and drew a revolver from his pocket. Rab placed himself in front of Dorothy and growled angrily. Albert fired at him. Although wounded, Rab rushed on Ellerton, carrying him to the ground by his great weight and the impetus of his onrush. But Ellerton still had the revolver, and as he realized that the teeth of the great dog were approaching his throat he pulled the trigger. Rab fell and lay prostrate under the maple tree. Dorothy, kneeling down beside him, forgot Martin Tuppin, forgot Judson Chammon, forgot the menace of Albert Ellerton's presence, and wept bitterly over her faithful friend. Rab looked at her with sorrowful, sympathetic eyes as he expired; and so strangely mixed is elemental human nature that Albert Ellerton, looking at the weeping girl and the dead dog, suddenly burst into convulsive sobs, so loud that Dorothy was startled, and springing to her feet, looked at the coloured man in amazement. Having given vent to his sudden emotion, Albert was himself again. He quickly caught the girl in his arms and lifted her into the car.

CHAPTER XXII

A LASSO'S PART IN AN ENCOUNTER ON THE ROAD

Albert Ellerton, after shooting Rab, had returned his revolver to his hip pocket. As he was lifting Dorothy into the front seat of the motor car the revolver dropped from his pocket to the ground. He did not notice its fall. He held the struggling girl on the seat where he had placed her.

"Be quiet," he said, "or I'll tie up your hands and feet and gag your mouth. If you sit quietly beside me you will come to no harm; I promise not to hurt you or do you any evil; but if you attempt to escape or call out to anyone we meet I'll shoot you as quickly as I shot Rab."

"It will not be necessary to bind me or gag me, Albert," she said.

She remembered her prayer at the time she was locked in a room by Ellerton, and believing fully that the finding of the key which set her free had been the result of that prayer, she prayed now in silent fervour and earnest faith. The effect upon

herself was to develop a feeling of confidence and security that gave her poise and self-possession in all that followed.

She noticed that there was a big coil of rope on the back seat, which could be used to bind her, and that there was a long rope securely attached by one end to the front of the car, while the other end was looped like a lasso, although the loop was not a running knot like a noose. The looped end had rested on the seat where he placed her, but finding it uncomfortable she had thrown it down, and it lay at her feet. Ellerton made no objection to her disposal of the rope. She wondered for what purpose he intended to use this lasso, and remembered a magazine article she had read describing the way in which cowboys of the plains lassoed cattle and horses.

Ellerton had not been expecting Dorothy and Rab when they approached his car. When they saw him bending down behind the car he was fixing something that had gone wrong, and when he stood up and saw them he thought he had got the car into good working order again; but he had not gone far with his captive beside him before the car again came to a standstill. He got out to see what was wrong, warning her not to move. He took off his coat, threw it into the back of the car and rolled up his shirt sleeves, for it was a hot morning.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Carling had come downstairs earlier than usual, and as the breakfast hour approached she began to get anxious about Dorothy. She said to Judson:

"You had better go along the road to meet her. She told Jessie that she was going to make a call on Mrs. Weekon, but she ought to be back now, and I am afraid of that man Ellerton. We never should have allowed her to go off alone—not even with Rab. I have a strange feeling of foreboding this morning as if something evil were happening. I have had that feeling before at different times of my life when something was wrong. It is a very queer feeling."

Judson did not delay, and as soon as he was outside the gate of Elspeth Lodge started to run. He was almost out of breath when he came in sight of the motor car standing in the road. He hurried on with a vague sense of alarm until he noticed that the woman sitting in the front seat was Dorothy Welcome. He began to walk more slowly, for the thought in his mind was that the driver of a passing car had offered her a ride, but that there had been a breakdown, causing delay.

As he drew near, Dorothy, recognizing him, raised her hand in silent warning. He was somewhat mystified by this signal,

but quickened his pace, and before Ellerton noticed him he was standing beside the car saying to Dorothy,

"Why, where is Rab?"

Ellerton stood up quickly, and putting his hand to his hip pocket, found that his revolver was gone. The car was now in running order again, and if he had been in his seat he would have driven on. He heard Dorothy say in reply to Judson:

"Poor Rab is dead, and you have just come in time."

Judson, seeing Ellerton, required no further explanation. He said quickly to Dorothy:

"If you know how to run a car drive home. I'll keep Ellerton busy for a while. If you can't drive get out and run home as fast as you can go."

"I know how to run a car," she said, "but I shall not leave you."

She started to get out of the car, thinking that she would stand with him and help him in case of a fight, but Judson said:

"Stay in the car, then. If you get out I shall be so afraid of your getting hurt that I shall be crippled in action."

She had the sense to see that he was right and sat still.

Ellerton, standing on the right hand side of the car near the front, was actually nearer to Dorothy than Judson, who, although equally close to the other side of the car, was separated from her by the vacant driver's seat. If Judson had thought of it he might have taken that seat and driven away with Dorothy, leaving Ellerton behind. Ellerton had been somewhat confused by the loss of his revolver, and, although he heard them, was more occupied in wondering how and where he had dropped it than with anything they said. If anyone had been present timing each incident by his watch he would have found that the conversation between Judson and Dorothy lasted exactly one minute. At the end of that time Ellerton recovered from his momentary confusion, stepped in front of the car, and, turning his face toward Judson, said:

"You had better mind your own business, young man, or you will soon be sorry."

Dorothy noticed with joy that he had no revolver, and realized that there was likely to be a test of the strength and skill of the two men. Comparing them, even her confidence in the great strength of Judson Chammon did not prevent a feeling of alarm. In size there did not appear to be a great disparity, yet the quadroon was slightly taller and more stoutly built and as she looked at the great muscles and sinews of his

bare arms she thought of pictures she had seen of prize fighters. He appeared to be about thirty-three years of age, while Judson did not look more than twenty-three.

Judson threw off his coat. He was an experienced boxer and believed that his skill and strength, reinforced by the spiritual energy which usually inspires a fighter for a righteous cause, would give him the victory.

Ellerton stooped down and picked up from the road a piece of the shaft of a waggon which had been broken off in an accident. It was about two feet long and where the break had occurred was jagged. Dorothy noticed that he had grasped it near the smooth end, and she thought of the terrible gash that the broken end might make in the face of Judson Chammon. Ellerton, who had been standing in front of the car, ran around toward Judson, who, seeing the club in his hand, jumped away sidewise, thinking that the quadroom would rush past him, but Ellerton suddenly halted and stood with upraised arm in almost exactly the same spot that Judson had stood a moment before.

Dorothy changed her position, taking the driver's seat, and stooping down caught up the lasso. While she was bending down Judson made a rush forward in the hope of disarming his opponent before he could take action, but Ellerton with upraised arm was on the alert, and, having the club firmly in his grasp, struck him with all his might, cutting into the bone beneath the right eye, and although the eye itself was not cut it was severely shocked. The pain in the eye was intense, and Judson staggered backward. The blood from the wound was running down his face.

It was fortunate that the car had no top. As Dorothy stood up Ellerton, standing beside the car with his back toward her, was so close that she could have touched him by stretching out her arm. She threw the lasso over his head and shoulders, sat down again and quickly made ready to start the car. A motor car cannot be started in a second, and if Ellerton had acted promptly he might have released himself, but he was taken by surprise, and before he recovered his self-possession the car started. The quadroom was carried off his feet and dragged several yards before she could bring the car to a standstill again.

As she got quickly out of the car she saw the large coil of rope which she had noticed before, lying on the back seat. Taking this in her arms she hastened with it to Judson, who had run after the car and was now bending over his fallen foe. With

her help he quickly bound the hands and feet of the prostrate and insensible coloured man.

"I am afraid I have killed him," said Dorothy.

"No; he is still alive."

"Can you lift him into the car with my help?"

"Never mind! I see some one coming along the road."

When a farmer named Scott and his two sons drove up Chammon quickly explained what had happened and asked if they could take the injured man home in their waggon. They readily agreed.

"I must first drive to Elspeth Lodge with Miss Welcome," said Chammon. "Then I shall go at once for a doctor to attend to his injuries."

Ellerton was lifted carefully into the waggon. Then Chammon and Dorothy got into the car, he taking the driver's place and she sitting beside him.

"Don't drive to Elspeth Lodge, but let us go to a doctor at once," said Dorothy. "Dr. Ruther is away in the West Indies, but Dr. Timothy Dell has charge of his practice. Let us go to him. Your eye is terribly injured. It should have first attention."

She looked at his face as she spoke. The eyelid and the flesh under the eye were much swollen. His face was stained with blood.

"Miss Welcome, it is a strange fact that although the pain was terrible at first I forgot all about it in my excitement and anxiety for you; but now all the pain has come back. That seems queer."

He turned the car about and in a few minutes they came to the body of Rab. He stopped the car and was about to get out, but she said:

"Please don't. Poor Rab! I feel that I have lost a dear friend, but we can do nothing for him now and any delay may make it more difficult to save the sight of your eye."

They went on and were soon speeding down the Overland Road.

"There was really no fight," he said. "I did not even touch him until he was insensible. You did everything."

"But I could have done absolutely nothing if you had not come. I was helpless. It was just good luck that he happened to be so close to the car that I could throw the lasso over his head, and how fortunate it was that the car was open, having no top."

"It has just occurred to me that I was standing so close to the vacant driver's seat when I first came to you that I might easily have jumped into the car and we could have driven away, leaving Ellerton behind."

"That is true but we did not think of it, and now we must make the best of what has happened," she replied.

They met Dr. Timothy Dell coming out of Dr. Ruther's house, and after a brief explanation he agreed to go immediately to the Scott farmhouse to examine Ellerton's injuries, but before starting went back into the house and made a hurried examination of Judson's eye. He told Dorothy to make him lie down and bathe the eye constantly with cloths heated in hot water with boracic acid dissolved in it until he returned. He gave her a quantity of boracic acid and some cloths.

"Fortunately," he said, "there is a pot of hot water on the kitchen stove. Change the cloths frequently, keeping them as hot as he can bear them."

She made Judson lie down on a lounge with a pillow under his head and for fully an hour and a half walked constantly back and forth from the pot on the kitchen stove to the lounge in the sitting room, carrying hot cloths in a bowl. While she was carrying one cloth to him another was being heated, and the cloths were changed so frequently that they were always as hot as he could bear them.

She occasionally asked him if the pain was lessening or if the hot cloths were doing any good and he always replied in the affirmative, but there was no other conversation between them until nearly an hour after this changing of hot cloths began, when she suddenly burst into tears.

"Don't cry," he said. "The pain is not nearly so bad as it was. The hot cloths are having a wonderful effect."

"I was not crying for you," she said. "I was thinking of poor Rab, lying there by the dusty road as if we didn't care a pin for him, and he gave up his life for me."

"It is a shame," he said, "that I was so selfish as to come on here before giving him the attention he deserved."

"Oh, I don't mean that. We had to come on at once. It was the only thing to do, and you know I made you do it."

A little while afterward she said to him:

"Do you still paste scraps on shingles?"

"Yes," he said, "but that is only one of my duties. I have many other duties as secretary for Mr. Tuppin."

"It wasn't your idea? I mean the shingles."

"No, Mr. Tuppin thought of it."

"What do you think of it? It seemed to me a crazy notion."

"A bit eccentric, but he is not the least insane. In fact about most things he is very sensible and practical. I thought it wise to follow his directions without arguing in favour of another system of filing, but I have been intending for some time to ask his permission to make a change. I understand him better now and know he will give kindly and sensible consideration to the plan I will propose. He is one of the most fairminded men I ever knew."

Dorothy told him what Nancy had told her about the shingles. He said in reply:

"Mrs. Carling told me the story of the Hallowe'en tragedy, but did not mention the shingles. Now that I know the whole story I can understand everything. With every armful of shingles he carried into the house I suppose there were thoughts of his ruined hopes, and although he did not go crazy I imagine that certain brain cells where thoughts of the shingles were centred received a shock which made him a little eccentric about shingles although quite normal about everything else. A talk I had with Dr. Cougles, of Linklater, before I came to Downmount suggests this explanation to me although our conversation had no reference to this case. I am sure he is perfectly sane and sound."

"You saw his wonderful painting of my Aunt Stella Kay the night of the fire. Did you notice any resemblance between me and her?"

"The resemblance is extraordinary."

"He thinks I am a reincarnation of my Aunt Stella Kay and that I was closely associated with him in my past life from early childhood."

"It would mean much for him if it were so."

"Do you think it could be so?"

It came into the mind of Judson Chammon to say, "It would be easier for me to imagine that you were associated with me in a past life, for I feel now as if I had always known you," but he suppressed the thought and said instead:

"I have never believed in reincarnation, but I may be prejudiced."

Thinking of the intimacy that was developing between them he felt that if he remained at Elspeth Lodge it would be difficult if not impossible for him to resist the impulse to tell her that he loved her, and to do so would be almost a betrayal of the employer

who had been so kind to him. It would be unjust to her, too, he reasoned, for he could offer her nothing while Martin Tuppin could offer everything that made life worth living. But even if these objections did not exist, he told himself, it was absurd to think that she could prefer a man half deaf, half blind, and by no means handsome to one like Martin Tuppin, who seemed to him almost perfect physically. He determined that he must leave Elspeth Lodge as soon as Martin Tuppin returned. His thoughts were interrupted by Dorothy saying:

"I must telephone to Mrs. Carling. I should have done so before."

CHAPTER XXIII

MRS. MARGARET CARLING CONSULTS OUIJA

As the morning wore on without the return of either Dorothy or Judson, Mrs. Carling's anxiety grew. A little before noon Martin Tuppin arrived. At the railway station he had engaged a livery man to bring him home. Before reaching Elspeth Lodge they had noticed the body of Rab, and a brief examination had shown that he had been shot. As it was impossible to take the dead dog with them they drove on at full speed, Martin being full of anxiety about Dorothy. After telling him that Dorothy and Judson were both missing, Mrs. Carling said:

"Just before your arrival, Martin, I thought of getting out that ouija board which I bought some time ago, but never used. Friends of mine in New York obtained extraordinary information from spirits through the ouija."

"Aunt Margaret, I think all the supposed communications from spirits are merely due to personations by the subconscious minds of those who gather around the ouija board. It is a queer fact that the subconscious mind delights in the personation of spirits."

"Martin, my friends received information about happenings at a distance that afterward proved to be accurate."

"Aunt Margaret, that was simply due to the clairvoyant powers of the subconscious mind combined with its desire to personate."

"Well, what we want is information about the whereabouts of Stella and Judson, no matter how it comes to us, Martin."

Martin, without any expectation of information being obtained, but uncertain what steps should be taken, was per-

suaded by Mrs. Carling to sit down with her at a small card table with the ouija board between them.

"It won't take much time, Martin," said Mrs. Carling, "and it may save hours of vain search."

They placed their hands on the board and the indicator soon began to move. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Carling, who had been calling Dorothy by the name of Stella for weeks, now said: "Where is Dorothy Welcome?"

"She wept over the great dog."

"Where is she now?"

"She carries hot water in a bowl."

"Who is communicating?"

"Stella."

"What Stella?"

"Star."

At this moment the telephone rang and, going to answer it, Mrs. Carling heard the voice of Dorothy Welcome.

"Mrs. Carling, I am so sorry. I know I should have called you up before. You must have been very anxious."

"I was dreadfully anxious. Where are you now?"

"At Dr. Ruther's house trying to save Mr. Chammon's eyesight. He was terribly hurt in a fight with Albert Ellerton. We are waiting for Dr. Timothy Dell. Rab is dead."

"Yes. We know. Martin is home and he found Rab. The strangest thing has happened, Dorothy, but I can't tell you over the 'phone. When will you be home?"

"As soon as Dr. Dell comes to fix Mr. Chammon's eye. We expect him every minute."

When Mrs. Carling returned to the ouija board the indicator did not resume its activity and they could get no further response.

CHAPTER XXIII

DR. TIMOTHY DELL EXAMINES THE INJURED EYE

When Dr. Timothy Dell returned he said that Ellerton's injuries were not very serious.

"His collar bone is broken," said Dr. Dell, "but it is a curious fact, Mr. Chammon, that by accident you bound his arm in the exact position to set the broken collar bone and keep it in place. If the best surgeon in Canada had been on the spot to set the broken bone and bind up the arm to hold it in place he could not have done it more perfectly than you did without even knowing that anything was broken. It will quickly mend and be as good as ever."

"Is there any other injury?" said Dorothy.

"He complains of pain in his spine and he may have trouble with it for a long time, but there is no dangerous injury."

He examined Judson's eye again and said the constant application of hot cloths had probably saved his face from being permanently scarred.

"What about the sight?" said Dorothy. "That is more important than a scar."

"I am afraid that the shock of the blow was so great that a cataract may form," said Timothy.

"That would make me blind in the right eye," said Judson. "Would it affect the other eye? I have heard that owing to the sympathetic relationship between the two eyes a severe injury to one sometimes affects the other."

"Sometimes it does, but not always—not necessarily. I think we may hope for the best as regards the left eye. It appears to be in excellent condition."

"It is in good condition. Before this accident I believe the sight of both eyes was perfect."

"Do not be too pessimistic about the injured eye. Wonderful cures have been accomplished by faith and if we can arouse the healing power within you to activity it may restore the sight. Meanwhile you had better go to Toronto and consult an eye specialist."

Dorothy and Judson took dinner with Dr. Dell, Dorothy having prepared the meal. Early in the afternoon they returned to Elspeth Lodge.

After a general consultation all agreed that it was not desirable to give publicity to the capture of Dorothy and the encoun-

ter between Judson and Ellerton as Dorothy's name would be unpleasantly associated with the affair. It was decided that Martin Tuppin should pay Ellerton's passage to Texas and give him enough to live on there for six months on condition that he would agree never to return to Canada. After a good deal of cross-questioning Ellerton revealed that the owner of the stolen car was a St. Catharines business man. They telephoned to St. Catharines and the owner said if they would keep the car for a week a friend would drive him over and he would take his car home himself.

That evening Jessie, who had shared the anxiety of Mrs. Carling regarding the long absence of Dorothy and Judson, was called in to listen with the others to a full account of the morning adventure.

Next day about five o'clock in the evening Rab was buried with full honours in the grounds of Elspeth Lodge near the mountain brow. Timothy Dell and Mr. Donaldson were present as well as all the family at Elspeth Lodge. As they stood by the open grave Martin Tuppin announced that he intended to erect a monument to Rab, describing his intelligence, his loving faithfulness, and his brave death.

CHAPTER XXV

ANOTHER DRIVE TOGETHER

Before leaving Elspeth Lodge after the burial of Rab, Dr. Timothy Dell said:

"Chammon, I should like to look at that eye again to-morrow morning. Come to see me before ten o'clock. You can borrow that stolen car for the occasion. Dorothy, will you come with him to drive the car? I don't want him to use even his uninjured eye too much for a few days. Make him keep his eyes shut nearly all the time while you are driving. Can you undertake that for me, Dorothy?"

"Certainly," said Dorothy.

"We will have breakfast in time for them to start for Downmount at 8.30," said Mrs. Carling. "Will that be early enough, Dr. Dell?"

"That will suit me perfectly," said Timothy.

Judson made no remark, but immediately after breakfast

next morning by tacit understanding Dorothy went upstairs to put on her hat while he went out to get the car.

Before they were out of sight of Elspeth Lodge she began repeating to him the story of the ouija communication which Mrs. Carling had told her the night before.

"What do you think of it?" she said in conclusion.

"Probably subconscious mind clairvoyance," he replied.

"I don't know," she said. "It might really have been my Aunt Stella Kay. I wish that I could prove that she actually spoke to them. I don't want anyone to think of me as a reincarnation. I am sure that I am nobody but myself, and, although I suppose I am nothing to boast of, I don't wish to be anyone else."

They drove on in silence, but as they were driving down the Overland Road toward Downmount he said:

"Miss Welcome, I am glad of the opportunity to say good-bye."

"To say good-bye!" she repeated in astonishment. "Why good-bye?"

"I must leave Elspeth Lodge."

"Why must you leave Elspeth Lodge just when everything is being made so fine?"

"Elspeth Lodge will be fine for you, but not for me. I hope you will be very happy."

"I am only a temporary visitor at Elspeth Lodge," she said. "Why are you going away and where are you going? I don't see why you should talk of Elspeth Lodge being an unhappy place for you. Why are you unhappy?"

"Did I say I was unhappy?"

"Well, I thought that was what you meant."

"I can never be entirely happy anywhere. I love a girl whom I can never marry."

"Why can't you marry her if you love her?"

"Well, I'm not such a fool as to think any girl could fall in love with a man naturally homely and now disfigured, as well as deaf in both ears and blind in one eye."

"Don't be a goosey," she said. "She will love you twice as much on account of your eye."

"Even if I could persuade her to love me I could not ask her to marry me. I am poor. My mother and sister are partly dependent upon me. The widow and child of an elder brother

also need my help. I have at present no future prospects. I have ambition and feel that in the end I may accomplish something even with the handicap of deafness, but I could never ask her to make such a sacrifice for me, knowing she can marry a noble-hearted, generous, handsome, wealthy man, who can satisfy every wish, and would care for her as lovingly and tenderly as I would."

"And do you really love that girl and actually long to marry her yourself?"

"I love her with all my heart."

"How could she be happy if she knew that you were unhappy? I am sure that she will wait for you."

They drove on in silence. After a few minutes she said:

"You are not very deaf. You hear every word I say. I don't speak loudly to you."

"Yes, I hear you perfectly. Your voice, although low, is always so sweet and clear, but there are people whose voices are so indistinct that I have great difficulty in hearing them. Then there are people who speak either too low or too loud. They shout in my ear as if I were stone deaf. I always feel like knocking them down when they do that, but restrain my impulse, for I know their intentions are kindly."

"Judson, your eyes are wide open!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I promised Timothy Dell that I would make you keep them shut all the time during the drive, and I forgot all about it."

"How can I keep my eyes shut, Dorothy, when I can have the delight of looking at your face?"

If Dorothy had had any doubt about whom he meant when he said he loved a girl with all his heart this remark would have removed it. She replied:

"There will be plenty of time in the future to look at my face. Now you must save your eyes."

The uncertainty of mind which had made her unhappy ever since the scene between herself and Martin Tuppin on Observation Rock had passed away. She had definitely made her choice. In making it she had scarcely thought of reincarnation, but as they left the Overland Road and were driving along the Wellington Road toward Dr. Ruther's house, the thought came to her that as the wife of Judson Chammon the personality of Dorothy Welcome would never be lost in that of Stella Kay. There came with it a feeling of pity for Martin Tuppin, but

not the same active, dominating sympathy which she had felt when they stood together on Observation Rock.

Meanwhile Judson Chammon, sitting silently by her side with his eyes closed, was thinking that he had done what he had determined not to do. He remembered how he had advised Tom Markman to be master of himself and resist sudden impulses, and reflected that he had himself yielded to an impulse to say what he had no right to say. But in opposition to this reflection came the thought: "If she loves me, as I feel she docs, is it not her right to know that I love her? Perhaps, after all, it would have been wrong to have left Elspeth Lodge without telling her."

After a second examination of the injured eye, Timothy offered to go to Toronto with him to consult a specialist. The Toronto doctor thought the formation of a cataract almost inevitable, but Timothy did not give up hope. However, at the outbreak of the war a few weeks later Timothy went overseas with the Canadian expeditionary force. Judson's face soon recovered its normal appearance, and anyone but an expert oculist looking at both eyes three months afterward would have noticed no difference between them. Gradually a cataract formed over the injured eye, but it was several years before it was sufficiently opaque to attract the attention of the ordinary observer. The sight of the left eye continued so good that for all practical purposes he seemed to be able to see as well as before the accident.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE STRUGGLE IN THE HEART OF MARTIN TUPPIN

Mrs. Carling had no doubt that she had received a message from the spirit of Stella Kay. She ceased calling Dorothy by the name of Stella after telling her of the strange ouija communication. Martin Tuppín, although much impressed, was not so thoroughly convinced because he attached more importance to the powers of the subconscious mind. It seemed to him possible that his own subconscious mind might have co-operated in some strange way with the subconscious intelligence of Mrs. Carling to control the ouija and that the same combination might have brought to them a clairvoyant vision of

Dorothy weeping over the big dog and afterward carrying a bowl of hot water. Nevertheless, he felt that it involved less intricacy and was more in accord with known laws of human personality to suppose that the message actually came from the spirit of Stella Kay.

He thought of his long mourning for his boyish love and the vivid memory which had enabled him to reproduce on canvas the Hallowe'en tragedy. If Stella Kay was in Heaven thinking of him, could he be permanently happy in loving another woman? On the other hand he reasoned that in embracing Dorothy Welcome he had committed himself so far that he was in honour bound to ask her to marry him. Throughout his stay in New York he had dwelt on the memory of Dorothy in his arms, yielding with responsive sympathy to his embrace. Was he to give up all the delights he had been anticipating because of a ouija message that might after all be merely an outcome of the queer activities of the subconscious mind? The majority of men who lost their wives by death married again, and he recalled the statement of Jesus in reply to a question, "In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." Yet he had interpreted this to mean no marriage in the earthly sense and had never regarded it as conflicting with belief in the reunion in heaven of a man and a woman whose souls were in affinity. He had made all arrangements for the completion of the big house and the furnishing of it with the expectation of marriage. He had been indulging in happy dreams of the patter of little feet and the sound of children's laughter.

A week passed before he had an opportunity for another private talk with Dorothy. In the meantime, Mrs. Carling had somewhat recovered from the effect of the ouija communication, and her desire to see him married to Dorothy revived.

When he asked Dorothy to marry him she told him she had been so moved with sympathy for him when they stood together on Observation Rock that she forgot everything else, but at that very time she had in the bottom of her heart a feeling of love for another man that had since so developed as to fill her whole heart.

"That man is Judson Chammon," he said.

"Yes. I think you should know. I really could not help it, and it is not his fault. I think the seed of it entered my heart the first time I saw him, long before I saw you. But even if I

did not love him it would seem to me like intruding in a sacred place for me to enter your heart. Your love for Stella Kay was so beautiful that it would seem like sacrilege if it were merged in any other love. I believe that she is living and loving and waiting for you. You have painted the tragedy of her earthly life, the death scene, wonderfully. Why not paint her living instead of dead? Why not paint some of those many scenes of her childhood that you have told me about? Paint her as a little girl when you first knew her and hang the pictures on the walls of the big house. And then I wonder if you could not paint her as she will look when you meet her there—the same as she looked here, but idealized, full of life and hope and love.”

“Dorothy,” he said, “I shall paint her as a child and as an angel exactly as you have suggested.”

PART TEN

DR. RUTHER COMES HOME

CHAPTER I

DR. RUTHER READS THE DOWNMOUNT WEEKLY GLEANER

Dr. Ruther and his mother, after visiting all the other British West India colonies, excepting the Bahamas, were in Jamaica when war was declared. During their stay in that colony they had spent the greater part of the time at Moneague and at Mandeville in the highlands when they were not motoring about the island, but they were at the Myrtle Bank Hotel in Kingston when the Germans began to march through Belgium. The newspapers issued frequently extras with war news and they read every report with excitement. In the first place Dr. Ruther expected that the Germans would meet disaster when they encountered the British and he had no thought of volunteering to go overseas, but when it became apparent that the British forces were inadequate he felt that every Canadian with military training should enlist. His mother's health had been greatly benefited by the trip and no longer caused anxiety. The recently inherited property in Vancouver yielded an income that made them independent, so that it was not necessary for him to stay at home to support his mother. He said to Mrs. Ruther:

"Mother, when I was about twelve years old you told my brother and me that you would rather have both your sons killed in battle than have either of them fail to fight in defence of Canada if the country were in danger."

"I have no recollection of saying any such thing," said Mrs. Ruther. "If I did say it, what I had in mind was an invasion of Canada, not going across the ocean to fight in defence of France. Surely you do not think of going over there. Why, you might be worse than killed. You might be terribly mutilated."

"Mother, I do not like the thought of leaving you and have no desire to share in the adventures of war or the glories of it, if such there be, and I confess that I shrink from the thought of being mutilated, but I believe England is in real danger now

unless a mighty effort is made. I have often said that if England should ever be in danger of invasion every Canadian fit to bear arms should go to her aid. With what face could I go about Downmount after all I have said if I did not offer my services now?"

The next day he cabled to the Canadian Minister of Militia offering himself for overseas service, stating that he had served six years in the Canadian Militia and had retired with the rank of major. He asked for an answer at Downmount, Ontario, as he would return to Canada by the next ship. He had been introduced to General Sam Hughes, the Canadian Minister of Militia, by a mutual friend at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, about a year before and the conversation had taken a turn that he thought General Hughes would remember favourably.

When he returned to the Myrtle Bank Hotel after sending the cablegram the hotel clerk handed him a newspaper in the wrapper of *The Downmount Weekly Gleaner*, addressed to himself. From the addresses and the postmarks it was evident that it had been in the postoffices of Trinidad, Barbados, and Trinidad again before following the travellers to Jamaica.

He found his mother sitting on a bench on the broad verandah where the hot rays of the tropical sunshine did not reach her, but the refreshing afternoon breeze from the ocean fanned her face. The cocoanut trees in the grove between the hotel and the sea were bending in the wind. She did not notice that he had come and he watched her face for a few moments before speaking. He thought it looked sad, yet there was a certain expression of exaltation as of one who has made a sacrifice for the right. When she noticed him and greeted him with a smile he said:

"No letters, Mother, but a newspaper for me."

As he sat down beside her he tore the wrapper from his newspaper, and noting the marked article read the heading.

"Jackson Ruther!" exclaimed his mother, as she watched his face. "What is the matter?"

"I shall tell you in a moment, Mother."

He read the whole article silently and then handed the newspaper to his mother. As she was reading it he put a hand to his eyes and she heard a suppressed sob. She had no recollection of seeing him cry since he was two years old. She stretched out a hand and laid it on the hand that rested on his knee, pressing it tenderly.

Recovering his composure in a few moments he said:

"Mother, I must cable at once to her father."

He walked at a rapid pace to the cable office and sent the following cablegram to Lawrence Overland:

"Just received newspaper report of tragedy. How is Nancy? Sailing August nineteen. Arrive New York about August twenty-four. Cable me Jamaica."

CHAPTER II

DELAYED INFORMATION

When the editor of the *Downmount Weekly Gleaner* left the paper containing the first account of the tragedy in the Endicott Hotel in Timothy Dell's hands, while he hurried away to stop the press, Timothy put it in a drawer of Dr. Ruther's desk. It was not until John Ransom was out of danger and making swift progress toward recovery under the care of his wife that Timothy Dell showed the newspaper to the Overland family and read the article aloud to them.

"All but two copies of the *Gleaner* were destroyed as soon as the editor knew the truth," said Timothy, as he finished reading the article to the Overland family. "I have one copy and the editor of the *Gleaner* mailed the other to Dr. Ruther in Trinidad immediately after it left the press."

"How fortunate that no one in Downmount but you read the article, Timothy," said Nancy. "How could you keep it secret from me so long?"

"I thought it wise not to show it to you while you were nursing John Ransom," said Timothy. "Afterwards, I intended to bring the *Gleaner* over and show you the article, but kept postponing it. Once I did bring it over, but you had callers and I did not wish to mention it before them."

"I think it strange that Dr. Ruther did not write to us after reading that awful story in the *Gleaner*," said Mrs. Overland. "That was over two months ago."

"The newspaper may have gone astray. I am sure a letter of mine telling him all about the case did not reach him, as I have received no answer, although he has written me about other cases. He is travelling about from island to island, and I suppose the mail connections are not very good as regards following a traveller from place to place. I am glad he did not

get the newspaper, for it would have given him a terrible shock."

At this moment there was a ring at the door bell. When Nancy went to the door Chester Worth stood there.

"The Great Northwestern Telegraph office in Downmount asked me to bring this cablegram for your father as I was passing," he said. "They told me it was from Jamaica. I imagine it is from Dr. Ruther."

"Come in, Mr. Worth; Father will be glad to get the cablegram," said Nancy.

Lawrence Overland opened Dr. Ruther's cablegram and read it aloud.

"Evidently he got the newspaper and didn't get your letter, Timothy," he said. "What reply shall I make? You and I must frame a reply that will clearly explain the situation."

"There is no use trying to give details in a cablegram," said Timothy. "It will be sufficient to say: 'No truth in Gleaner story. Nancy perfectly well.'"

"That will do," said Mr. Overland. "Will you take it to the telegraph office, Timothy? You are going to town."

"Yes. I shall go at once."

Timothy lost no time, but owing to war conditions the cablegram was not received in Jamaica until after Dr. Ruther sailed. On arriving in New York he immediately telegraphed, saying he had received no reply to his Jamaica cablegram about Nancy. Mr. Overland was passing Luke's drug store, where the Great Northwestern Telegraph office was located, when a clerk ran out and handed him Dr. Ruther's telegram. He went into the drug store and, with a smile on his face, wrote the following reply:

"Now feeling well and going about as usual."

"As he has come so near home without learning the truth he may as well wait a little longer, and have a pleasant surprise when he gets here," said Mr. Overland to his wife and Nancy that evening. Marjorie was visiting a friend in Toronto.

Nancy made no comment, but there came to her mind a remembrance of her first drive with Dr. Ruther after she sold her hair, and the wish she had expressed that she might have a pock-marked face just long enough to see whether he would love her the same as before.

CHAPTER III

A KISS IN THE DARK

When Dr. Ruther and his mother got into the village omnibus at Downmount Station they found that they were the only passengers, and arranged with the driver to take them to the Overland farmhouse, leaving their baggage, with the exception of two handbags, at the station to be called for next day.

"Do you wish me to come with a motor car later in the evening to take you home," said the driver as they left the omnibus.

"If we want a car I shall telephone you!" said Dr. Ruther.

They were heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Overland, who were alone. "Nancy is doing finely," said Mr. Overland. "She went over to see Elsie Worth and has not returned. You might go over and get her, Jackson. Your mother can entertain us with travel stories while you are gone. I'll telephone Chester Worth that you are on the way."

He went to the telephone, and, coming back said:

"Elsie says that Nancy left for home about three minutes ago and Chester is with her. She suggests that you go to meet them half way and let Chester return home."

The night was intensely dark, but Dr. Ruther knew every foot of the way, both consciously and subconsciously. As he walked through the darkness he tried to picture Nancy with a disfigured face. He had many memory pictures of her that came to his mind with the vividness of reality—a picture of her as a little child lying on a sofa when Lawrence Overland first summoned him to save her life; a picture of her sitting on a school bag sliding down an icy hill and waving her hand to him; a picture of her offering him a cup of ginger tea as he stood before the fireplace warming his hands when he first brought her to his mother on a stormy winter day; a picture of her sitting beside him in his buggy with her long hair flying in the wind, and with that picture another of her face as she talked to him the first Saturday after she sold her hair to the peddler; then a picture of her no longer a child but a young woman standing at a kitchen table, pausing in the task of making bread just before he kissed her on the evening that she first heard her mother's story of the death of Stella Kay; a picture of her as she sat beside him on a fallen tree talking of an imaginary log cabin; a picture of her face as he saw it on the pillow of his own bed when he suddenly turned on the

electric light and instantly turned it off again; a picture of her as she stood in her nightdress in his library reading the little book, "Birds and Babies," while the early morning sunlight touched her face and played on her hair; a picture of her as she looked at the dance in the Overland barn just after she had seen him dancing with Millie Mornington Townley Sweden; but when he tried to picture her face marred by terrible burns his mind became a blank.

He had gone more than half the distance when he heard footsteps on the road.

"Who goes there?" he said.

"Chester Worth," was the reply. "I know your voice, Dr. Ruther. Welcome home!"

"Chester, may I have Nancy?"

"Certainly, you may have her, Dr. Ruther, but I wouldn't trust her to anyone else on this dark road. I don't think I was ever out before in such a black night. Why! we can't see each other's face, but give me a shake of your hand. It is good to touch you again. Take Nancy's arm, and don't let her away from you for one minute or you won't be able to find her again in this blackness. I'll go back to look for the lights of home. Come over soon to tell Elsie and me about your travels, Dr. Ruther. Goodbye, Nancy."

As Chester Worth turned homeward, Dr. Ruther did not even think of Nancy's face. There was nothing in his heart and mind, but the feeling of her presence quite close to him as she walked beside him in the darkness. Neither had addressed the other. Nancy broke the silence by saying:

"I am sure Father has told you I am quite well, Dr. Ruther, and if you don't mind I would rather talk this evening about what you and your mother saw in the West Indies than about anything that happened in Downmount while you were away."

"Nancy," he said, "I cannot talk to you tonight about our travels. I can think of nothing in the world but you. I have loved you ever since you were a little child, but never in my life before did I love you with such intensity as I love you now. If there had not been such a wide gulf of years between us I should have told you how much I loved you that day when we sat together in the woods talking of love in a log cabin. I restrained myself then, but I cannot restrain myself now. I am carried away by my feelings. It may be wrong to ask you to marry me, taking into consideration not only the great difference in years, but also the fact that I am going overseas to the war, but at this

moment I feel so strongly that we belong to each other for all eternity that a difference of seventeen years seems of little consequence."

"What you call the gulf of years between us has been bridged by your love; but do you realize what it means to have a wife with a dreadfully disfigured face?"

Nancy was by nature an actress, having in a remarkable degree the power of forgetting herself in the part she was playing, and at this moment she almost imagined herself to have a disfigured face, a bald head and a blind eye as she knew Dr. Ruther believed.

"Nancy, you are mine, now and forever, and I must have a kiss."

"Here in the darkness?"

"Yes, now."

As he threw his arm around her waist, she said:

"You are as masterful now as on the day you put me in your overcoat."

The chronicler has no record of what happened after this until they were walking up the gravel drive to the Overland home, when Dr. Ruther said:

"Nancy, I have volunteered for war service. Will you marry me before I go?"

"I will if you are quite sure that you want me after you really see my face, my eyes and my hair in a good light. Here we are at the house. Let us step on the verandah and turn on the electric light. You press the button while I take off my hat."

The electric light flooded the verandah in spite of the darkness of the night, and, as she stood directly under it, revealed to his astonished gaze the undiminished beauty of her face, her eyes and her hair.

Five years afterward when Marjorie described Nancy's masquerading to Timothy Dell he said:

"Such deception seems to me altogether unlike Nancy and unworthy of her."

In defence of her sister, Marjorie replied:

"The trouble with you, Timothy, is that you have got fixed in your head the idea that everything Nancy does must be perfect."

"I am sure you would not do such a thing," said Timothy.

"As I have not her beauty there would not be the same excuse for it," said Marjorie, "but I can understand the feeling that prompted her action—the feeling that one's self, the ego, is quite

distinct from the body, and a desire to know that it was really herself that her lover cared for rather than the ephemeral charm of physical beauty. And yet how little is known of this ego, what it is, where it begins, or where it ends. One feels it, but does not understand it; and why should anyone be attracted by a thing so indefinite?"

PART ELEVEN

THE KIN OF THE SOLDIERS

CHAPTER I

THE HUMAN HEART THE SAME NOW AS WHEN HOMER SANG OF HECTOR

Dr. Ruther and Nancy were married twenty-four hours after they became engaged. In debating the question in his own mind before urging immediate marriage Dr. Ruther had reasoned that if he were killed in the war it would be no worse for her than if she were the widow of a soldier the same age as herself. He secured a commission as major in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, but soon after arrival in England accepted an offer of transfer to the British army with the same rank, finding that it would enable him to get to the front more quickly than he could with the Canadian forces. This is not a war chronicle and will not attempt to describe how Major Ruther, while trying to rescue a wounded comrade, was captured by Germans and how he escaped, nor will it discuss the question whether he was right or wrong in offering his services as a surgeon to the Germans until he had an opportunity to escape, but it may be noted that when serving afterward as surgeon with the Canadian forces he found the experience gained in operations on wounded Germans helped to fit him to undertake delicate operations.

Norman Donaldson, having been rejected by the medical examiners on account of a defect in vision which had never caused him serious inconvenience in his studies, continued as Principal of the Downmount High School. With the assistance of a committee of school teachers he organized a farewell to the first contingent of Downmount soldiers going overseas. The proprietors of the Arena Skating Rink, the largest building in the town, placed it at the disposal of the committee. Boys from both the High School and the public school were enlisted to borrow chairs. They called at every house in town and did not meet with one refusal. It was afterward said that everyone in

Downmount was present, and that was not a great exaggeration. The choirs of all the churches united for the occasion under the leadership of Mr. Donaldson. Father Malcolm, of the Roman Catholic Church, acted as chairman, while the Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, and Baptist clergymen sat beside him on the platform. The success of the farewell meeting inspired Mr. Donaldson to organize a permanent choral society, including the choirs of all the churches and a number of selected pupils from the High School. They gave a number of entertainments during the war, devoting the proceeds to the relief of soldiers' families. Nancy sang as a soloist at these concerts.

Martin Tuppin offered for enlistment, but his heart was found to be weak, and as he was approaching the age limit the medical examiner said he could not stand the strain of war service. He contributed generously to relief funds for soldiers' families both in Canada and in England, and when Downmount Sheet Metal Products Limited required capital to build and equip an extension for shell manufacture he subscribed for the whole issue of the bonds. However, he became more and more absorbed in painting a picture of Stella Kay as an angel.

Judson Chammon did not think the fact that he was hard of hearing and could see with only one eye should unfit him for soldiering, but the medical examiners did not agree with him. He tried to enlist in Downmount, Hamilton, Toronto and Ottawa without success. Martin Tuppin wished him to continue his secretarial work at Elspeth Lodge, giving special attention to filing newspaper clippings about the war, but he preferred to accept a position with the Imperial Munitions Board in Ottawa. Often when he watched regiments of newly enlisted Canadian soldiers marching through Ottawa on the way to the war he wished that he were marching with them. When Downmount Sheet Metal Products Limited began the manufacture of shells, Mr. Janverson, at the suggestion of Mr. Tuppin, offered Judson a position, which he accepted, and before the war ended he was Mr. Janverson's chief assistant, with the title of Assistant General Manager. Shortly after receiving this appointment he and Dorothy were married, and on the urgent invitation of Martin Tuppin and Mrs. Carling the young couple took up their residence at Elspeth Lodge. Mr. Tuppin told Judson that the house was altogether too big for him and Mrs. Carling alone and that they needed the companionship of young people. He said also that his doctor had advised him

that while he might live to be an old man he might at any time drop dead of heart disease, and he would like to think that in case of his sudden death Mrs. Carling would not be left alone. He had made a will providing that Elspeth Lodge and his interest in Downmount Sheet Metal Products Limited would belong to Mrs. Carling during her lifetime if she survived him and that after her death they would become the property of Judson and Dorothy.

Dr. Timothy Dell, while working in hospitals in England and France, was always impressing on the nurses the value of faith in giving a soldier recuperative power after an operation. He attributed much of his success as a surgeon to faith healing.

It would require a volume to describe in detail the fervid zeal of Tom Markman and all his daring trench raiding as a soldier of the Canadian Corps, but even if space could be given to his adventures in this chronicle no reader would follow them with interest as absorbing as that of Sisera Madeline in reading his weekly letters or listening to news of his exploits sent to Downmount by admiring comrades.

Bill Parton was one of the first to enlist, and it may seem strange to some of those who know his record in Downmount that he made a good soldier, fought bravely, and died in battle. Mrs. Parton and Sisera, proud of his war record and forgetting all the evil in him, shed tears when news of his death came to them.

Nancy's cousin, Brock Ferguson, enlisted when war was declared and went overseas with the First Canadian Contingent in October, 1914. When Grandma Overland celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday in February, 1917, Nancy set a British flag in the centre of the birthday cake. When the cake was cut Grandma Overland said: "Let us send this flag to Brock."

"That is a fine idea, Grandma," said Nancy, "but let us send it first to Aunt Priscilla to put on the birthday cake of Brock's other grandmother, for her birthday is just one week from to-day. Thus it will go overseas to Cousin Brock with the blessing of two grandmothers and their best wishes for a speedy victory." Brock received the flag some weeks later, and when the First Division of the Canadian Corps, attacking Vimy Ridge on April 9, 1917, reached their objective, known to the men as the Brown line because it was so marked on the maps which they studied before making the attack, Brock planted the flag of his two grandmothers and stood beside it

looking down on the mining villages and factories of the great plain of Douai, which lay below.

Those who know the history and the character of Jack Ruther's wife can understand the struggle in Millie's heart when she had to decide the question whether Jack should enlist for war service or not. As she had told Dr. Ruther at the ball in the Overland barn Nature intended her to be a wife and a mother and all her instincts craved that life, but through no fault of her own she had been twice a widow before marrying her first lover, and she believed that if Jack went to the war he would surely be killed. Yet she felt that she would be ashamed of her husband if he did not offer to enlist. Jack was becoming a successful lawyer. He had natural ability, was personally popular, and the wealth of his wife enabled them to entertain freely, while her beauty and charm of manner made friends for both. In the early months of the war she expected every day that Jack would ask her to approve of his going overseas and looked forward with dread to the moment when she would have to decide, but as time passed without even the slightest suggestion from Jack that he should enlist the feeling of dread was displaced by vague dissatisfaction. Even when their baby boy came she had not that unalloyed happiness which she had expected. The fact that Jack was a materialist while she was a Christian Scientist no doubt had something to do with her state of mind, but the chief cause of her unrest was the feeling that he was failing in his duty. It was not until the 15th of January, 1916, that Jack said:

"Millie, what would you say to my enlisting? I can't help feeling a bit ashamed when I see so many fellows going. There's Joe Carlross, a married man with two children and no money, but with bright prospects as a brilliant young lawyer. He told me to-day that he felt it was his duty to enlist and his wife agreed with him. He is going as a private. I have been offered a commission as lieutenant. You and our boy will never be in need of money even if I should be killed."

What a tumult of emotions in the heart of Millie! But Jack did not have to wait for an answer.

"I hate to think of it, Jack, but I feel it is the right thing to do," she said.

But when Jack said good-bye to his wife and little boy she repented and clung to his arm, bemoaning the fate of herself and child, who she felt sure would never see his father again and would not even remember him.

How many wives and mothers were affected in the same way during that sad war, and how little human nature has changed during the thousands of years since Hector said good-bye to his wife, Andromache, and their baby son, whom the Trojans called Astyanax. Returning from the battle to urge his brother, Paris, not to sulk at home but join in the fight, Hector, after brief conversations with Paris and his consort Helen, who despised her handsome husband for loitering at home when he should be fighting, had hastened to his own palace just to have one moment's look at his wife and child, thinking that he might never see them again, but Andromache, distracted with fear for her husband's safety, had hastened with her little boy and the child's nurse to the highest tower of Troy to watch the raging battle. Sickening at the sight and failing with her searching eyes to locate her husband on the battlefield, Andromache was turning homeward when she saw Hector, who was striding swiftly through the streets of Troy in search of her. She hastened to him and clinging to his arm said tearfully:

"My brave Hector, thy own courage will destroy thee, and thou hast no pity for thy infant son and me, ill fated, who soon shall be a widow, for the Greeks will destroy thee. I have lost my father, mother and seven brothers, but thou, my Hector, art husband, father, mother and brother to me, and if I lose thee it would be better to sink beneath the earth. For me there will be nothing but sorrows when thou hast drawn death on thyself. Come now, have mercy on me. Do not make thy son an orphan and thy wife a widow. Do not expose thyself to needless danger in the open field, when thou canst do greater service for the defence of Troy by stationing thyself with thy men by the fig tree, where the city is most accessible and the wall is assailable, for there the Greeks have thrice made attacks, selecting that point by direction of their soothsayers."

In reply to her, great Hector said:

"In truth, my wife, all these things are a care to me also, and I have greater dread of thy sad fate than for the fall of Troy, but I cannot skulk as a coward from the war."

He stretched forth his arms to take his child from the nurse, but the baby, frightened by the shining helmet and the nodding plume on top of it, bent backward to the bosom of the nurse, crying. Both Hector and Andromache laughed at this, and Hector, immediately removing from his head the shining helmet with its nodding plume, placed it on the ground. Then the child, no longer afraid of his father, willingly went to him. Hector

kissed him, dandled him in his arms, and, after addressing to Jupiter and the other gods a prayer for his son's future, placed the child in the arms of his dear wife. She received him on her sweet bosom, smiling tearfully, but her husband pitying her, soothed her, gently wiped away her tears and addressed her:

"Be not grieved at all in soul, I pray, for no man will send me forward to Hades beyond my destiny. No man can escape fate, neither the coward nor indeed the brave. Return, dear wife, to thy home duties. The war will be a care to all the men, but to me most of all, who are born in Ilion."

Perhaps three thousand years have passed since Homer sang the praise of Hector, but if he had come back to earth to tell the story of the greatest war the world has ever known, while he would have been amazed at all the changes produced by human science and invention since the siege of Troy, he would have found no change whatever in the human heart. There were no shining helmets with tossing plumes to frighten babies in our great war, but Homer would have had to change scarcely a line to make his picture of the emotional scene between Hector and Andromache serve for a description of a modern war-time farewell.

But unlike Hector, Jack Ruther came back unharmed to his wife and child at the end of the war; and when he visited Downmount with his wife and little son, Marjorie said triumphantly to Nancy:

"You see I was right! Jack is already becoming bald and stout."

"I admit that you were a prophet, Marjorie," said Nancy, "but you can't deny that both baldness and stoutness are becoming to him."

"He does look rather nice," said Marjorie.

"As a thanksoffering for his safe return," said Nancy, "Millie has decided to give fifty thousand dollars for the establishment and maintenance of a Christian Science Church in Downmount, and she will bring over from Buffalo, to take charge of it Mr. George Densil, the Christian Science healer who cured her of tuberculosis. The Christian Scientists will carry on their work in the hall in the 'Gleaner' building until the church is built. Millie says Mr. Densil has wonderful powers as a healer. If the stories they tell of him are true, he must be peculiarly endowed with the power of arousing faith and drawing healing energy from Nature."

CHAPTER III

SINNING WITH A FRIEND

Dr. Ruther and his wife did not have a wedding trip as he had many things to arrange before going overseas. His mother welcomed his wife to her home as a daughter whom she had coveted ever since the child Nancy first visited her. The deep love and sympathy that had so long existed between these two helped them both to bear the sorrows and anxieties of the war period.

Another member of their household who had almost as strong a personal interest in the war as they had was Sisera Madeline, who became Nancy's handmaiden the day after Tom Markman left Downmount for Valcartier, preparatory to going overseas. Sisera was really Nancy's pupil during the whole period of her service. In teaching her Nancy was influenced not only by sympathy for the child herself, but also by the thought that she might be the means of saving and elevating Markman.

Before going overseas Markman had told Sisera his life story, not concealing anything, yet it must be said, doing his utmost to create the impression that it was not his real self who tried to wreck the railway train. This girl, who was just approaching that period of life when childhood begins to lose itself in womanhood, warm-hearted, intelligent and quick to understand, listened quietly, asking no questions. His kindness to her, the fact that Nancy, knowing all, had called him Brother Tom and permitted him to call her Sister Nancy, and his prompt enlistment for overseas service had all influenced her judgment, and when he told his story she had put her little hand in his hand, which rested on the fallen tree where they sat together, and said: "I am sure you will never do such a thing again."

Sisera always showed Nancy the weekly letters she received from "Friend Tom," as he signed himself, and her own letters in reply. Nancy often made suggestions for Sisera's letters with a view to making them helpful to "Friend Tom." One day about four months after the outbreak of the war Sisera brought her a letter from Markman in which was a long quotation entitled "A Friend," which he said he had copied from a newspaper. It read as follows:

"What is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, to appear to be nothing,

only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, express what you feel. He is shocked at nothing, offended at nothing, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions that lead others to misjudge you. With him you breathe free. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can show your little vanities and hates and vicious sparks, your meannesses and absurdities, and in opening them up to him, they are lost, dissolved in the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, berate him. It makes no matter. He loves you. He is like fire that purifies all you do. He is like water that cleanses all you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands, he understands, he understands. You can sin with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves you. A friend, I repeat, is the one with whom you dare to be yourself."

"Sisera," said Nancy, "I should like to write a letter to Friend Tom about that and show it to you before I send it. May I?"

"Certainly," said Sisera. "He will be proud to have a letter from you. He thinks of you as an angel. He told me so."

The letter which Nancy wrote to Tom read as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER TOM:

"Sisera showed me the description of 'A Friend,' which you sent her. There is good in it, but there lurks in it an evil which may do a great deal of harm because it is one of those insidious things which, wrapped up in something that seems good, have a more harmful influence than if they stood alone. The evil I refer to is that reference to sinning with a friend as if friendship were an extenuation of sinning associated with it. A young woman decides that a certain thing is wrong. Her conscience tells her it is wrong. She has a friend for whom she cares a great deal, and the friend says to her: 'There's no harm in it or if there is harm let us sin together and bear the penalty together if penalty there be.' She has read that insidious thing about sinning with a friend, and she is impressed with that evil idea that one should even be willing to sin for the sake of a friend. But there is nothing else in all the world so likely to kill a friendship as the idea that it is justifiable or excusable to

sin with a friend. To do wrong for the sake of friendship or of love never brings good to the loved one. It always brings harm. That is an inexorable, unchangeable law. A man or a woman who does wrong to please a friend or a lover always harms the friend or the lover. That is in accordance with the great divine law of consequence.

"Dear Tom, that article you copied for Sisera contained one great truth. Frankness is essential to friendship. Concealment of a sin degrades one more in the esteem of a friend than the sin itself, and there is an element of truth in what is said about the tolerance of friendship, but it is not true that a real friend 'does not want you to be better,' and that idea that with a real friend you may be careless in dress or in conduct, go without your collar, wear dirty clothes or unpolished shoes, is as absurd as it is untrue. The friend tolerates it, but he has less esteem for you. How many a woman thinks it of no consequence how she dresses after she has won a man's love. The woman who thinks that because her husband cares for her she can go about the house in slovenly dress makes a great mistake; the man who thinks it makes no difference whether he wears a clean collar in his wife's presence, and that he can go about with a dirty, unshaven face if there are no visitors, makes a great mistake; and slatternly, slovenly conduct—those little vanities, hates, vicious sparks and meannesses to which that writer refers so lightly—cannot be indulged in with a friend without lessening the friendship or lowering its level. Human nature is so constituted that there never was a friend or a lover, a husband or a wife, indifferent to such things. They always have a subtle effect. Even the slattern has more respect for one who is neat and careful in dress than for a slattern like herself, and this is just as true of conduct as of dress. In short, while there is a certain element of truth in that little article entitled 'A Friend,' it is mostly gush, and no one who understands human nature could write such nonsense as it contains.

"Of course, tolerance and forbearance regarding faults are essentials of friendship and of love, for we all have our faults, but we love each other not because of the faults, but because of the virtues we realize to exist, and the deepening of friendship, the growth of friendship, between two persons depends upon a deeper realization of the noble qualities which each possesses.

"Dear Brother Tom, I am sure you will not mind my writing to you in this way. I have read all your letters to Sisera. I like them and have found them very interesting. I am always interested in everything you do.

"Yours sincerely,

"SISTER NANCY."

Before asking Sisera to read the letter Nancy showed it to Dr. Ruther's mother, saying:

"Knowing the passionate, impulsive nature of Tom Markman, and the child's devotion to him, and remembering the life story of Sisera's mother, I felt that if those two got the notion that sinning with a friend is an excusable thing it might lead to something that would make us all sorry that he ever met her. That is why I wrote this letter, Mother."

CHAPTER IV

MISSING

"Missing!" A more heart-wearing message than "Killed!" It does not carry with it the thrill of pride and hero-worship that accompanies an announcement of death on the field of battle. There is the desolation of loss without the comforting thought that the loved one is enjoying the felicity of Heaven.

Mrs. Daniel Ruther was out, Sisera was visiting her mother, and Nancy was alone in the house when the official letter came announcing that Major Jackson Ruther was missing. She sat motionless with the letter in her hand, all her faculties seeming to be benumbed. Then with the revival of her power to think came memories, and the first of them was the story his mother had told her when she was a child, of his sorrow over the accidental smashing of a bird's egg, which he had taken from a nest in a black-currant bush one rainy day when he was a little boy, intending only to look at it and return it to the nest. This memory suggested others of talks with him about birds when she was a child. She remembered particularly the day she had stood on his shoulders while she peered into a bird's nest, and how he had said softly to himself, "I wonder shall I ever have a nest and birdlings of my own." Then came to her mind Ethel Coxhead's poem, "Birds and Babies," and all the

scenes associated with it in her memory. Finally she thought of Walt Whitman's "Out of the Cradle." She went to the bookshelf and taking a book of Whitman's poems, read :

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was
growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with
bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing
them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes, my brother, I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the
shadows.

Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and
sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long.

Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its waves soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one
close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate
back again if you only would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some
of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols.

But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment you husky-nois'd sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come im-
mediately to me.

Hither my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere,
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

*O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.*

*O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.*

*O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.*

Dr. Ruther's mother returning home, found her with the official letter in one hand and Walt Whitman's poems in the other. Her cheeks were wet with tears.

CHAPTER V

A BABY'S FEET, A BABY'S HANDS, A BABY'S EYES

Nancy and her mother-in-law anxiously waited for letters and watched the newspapers, sometimes hoping, sometimes despairing. Nancy's health at this time did not permit her to engage in any active work and her chief comfort was to read books from Dr. Ruther's library. He had had a habit of writing his comments on the margins of the pages of the books he read, and it seemed to her like coming into communion with him again to read his thoughts inscribed in these books. One day she took from a shelf a volume of Swinburne's poems. The first poem she noticed was entitled "Etude Réaliste." She read it as follows:

"A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

"Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

"No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

"A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

"Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

"No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

"A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

"Love while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in their paradise.

"Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise;
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes."

Sisera coming into the room half an hour later found Nancy sitting there with the book in her lap. She was fast asleep, but there was a soft, sweet, happy smile on her face.

When Nancy awakened she saw Sisera standing beside her chair looking at her. She had in her hand three letters. One was for Sisera herself from Friend Tom. The other two were in the well-known handwriting of Dr. Jackson Ruthier and were for his mother and his wife, telling of his capture by the Germans and his escape. Sisera was so full of joy for Nancy when she got the letters from the post office that she ran all the way home, and did not open her own letter from Friend Tom until she was assured that Dr. Ruthier was safe and well.

CHAPTER VI

OVERLAND RUTHER, WAR BOY

Nancy became the mother of a boy on June 3, 1915. He was named Overland Ruther, but Marjorie called him Landie. Nancy's letters to her husband overseas during the next four years, if published in a book, might have been entitled "The History of a War Baby." Everything he did was recorded in her letters, and Sisera took nearly as much interest in watching his daily development and reporting his doings as the baby's mother and grandmother did.

As soon as he was old enough to notice anything Nancy showed him the photograph of his father in uniform, and when he was a little older she made him kiss the photograph every day. She had the photograph enlarged to life size for this purpose. The first word he uttered was "father" and he said it with perfect distinctness the first time to the amazement of all his relatives. Before he was old enough to send a message to his father Nancy invented messages for him, and sent them in her letters. It was a joyful day when Overland of his own accord sent a real message to "Father."

Nancy was puzzled at first how to distinguish between the three grandmothers, but on the suggestion of Dr. Ruther's mother it was decided to teach him to call his great-grandmother Grandma, his maternal grandmother Grannie, and his paternal grandmother Grannie Laura. However, when he was able to talk he insisted upon calling his father's mother simply Laura, much to her delight.

What a little child knows depends to a great extent upon the things he hears about. Everyone about Overland talked of war, and as he grew old enough to ask questions his mother, his paternal grandmother, Sisera and Dan Welland, an old soldier employed as gardener and man of all work about the Ruther grounds, were constantly called upon to make explanations. Sisera delighted to tell him about trench warfare as described by Friend Tom. Dan Welland, too old to fight himself, had a son at the front whose letters were full of information about trenches and the use of shells. Dan dug a trench in the garden to show Overland what trench warfare meant, and although the land the trench occupied and the time it took to dig it might have been used advantageously in growing vegetables, Nancy and Grandma Ruther did not make the slightest objection.

When he was three years and four months old Nancy was invited by Mr. Janverson to visit the munition factory and see the manufacture of shells. Overland accompanied her as he always did wherever she went, and he asked Mr. Janverson more questions about the shells than Nancy did. That evening he told his grandfather, who had come over to Dr. Ruthers house to see him, all he knew about shells. When Lawrence Overland returned home he said to his wife and his daughter Marjorie:

"That boy has his mother's beauty with a certain force and firmness added to his face that he gets from his father. As regards intellect neither his father nor his mother at the same age could compare with him. Why he knows more about trenches than I do and you should hear him talk about shells."

But Nancy did not allow him to give his whole attention to such things. She often told him stories and she sang hymns to him every day. He loved to hear his mother's voice. There was one hymn that he particularly liked, "There is a Happy Land." He always insisted upon a repetition of the lines:

"Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye.
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die."

He would say, "Sing 'Kept by a Father's Hand' again, Mother." Nancy sometimes wondered just what conception there was in the child's mind as she sang those words.

Sisera was getting too old to be seen playing with a doll, but she had not lost her fondness for Friend Tom's gift, and it was a joy to her when Overland took a fancy for the doll and liked to sit in her lap holding it in his arms. Even when Overland was four years old and Sisera was a young woman they used to sit together that way in a big chair.

Dr. Ruthers was unable to return to Canada immediately after the armistice as there was great need of skillful surgeons and physicians until all the Canadian soldiers had returned to Canada. If he had known that he would be detained so long he would have arranged to have his wife and child meet him in England, but he was always expecting to be relieved in a few weeks. The summer of 1919 was nearly over when word came that Overland's father was on the way home. Timothy Dell had returned three months earlier, and was practising in Toronto, but found time to visit Downmount frequently. The week before

Dr. Ruther's return, Timothy delighted Nancy's little boy by playing soldier with him. Overland, being severely wounded by a German shell, was rescued and carried to a hospital, where, attended by Dr. Timothy with Aunt Marjorie as nurse, he had made a marvellously quick recovery.

The editor of *The Weekly Gleaner* suggested to Norman Donaldson that he should organize a reception for the popular physician.

"With all your school boys to act as messengers you could notify everyone," said Emerson Radcliffe. "All Downmount and the farming community around it will turn out to welcome him home."

As soon as Nancy learned the train on which he would arrive arrangements were made for a reception at the railway station to be followed by a greater one in the Arena where the farewell greeting to the first contingent of Downmount soldiers going overseas had been given. The waiting crowds were requested to stand on both sides of the road from the railway station to the Arena. As the motor car with Dr. Ruther, his mother, his wife and his son passed through, the spectators were to fall in and march behind the car to the Arena, where the united choirs would be assembled beforehand.

Dr. Ruther knew nothing about the reception that was being prepared for him. At the time he stepped on the Hamilton train at the Union Station in Toronto the crowd was already beginning to gather in Downmount. He sat down beside a Hamilton man whom he knew well and received a hearty greeting. His friend had many questions to ask him about the war and when he learned that Dr. Ruther proposed to take the train for Downmount at Hamilton, said:

"You will have to wait a long time for that train. I am going to Downmount in my car immediately after getting to Hamilton. I have business there. Go with me. It will give me an opportunity to ask you some more questions."

Dr. Ruther accepted the invitation. Thus it happened that while the people of Downmount were expecting him to arrive at the railway station he drove into town along Peninsula Street.

Dr. Ruther's mother, Nancy and Overland had started for the railway station in their motor car, but Overland noticed that everyone along the line that extended from Peninsula Street to the railway station seemed to have a flag.

"I want a flag to wave for Father," said Overland.

Nancy looked at her watch.

"There is half an hour to spare," she said to his grandmother. "I'll go into Grafton-Maine's and buy him a flag."

As Overland sat in the car with his grandmother he noticed another car drive up and stop on the opposite side of the street. Two men got out. Overland immediately recognized one of them as his father, whose photograph he had kissed every day for over three years. He jumped out of the car and started across the street. At that moment a motor car with three men in it came along Queen Street at high speed and turned sharply into Peninsula Street. Seeing the little boy running across the street the driver tried to stop, but it was too late and the car struck him.

Dr. Ruther was the first to reach the child.

Some of the crowd near at hand noticed the popular doctor's arrival at the same moment that Overland saw him, and they began to cheer. Word passed swiftly along the line and as soon as the news of the arrival reached a little group they would begin to cheer. Thus, while those close to the scene of the accident were standing in awed and sympathetic silence looking at the father with his terribly injured child in his arms, cheering could be heard in the distance.

"Whose boy is he?" said Dr. Ruther.

No one dared to answer. It seemed to Dr. Ruther that the boy strongly resembled someone whom he knew intimately, but although he had looked many times at photographs of Overland it did not occur to him that the injured child was his own son. He walked across the street to Luke's drug store. The Hamilton man who had brought him to Downmount and several friends in the crowd followed him into the store.

Dr. Ruther's mother with trembling hands was trying in vain to open the door of the car which Overland had slammed shut as he jumped out. Meanwhile someone ran to tell Nancy.

Emerson Radcliffe opened the door of Mrs. Ruther's car and, taking her arm, helped her across the street. Nancy, coming out of Grafton, Maine & Company's store, flew across the street to the drug store.

"Whose boy is he?" said Dr. Ruther again to the group who had gathered round him while he carefully examined the body of his little son.

"Why, I am your own boy Overland, Father," said the child, who had recovered consciousness.

As the father kissed his son for the first time Mrs. Ruther

and Nancy entered. The meeting between wife and husband, mother and son, under such circumstances was indescribable.

"We must get home as quickly as possible," said Dr. Ruthier after a further examination. "I am afraid he can live only a little while."

"Our car is waiting across the street," said Nancy.

Those in the drug store heard what the doctor said and the news ran swiftly through the streets that Overland Ruthier was dying. When it reached the Arena where the united choirs were rehearsing under the leadership of Norman Donaldson they were told that Overland was dead, and that his father and mother had taken the body home.

"Let us go quietly to Dr. Ruthier's house, and, standing there in silence, with bared heads, send in our message of sympathy," said Mr. Donaldson.

Some of the choir had the feeling that it was a mistake to intrude upon the grief of Dr. Ruthier and his relatives, but they were accustomed to following the leadership of Mr. Donaldson and as no one gave expression to doubts all marched together to the house.

On reaching home Dr. Ruthier carried the little boy into his office. Nancy stood beside him with colourless face while he made a second examination.

"Are you in great pain, dear?" she said. "Does it hurt much when Father presses you?"

"I have no pain," he replied, "I don't feel Father pressing me. I only feel queer."

"I have not discovered the exact nature of the injury," said Dr. Ruthier, "but all the lower part of his body seems to be completely paralyzed and without feeling. His whole system has been severely shocked. His pulse is weak, and I fear he can live only a little while. I wish Timothy were here. I seem to have completely lost the power of thinking and intuition, required in diagnosis."

As Nancy looked at her husband she realized that he had ceased for the moment to be a doctor and was simply a father. Her own heart was numb with grief, but in sympathy for him she forgot herself.

"I think you had better carry him to our bedroom and lay him on the bed," she said. "Timothy may come in time. He said he would be sure to reach Downmount in time for the reception in the Arena." As they were passing through the

sitting-room on the way to the bedroom after this examination, Overland said:

"You sit in the big chair, Father, and let Mother sit on your knees. She will hold me the way I hold Sisera's doll when I sit in Sisera's lap."

Dr. Ruther placed Overland in his wife's arms and sat down in the chair. Nancy seated herself on her husband's knees and he put an arm around her waist. Dr. Ruther's mother sat on a stool close to the chair.

Nancy had kissed Overland as she took him in her arms, and as soon as the three were in the chair together, Dr. Ruther bent down and kissed the child. Then Overland said:

"You kissed both me and Mother in the drug store, Father, and you kissed me in our car, but you did not kiss Mother in the car. Kiss her now."

Husband and wife kissed each other tenderly. Their faces were wet with tears. The heart of each was full of sympathy for the other, but the shock of the calamity had almost paralyzed their sensibilities. Yet the ordeal was not so terrible as it would have been if the child had been in pain. Dr. Ruther had theorized for years about the power of faith, but now he scarcely thought of it. The great essential of faith healing, hope, was lacking.

"He can only live a little while," said the father. "Will you explain it to him, Nancy?"

"You are going to Heaven, Overland," said Nancy. She knew that he would understand.

"I know, Mother," he said. "I heard what Father said. I don't want to leave you and Father."

"We shall go, too, after a while, but not now. You cannot come back to us, but we shall go to you. The angels will take care of you until we come."

"At this moment Lawrence Overland, his wife and Marjorie, who had been waiting at the railway station in their car until they heard the sad news, came in. Aunt Priscilla, who was visiting the Overland farm, had remained with Grandma Overland, who was not very well.

"Grandpa, Grannie and Aunt Marjorie have come," said Nancy.

"I want to hug them good-bye," said Overland.

Dr. Ruther's mother arose from the stool and Marjorie knelt on it. Overland put his little arms around her neck and kissed her. The two grandmothers followed Marjorie, kneeling on the

stool as she had done. Then Lawrence Overland kneeled and with tears rolling down his cheeks received the child's embrace.

"I want to kiss Sisera, too," said Overland.

Sisera, who had been standing in despairing silence a short distance from the chair, came quickly for the good-bye kiss.

The mother and father in turn bent to kiss him. How tightly his arms clasped the neck of each.

"Mother, sing 'Kept by a Father's Hand,'" said Overland a moment afterward.

Dr. Ruther took his little son's hand in his own.

The united choirs arrived in front of the house just as Nancy began to sing. Through the open window they heard her clear, sweet voice:

"Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye.
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die."

"But I shall not have to give up the father I have now," said Overland.

"Never!" said Dr. Ruther. "I shall always be your father."

As Dr. Ruther looked at the child's golden hair he remembered with a pang of pain at his heart that Nancy had cut a lock of hair from Overland's head on each birthday, tied it into a circlet with a piece of thread and sent it to him with a photograph of the boy taken on the same day. The little circlets of hair and the photographs had been with him on battlefields and in operating rooms of hospitals. They were in his pocket still. There suddenly flashed into his mind's vision the scene at the dinner table on the night when Marjorie had recited "The Last Portage," and Nancy had wondered whether it was written by Dr. Drummond before or after the death of his only child.

Nancy thought Overland was trying to say something. She bent her head and put her ear close to his mouth. His voice was growing weak, but she heard him say:

"Mother, pretend I was killed by a shell."

Dr. Ruther's mother having taken a chair, Marjorie was sitting on the stool close to the little boy and his parents. She heard what he said and the remark revived hope in her heart. She sprang to her feet, hurriedly left the room, went to the telephone in Dr. Ruther's office and called the Christian Science reading room. Mr. Densil answered the telephone.

"Mr. Densil," she said, "this is Miss Overland. My little nephew is dying. Come to Dr. Ruther's house as fast as you can."

"I shall go at once," he said.

As Marjorie was leaving the telephone it rang. She took up the receiver again and said, "Yes."

"Marjorie, Timothy speaking from the Christian Science reading room. Have just heard the terrible news. Mr. Densil is coming with me in my car. It will be well to know something about the conditions before we get there. What can you tell me?"

"Jackson has said so little since we came that I know almost nothing. When we first heard about it we were told that Dr. Ruther said the lower limbs and trunk were paralyzed and that he could live only a little while. We accepted his opinion without question, but I have the feeling that he was so shocked and stunned by the terrible unexpectedness of it that he is not acting like his normal self—not like the great doctor he really is. While the child's legs are paralyzed, his arms are not affected and his mind is clear. Just as we thought he was slipping away he told his mother to pretend he was killed by a shell."

Marjorie's voice broke with a sob at the last word, but Timothy understood her.

"Bravo!" he said. "While there's life there is hope. Tell him to hold fast until we come."

A minute later Marjorie was kneeling beside her little nephew. "Landie, dear," she said, "listen to Aunt Marjorie. It was all a mistake. You are not dying. You are not going to leave us. Your father has come all the way over the ocean to live with you and your mother. Dr. Timothy will be here in a few minutes and Mr. Densil is coming with him. They will make you well. Hold fast to your father's hand until they come."

CHAPTER VII

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HERETIC

While overseas Timothy Dell had developed a strange power of diagnosis by examination of the eyes of patients. He believed that physical conditions were registered in the eyes. He seemed to be able to decide the nature of internal wounds and to tell whether a wounded man was likely to live or die by looking at his eyes. Some of his colleagues attributed his success in diagnosis to clairvoyance. He had not lost his boyish interest in mental therapy. In French hospitals he had seen many soldiers cured of "shell shock" by psychotherapy. He believed that the success or failure of a surgical operation largely depended upon convincing the patient beforehand that he would come safely through. He had discussed with French medical men some of the remarkable cases of hypnotic healing by scientific experimenters in France before the war. When the war was over he visited the shrine at Lourdes; on arrival in Canada he stopped off at Quebec to visit the shrine at St. Anne de Beaupré, and when in Montreal investigated cases of faith healing at the church of Father André at the back of Mount Royal. While in England he was introduced to Lady Astor, and that charming woman told him that she was a Christian Scientist and had had convincing proof of the reality of faith healing. He made a special investigation of the alleged miraculous cures through the instrumentality of James Moore Hickson in connection with faith healing missions at a number of Anglican churches in the British Isles. He found that Mr. Hickson had been endorsed by a number of leading bishops of the Church of England, and was convinced that while some of the alleged cures were imaginary and others only temporary, there were really a considerable number of permanent cures in cases that had been considered hopeless by physicians. It may be noted that James Moore Hickson, the Anglican spiritual healer, afterward visited Canada under the auspices of the Anglican church. During a two days' mission at St. James' Anglican Cathedral, Toronto, he apparently performed many miracles of healing, and equally remarkable cures were reported when he conducted healing missions in the Anglican Cathedral of Ottawa, and at Anglican churches in other Canadian cities, as well as at Trinity Chapel, in Twenty-fifth Street, New York, and other churches in different parts of the United States. The committee in charge of the Mission of Healing

held at St. James' Anglican Cathedral, Toronto, made a thorough investigation, extending over a period of about four months after the departure of James Moore Hickson, and reported that there was convincing evidence of wonderful cures.

Naturally Timothy was interested in the fact that Jack Ruther's wife had brought to Downmount a Christian Science healer, who was alleged to have restored health in cases that medical doctors had pronounced incurable. He called on Mr. Densil, introduced himself and said:

"I am not a Christian Scientist, but am much interested in the subject of faith healing. I have my own faith healing creed."

"Why are you not a Christian Scientist?" said Mr. Densil. "What are your objections?"

"In the first place, I don't like the name," said Timothy.

"If you were reforming our Church what name would you give it?"

"The Church of Faith' would be better."

"That would do all right. What are your other objections?"

"The frequent use of the term 'mortal mind' grates on my ears, as I believe the human mind is immortal. Then the assertion that there is neither matter nor disease seems ridiculous to me."

"I never use the term 'mortal mind,' and do not deny the existence of matter and disease," said Mr. Densil.

"You are not an orthodox Christian Scientist, then."

"If we had in our church a court for the trial of heresy I might be condemned as a heretic, but I never offend orthodox Christian Scientists by referring to the errors of Mrs. Eddy. I prefer to dwell on the great truths in her teachings and overlook the errors. You said you had your own faith healing creed. Will you recite it?"

"Although I have made independent investigations, my creed is to some extent based on the teachings of Dr. Ruther, whose pupil I was for a number of years," said Timothy. "I believe there is a divine life energy pervading all the atmosphere and that the human body is a mechanism operated by energy drawn from this source into storage batteries within the body, which are constantly being recharged, the condition of sleep being particularly favourable to the recharging of the human system. I believe that under certain conditions, largely depending upon faith or belief, the ordinary power of drawing life energy into the human system may be greatly expanded. Like any other human faculty this power of expansion through faith depends to a great

extent upon education during childhood and exercise in later life. I believe that just as there are musical geniuses endowed above ordinary human beings with the faculty of drawing from the mind of God inspiration for great musical compositions tinged a little with their own individuality, and mathematical prodigies with marvellous powers of computation enabling them to make calculations instantaneously that would take an ordinary expert calculator hours or days to figure out, so there are faith healers endowed with unusual powers of drawing life energy from Nature and the faculty of sharing it with others by some method of transference, or it may be merely a special power of so arousing the faith of others that their own powers of drawing healing energy from Nature are wonderfully expanded. Some of these great healers are in the Christian Science Church, but not all of them. I verily believe that there have been miracles of healing in Anglican churches and at Roman Catholic shrines. I think it has been scientifically proven beyond doubt that there is a subconscious, instinctive intelligence which controls all the internal functions of the human body and that this subconscious intelligence is peculiarly susceptible to mental suggestions of either health or disease. It is this susceptibility to suggestion combined with marvellous powers over the internal functions that makes it an admirable instrument in mental therapeutics. I cannot understand how anyone who makes a study of the marvellous mechanism of the human system can fail to believe in God. It furnishes such convincing evidence of a great, designing, creative mind. The wonderful human mechanism, which man himself does not even yet half understand, did not come about by chance. It is not difficult for me to conceive that God, whose thought designed and created the human mechanism (I care not whether instantaneously or by slowly developing evolution, divinely planned) may under certain conditions send into it a health-restoring thought that instantaneously cures disease; but I am more inclined to think that in designing the human mechanism God endowed man with the power of individually or with the help of sympathetic fellow men drawing health-restoring life energy from Nature; yet I believe that the full exercise of this power depends upon a man's realization of the fact that we are really living in a divine atmosphere, that we are little drops of water in the great ocean of the Mind of God."

"I see nothing objectionable in your creed," said Mr. Densil. "When you start your Church of Faith I shall join it."

"I have no intention of starting a new church," said Timothy. "There are too many churches now."

"Then join the Christian Science Church. In spite of Mrs. Eddy's errors she was very near to the truth and I don't think you are far from it."

"I don't think it well that Christian faith healing should be monopolized by any church," said Timothy. "I give the Christian Scientists credit for being the pioneers in leading the modern church back to one of the most vital principles of the teachings of Christ, yet I think that James Moore Hickson of the Anglican Church is more free from error in discussing the mystery of healing power than Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy was. I shall never forget a remark made by Dr. Ruther when I was a young boy discussing faith healing with him for the first time. 'Do not assume,' he said, 'that there is only one divine method. God has provided many methods of maintaining and restoring health. It is just as much in accordance with divine law to cure a man by means of oil extracted from some plant, in which God has stored healing energy, as to cure him by faith healing or mental suggestions.' The Anglican healing missions do not despise medical science as many Christian Scientists do."

This was the first of a series of friendly conversations between Timothy Dell and George Densil. When Timothy, coming to Downmount in his motor car to attend the reception to Dr. Ruther, learned of the accident he went immediately to the Christian Science reading room, arriving there at the moment Marjorie telephoned to Mr. Densil. On the way to Dr. Ruther's house Timothy said:

"I am informed that Mr. Donaldson's choir are there. Can we make use of them? I have sometimes thought that a large, sympathetic audience does in some way assist a faith healer to draw healing energy from Nature or to arouse faith in a patient. There may be a greater power in massed consciousness than in individual effort."

"I don't think we shall get better results with them than without them," said Mr. Densil. "Christian Science methods are not spectacular. We prefer the quiescence of individual contact between the healer and the patient. However, as the choir are there and we can't send them away it will be well to secure their co-operation in order to have a harmonious atmosphere."

Not more than half an hour elapsed between Dr. Ruther's arrival at his house with his mother, wife and son, and the arrival of Timothy Dell with George Densil. As they approached

the house the choir, massed outside, separated silently to make a passage for them. Timothy did not greet Dr. Ruther, but at once addressed the little boy.

"Cheer up, comrade," he said, using the same words that he had used when carrying the child off the battlefield to the hospital when they played soldiering about a week before. "The Germans thought when they hit a soldier with a shell that he was done for, but often a Canadian soldier disappointed them. Just when everyone thought he was dying he made up his mind to get well and carry on. That is what you are going to do, Landie. I have brought Mr. Densil with me and he will tell you how to get well quickly; but first let me examine your eyes, just as I always examined the eyes of Canadian soldiers in France when they were hit by shells."

After a careful examination of the eyes he said to Dr. Ruther: "While there may be internal injuries, I am satisfied that they are not of a destructive character. There is severe shock, but I feel sure it is not traumatic."

"Timothy," said Dr. Ruther, "I am very glad you came. I have been myself in a condition almost approaching shock for the last half-hour."

"I believe," continued Timothy, "that it is a case readily susceptible to faith healing, and we have here Mr. Densil, a Christian Science healer, rarely endowed with the strange power of fully arousing that faith which enables one to draw healing life energy from Nature. Mr. Densil, will you speak to him?"

"Dear little boy," said the Christian Scientist, "you cannot see God, but you know that he is everywhere. In Him we live and move and have our being. You have heard that God made the world, the great big world in which we live. How did He make it? Just by thinking. God, Who made the world by thinking, can make you well by thinking. He is sending you now a thought of life and health, but you must catch His thought just as you must catch a ball when it is thrown to you. If you don't put out your hand to catch the ball it goes by. So it is with the thoughts of health that God is sending to you. You cannot catch a thought with your hand, but you can catch it with your own thinking mind. You must believe that God's thought of health is coming to you and the minute your mind catches it you will be entirely well. The moment God's thought reaches your mind you will know that you are well; then the health-giving energy will flow through your legs and your whole body the same as usual. Mr. Donaldson's great

choir have come to wish you well. I am going to ask them to sing."

Mr. Densil went to the wide-open French window. His clear voice could be heard not only by those in the room, but by all the choir outside as he said:

"In asking you to sing, 'Nearer, My God, To Thee,' I must tell you that we Christian Scientists give a deep meaning to that hymn. We believe that any man, woman, or child can come so near to God that love and purity and health will flow from the Divine mind to the human mind, driving out all error, evil and disease. As many of you have heard from Dr. Ruther and Dr. Dell, there is a divine life energy pervading all the atmosphere, upon which we depend ordinarily for the healthy operation of our bodies, and by coming nearer to God than usual we can make a special draft on it in an emergency. While we are singing let us think of nothing else but the fact that we are trying to help this dear little boy to make connection with the mind of God, and perhaps we may become the instruments through which the divine healing energy will flow from Nature to him. Let us clasp hands while we sing."

He stretched out one hand to Mr. Donaldson, who stood outside the window, and the other to Timothy, who took Marjorie's hand, while Marjorie quickly caught the hand of Nancy. As the great choir with clasped hands sang that wonderful hymn a strange thrill passed through them, and they felt as they never felt before that they were actually living in a divine atmosphere. When the singing ceased there was intense quiet for a moment. Then Overland said:

"Mother, I caught God's thought, and I am well."

CHAPTER VIII

BUT DOUBTS AROSE

"Was it really a miracle, Dr. Dell?" said Emerson Radcliffe.

"It depends upon what you mean by a miracle," said Timothy. If you mean something contrary to law or above law, my answer is, 'No.' If you mean simply a marvellously instantaneous restoration of health in accordance with laws of Nature my answer is, 'Yes.'"

"Was the child's body crushed or mangled?"

"No. There was a condition of shock, resulting in the complete paralysis of the lower limbs and partial paralysis of the trunk. Fortunately it had not been confirmed by habit."

"What do the medical profession mean by 'shock'?"

"It is a term applied to somewhat varied conditions which we do not fully understand, usually resulting from concussion, a fall, severe wounds, or surgical operations, but sometimes simply from fright."

"Have you no theory about it?"

"In the case of Dr. Ruther's boy I think what happened was that the subconscious health intelligence, which scientific investigators usually call the subjective mind, accustomed to directing the internal operations in the body of a remarkably healthy child, was frightened half out of its wits when the healthy order of functioning was suddenly disturbed by the concussion of the motor car, the violent passage of the child's body through the air and the fall on the pavement. The community of working cells were thrown into much the same disorder as a hive of bees might be if some violent force suddenly knocked the hive off its base and threw it some distance away. The subconscious intelligence suspended its operations for one moment and the stagnation of paralysis naturally followed. We restored the equanimity of the subconscious intelligence by health suggestions and secured a special flow of healing energy from Nature by faith."

"You think it was simply from Nature and that God had nothing to do with it, Dr. Dell?"

"Nature is one of the manifestations of God's thought and man is another," said Timothy. "We know as little about the one as we know about the other."

The members of Mr. Donaldson's choir went to their homes with awe and reverence in their hearts, and if they had been interviewed that evening they would have testified almost unanimously

that there had been a miracle of faith healing, but before twenty-four hours had passed doubts arose. "After all," it was said, "is it certain that anything wonderful really happened? Of course Dr. Ruther thought his little son was dying, but it was natural that he should be excited and alarmed, meeting his child for the first time just after he had been struck by a motor car."

A year afterward it would have been difficult to have found ten members of the choir who believed that Overland Ruther had really been seriously injured.

Early in the year 1927, a visitor to Downmount noticed a remarkably handsome boy about twelve years of age walking hand in hand with a lovely little girl. Interested in their appearance, he asked one of the villagers who they were.

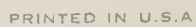
"Landie Ruther and his sister Clara," was the reply. "That is the boy they say was saved from the jaws of death by a miracle."

"*They* say," said the visitor, "but what do *you* say?"

"Oh, I say nothing; but you know as well as I do that it doesn't take much evidence to make a miracle when you are looking for that kind of thing."

Yet this man was one of the choir who sang in the street in front of Dr. Ruther's house, believing at the time and for some hours afterward that Overland Ruther's life was saved by a miracle of faith healing.



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